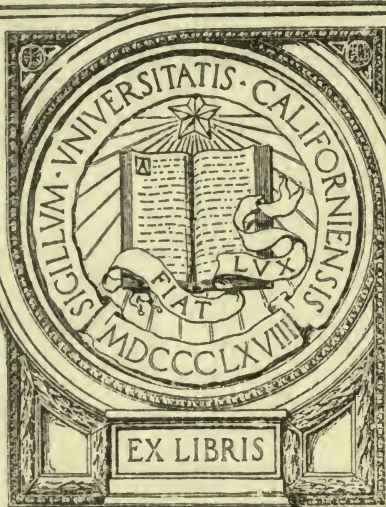




IRELAND & THE MOUNTAINS

BY J. ORRICK KIRBY

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A TWENTIETH CENTURY TRAVELLER IN PERU
Frontispiece

The Land of To-morrow

A NEWSPAPER EXPLORATION UP THE
AMAZON AND OVER THE ANDES
TO THE CALIFORNIA OF
SOUTH AMERICA



By J. ORTON KERBEY

Author of "THE BOY SPY," "ON THE WAR PATH," etc.



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Wm. S. Sather.

THE
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OF CALIFORNIA

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INTRODUCTORY.

FOREWORD.



THE writer begs leave to offer in these "Words before the Beginning" an apology or an explanation of this alleged book, "The Land of To-Morrow."

One who has no love for the personal pronoun, which seems to be inseparable from the narrative form, would remind any reader that there is no pretense to literary embellishment; if any merit may be discovered in these pages it is due to the fact that it is an effort to give an unassuming and a truthful narrative of the somewhat unusual experience of an American Consul and newspaper man during an exploration of the interior of Equatorial America written without any typewriter gymnastics by one who claims to be a "writer," rather than an author, the difference (as I understand it) being that the former describes only those things he has seen, or experienced, while an author is permitted to invent interesting stories. Some of the "well-known" correspondents write interesting letters to press syndicates from their desks in Washington dating them all around the world.

This journey by canoeing on the affluents of the upper or alto Amazon and "rough riding" over the

2 THE LAND OF TO-MORROW

Andes (frequently three miles above the sea on a mule) was undertaken in the interests of research for new rubber territory immediately following the writer's Consular agitation of the impending destruction of the natural sources of the lower Amazon.

It is proper to state, this investigation of the growing rubber industry was instigated by Secretary Blaine in the interest of rubber for insulation for this electric age, and in its relation to reciprocity, the writer being recognized as an Associated Press telegrapher and a practical electrician, interested in the subject.

A number of valuable and interesting books on the Amazon may be found in the libraries, a majority of which are in the rather heavy styles of the scientist, or the bug-hunter and butterfly-chasers, as naturalists are called, or perhaps the stories of early Jesuit missionaries along with some bulky official reports supplemented by "bulletins" of the Pan-American ring or the Bureau of American Republics.

Voluminous books have also been issued by the numerous literary tourists, most of whom confine their observations to the decks of the steamers that sail around the coast, visiting the various cities.

Some of the coast combers who attempt to describe all of South America in one book usually make such palpable errors, even in their geography, that their books are discredited. The writer, who enjoyed an official residence as Consul, with subsequent extensive travel in interiors, is free to say he finds it quite difficult to describe in two volumes that section known as "Amazonia," or the "Land of To-Morrow."*

● *"An American Consul in Amazonia."

During the eleven months of this trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific I did not once hear from the outside world, but occasionally availed of opportunities to send back letters by the Indian post carriers, which were published in Pittsburgh and Washington papers.

Some extensive semi-official correspondence with the government was maintained through letters addressed to the Hon. Senator Boise Penrose, of my State, which were promptly forwarded by the genial secretary, Col. Wesley R. Andrews, to the State, Agricultural and War Departments, where they remain on file as records to substantiate this personal narrative.

Perhaps some of the data gathered through personal exploitation in the field, may have been of service to the scientists of the departments, in the making up of their official reports.

I would like to add also, the observation that an extensive experience at one's own expense—in cash, hard labor and loss of health—in pioneering an enterprise of acknowledged merit does not rate high with the United States Civil Service Commission. In a technical examination as a Tropical Forester this actual experience did not average equal to that of a young high school girl who turned me down on "botany," while a youthful Harvard student, who had never seen a tropical tree, rated high in book "forestry." Even a record as a veteran in two wars did not count against the school examination.

As an incident relating to the publication of this book I relate the following story of my old boyhood friend and former office associate, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, known all over the world as a provider of

libraries. As Mr. Carnegie was pleased with a previous effort ("The Boy Spy") in which he is mentioned, I appealed to him for his assistance in publishing "The Land of To-Morrow." Mr. Carnegie, who makes some pretense to literary ability (and is able to get his books printed), expressed the opinion that every book should be able to pay its own way. I made a personal business offer to Mr. Carnegie, to give one of these books to each of his numerous libraries in exchange for his cash guarantee to the same amount to my publisher, to which he laughingly replied, as he assented:

"Why, Jo, what's the use in writing books unless you can make some money out of it?"

As a rule, the first question of our American official and scientific people to whom I have talked on the rubber exploitation is: "Is there any money in it, or chance for business down there?" This book answers the question.

On the other side the English public men give more consideration to scientific or geographical features. When in London en route home from an exploration of the Amazon basin in Peru involving 1,000 miles of canoeing down the rapids of the canyons of the Cordilleras, in which it was incidentally developed that I had probably located a new source of the Amazon, making the river the longest in the world, I was presented by Mr. Henry White, secretary of the United States Embassy, to Sir Clement Markham, chairman of the Royal Geographical Society. In conversation with Sir Clement Markham it was suggested I submit a "paper" to the society, as I had incidentally men-

tioned that the real source of the Amazon was in the snow-capped peaks of the Andes or in the clouds. It was further explained that in following the Inca trail from Lake Titicaca, in Bolivia and Peru, towards Cuzco, en route to the head of canoe navigation at a "divide" of the coast range at an altitude of 14,000 feet, a little lakelet, scarcely an acre in area, was discovered, supplied by the melting snow from the adjacent mountains peaks (18,000 feet) during the few hours of the mid-day sun.

One outlet flows backward to Lake Titicaca and Pacific. The other outlet runs northeasterly, forming the Rivers Vilcanote, Urubamba, Ucayali and Amazon.

At this source the writer was able to step across the Amazon, which was followed down the stream on foot or canoe and boat for about 5,000 miles to the Consulate, near the mouth, where it is 138 miles wide, including the upper and lower outlet, and the Island of Marajo, which separates them.

In this journey was found unlimited natural wealth in the forests of rubber, gutta-percha, dye woods and material for materia medica, as well as hides, nuts and unlimited adventure. Believing this material development would interest the English people, I elaborated these commercial features in my paper, only incidentally relating the geographical subject.

In a few days I received a note to call at Burlington Gardens. Sir Clement, in the most agreeable manner, handed me the paper I had submitted, remarking: "Very clever, indeed, very; we should be glad to use it if you could find yourself able to eliminate everything pertaining to business or to trade." They

wished only to hear of the scientific or geographic points. In complying with this suggestion I felt as if it were cutting the heart out of my paper, which they accepted and printed to the credit of the American newspaper man in one of the volumes of the society.

It was suggested the writer was entitled to the hind initials of F. R. G. S., but the sad fact that the initiation fee was £25 with annual dues of £5, or \$25.00, at the time prevented.

At this time there was very considerable agitation of South American enterprises through the Pan-American Congress which resulted in the formation in Washington of the existing "Bureau of American Republics," devoted to the interests of closer trade and transportations between North and South America.

The United States Rubber combine officials, who had been enjoying a monopoly of the great rubber industry, in a quiet way, through which large fortunes were being made, became interested in the Congress, exerting a strong influence in the appointment of officials. It may be said the combine were not desirous of having their rubber bonanza ventilated through Consular reports or newspapers that might attract competition and boom reciprocity.

By the way, the existence of this, the greatest of all trusts, known as the United States Rubber Trust, offers proof that the "tariff is not the mother of trusts," as rubber is admitted free of duty.

On learning that the agents of this Pan-American ring had access to Consular reports before they were offered to the public, and only used such portion as

suiting their purpose, and remembering Blaine's words that my endorsements as a newspaper man had secured the appointment as Consul rather than other influence, I inaugurated a press correspondence with a syndicate covering several cities, including Washington. The purpose was to make use of this narrative of personal experience and observation to convey to the public the facts that had been previously submitted in Consular reports that were not considered by the "ring" as available for public. It was intended to use the matter over the *nom de plume* "O. K.," but some of the editors, thinking, no doubt, to add interest, captioned it as "Consular Correspondence," etc.

In due time the Consul received some very courteous letters from the officials of the State Department, written on exceedingly stiff paper, officially sealed in blue envelopes, stating that the "press throughout the country were printing letters from the Consul at Para," politely inviting attention to certain paragraphs of the Consular bible prohibiting Consuls from public correspondence except in matters of a "purely literary character."

Taking refuge behind this exception and not desiring to remain as Consul, as the salary was inadequate and living expensive, the regulations prohibited engaging in any sort of business, the press correspondence was continued, comprising some rather "hot stuff," as one of the editors suggested, from a hot climate, which I hoped would have the desired effect of hastening the relief asked in order that I might make this proposed exploitation up the Upper Amazon.

The "ring" availed of the public criticism of their methods and also influenced some of the "gang" at Para to protest officially, ostensibly because of the official exposure of leprosy and yellow fever, but really to protect their bad business methods.

One Sunday afternoon while enjoying a siesta in my hammock I was handed a cable, which had come out via Europe to Portugal, thence to Maderia Islands, to Rio de Janerio and up 2,000 miles of Brazilian coast to Para, reading:

"You are prohibited from press correspondence; further disregard of instructions not tolerated."

This was signed by an Assistant Secretary of State, whom I knew Blaine despised, and understanding that Blaine was ill and recalling that the Secretary was my friend, who had suggested this press correspondence as a means of educating our people about that little-known region, and realizing that the rebuke was probably provoked by a recent contribution humorously criticizing the Pan-American Railroad paralleling the Andes and bridging the Amazon flood plains and not competing in time with slow ships, etc., I laughed, and after another "vermouth," answered by asking for relief.

This did not come, however, for some months, when, sick from fevers, I was carried aboard ship in a hammock, sailing to the Maderia Islands for recovery, returning to the United States via Europe a month or two later.

That forbidden correspondence, with other suppressed matter, is included in a narrative of Consular experience, which it was thought not politic to publish

at the time, because of political and personal interests.*

In a few months I returned to the Amazon, undertaking the pursuit of information and adventure, ascending the Amazon to the head of steam navigation, beyond civilization, in Peru, some 3,000 miles; thence exploiting numerous affluents in canoes with only Indian paddlers for companions, reaching to the foothills of the Andes, known as the Cordilleras, getting so far into the interior and so far from the starting point that it was concluded to go beyond and continue the research for gutta-percha and other products of the altitudes while crossing the continent to the Pacific.

At the time of starting on a first trip it was expected Blaine would become the nominee of the party for President, in which case I concluded my services and experience would entitle me to an appointment as a Minister Plenipotentiary and Ambassador Extraordinary to one of the South American Republics located on the other side.

I did some "rough riding" over the Andes, sometimes at an altitude of "three miles above the earth on a mule," buoyed by the prospect of "recognition," but when I reached the Pacific the first news I had was: "Blaine is dead. Cleveland is President," and I realized that I was out of a job 5,000 miles from home, and not a d—— cent.

Remembering the last words of my friend, Andy Carnegie, who, in bidding me "good-bye," said, in his cheery way: "Well, Jo, if you get strapped down there, draw on me."

*"O, Consul Americano Na Amazonas"—which is now being published.

I did draw through the Consul at Callao, near Lima, but this added to my further embarrassment, as Mr. Carnegie was at Skibo, in Scotland, and my draft came back unpaid.

This narrative tells the true story.

I had been discouraged in some efforts to publish this experience and was disposed to abandon the effort when I met with some kindly encouragement which resulted in resurrecting the manuscript in which it was difficult to again become interested, which fact will account for the many errors, indicating a lack of proper revision.

To Mr. R. A. Franks, the courteous treasurer and confidential business man of Mr. Carnegie, I am glad to record my obligations for favors received. Miss "A. L. S.," of Congressional Library, for suggestions, revision and kindly encouragement, as also to the youthful Virginia artist, Miss Ruth Sypherd Clements, for illustrations.

CHAPTER I.



AMAZONIA is called "La Tierra de Manana," The Land of To-Morrow, in the double sense, that it is a region wholly undeveloped; the rather indiscriminately mixed, Spanish, Portuguese, African and Indian population, never doing to-day that which may be attempted to-morrow, and "Manana" is

looked forward to as the coming day that will bring the Anglo Saxon to develop the rich and beautiful valleys that are so productive of life in its various forms.

The area of that portion of South America, known as Amazonia, is greater in extent than the entire valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi combined. It stretches 3,000 miles due west almost under the Equator, and extends several degrees both North and South latitude. Through this vast expanse of country, from the Andes to the Atlantic, flows unceasingly the mighty waters of the Amazon.

On account of the wonderful natural products and the agricultural possibilities of this immense area, Amazonia may be compared to our great West; while for the value of its unexplored forests of India rubber and other indigenous products, as well as for the richness of the gold and silver, deposits of the Cordilleras at the head waters, it may also be appropriately called "The California of South America."

Though discovered less than ten years after our own

country this vast region of perpetual summer is more thinly populated than the frozen lands of the Arctic.

As the ships sail, the Amazon is as near Washington as to the capital of Brazil at Rio de Janeiro.

The latitude of the mouth of the Amazon is "O," being directly under the Equator, and the longitude is considerably to the east of Washington. A north and south line along the east coast of North America, from New York will pass through the Isthmus of Panama, and along the west coast of South America.

The northern coast line of Brazil, for over three degrees runs almost due east and west, forming a front facing the north, a thousand miles above which the Amazon enters the Atlantic. This natural coast conformation seems to make the great river closer to us, and the tremendous volume of water uniting with the African Equatorial current, forming the gulf stream, invites the trade, which it is said, always follows the transportation.

It would appear that steamships from southern ports like New Orleans, Mobile, or South Florida, would not only serve to promote reciprocity in trade, but result in establishing friendly relations that would be of great advantage to the West and South.

Steamship and barge transportation would not only shorten the distance, but connect the two greatest rivers of the earth, thus uniting the Mississippi and Amazon Valley by direct lines of steamers.

The Amazon basin produces those standard articles, rubber, cacao, coffee, sugar, roots, plants and barks, required for the "materia medica," which we cannot grow in our latitude; but all of which are necessary for

civilized life, and for which we pay hundreds of millions of gold annually.

The Mississippi and Ohio Valleys can supply in abundance those articles that cannot be produced in Amazonia, and for which the natives must depend on other countries, in the temperate zone; namely, flour, bacon, lard, canned meats, hardware, tools, machinery, and especially coal for fuel and our kerosene for lighting that dark continent.

Certainly the Ohio and Mississippi valleys might exchange their products cheaper and quicker by the rivers to New Orleans or Mobile, than by rail to New York, there to be re-shipped to steamers and thence double back or parallel the river by sailing along the dangerous coast past the latitude of New Orleans to reach the mouth of the Amazon.

There are two steamship lines plying between New York and the Amazon, both of which belong to English companies that have been exclusively in this trade for forty years, each of these lines has steamers sailing weekly from New York and Liverpool. First class cabin fare to the Amazon is about \$100.00, making the voyage in about fifteen days.

One may sail from the Brooklyn wharves in the one steamer nearly 3,000 miles up the Amazon at an additional cost of another \$100.00, enabling the tourist to make himself comfortable, in the same berth, without change, via Para, and Manaos in the Brazils to Iquitos in Peru. The time would be about forty days, including the usual stops at Para and Manaos, which admits of visiting those places without expense.

Contracts may be made for special rates. The ships

are not "tramps," but regular boats, adapted for heavy cargo rather than light passenger traffic, with accommodations depending somewhat on the ship selected, but more especially on the captain.

Some of the ships stop for coal at St. Thomas and call at Martinique and Barbadoes to deliver and take on mail for the Amazon.

In addition to the lines to the United States, there are weekly steamers from the Upper Amazon to Europe via Maderia Islands to Lisbon, Havre, Germany, as well as Liverpool. while the government of Brazil maintains the Lloyd Brasileiro, a regular line of elegant steamers, which come up the coast from Rio de Janeiro to Bahia, Pernambuco, ascending the Amazon to Manaos and Iquitos.

On a former voyage, when I was one of a number of passengers on an American steamer sailing from Newport News, Va., where we took on sufficient coal to last the 6,000 mile voyage to Rio de Janeiro, also storing thousands of packages of flour, lard and bacon from the acres of freight piled in the warehouse of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

The large number of missionaries on the passenger list and the absence of business people, created the impression that we were bound, with our cargo of provisions for a heathen land.

On the second day out, the gulf stream was crossed, when most of the passengers were called upon to pay tribute to old Neptune. In a couple of days more the island of St. Thomas is seen looming up in the distance like barren mountain tops above a deluge. The sight revives the sick who are overjoyed at beholding

dry land once more, however forlorn and unattractive it appears. Porto Rico appears in the western horizon.

The entrance to St. Thomas harbor is through a narrow winding channel, that seemingly leads into what might have been before the flood, the crater of an immense volcano. The anchorage is surrounded by precipitous mountains; the situation of the ship, reminds one of the Ark on Mount Arraratt.

The odd looking town on the hill-side appeared to be on end with the houses on top of one another, after the manner of Japanese perspective. There are only a couple of narrow streets. When a tidal wave comes along, during the season of cyclones, they say the sea rushing through the funnel-like channel, causing the water to rise suddenly to a great height when the ships in the harbor drag their anchors sailing up one street and down the other, on top of the wave.

For over two centuries, St. Thomas has been a Danish province, which that Government, at an annual expense of \$150,000 beyond its revenue, holds as a sort of Botany Bay for their officials. It is termed a free port, or a two and a half per cent place, because all duties are levied at that figure. Its principal products are bay rum and cyclones, and its chief export is yellow fever.

Twenty hours from St. Thomas the ship glides alongside the most beautiful spot in the West Indies, the island of Martinique. From the anchorage in the harbor of St. Pierre, since destroyed by the volcano, we were entertained by the wonderful diving feats of the native boys, whose gyrations could be seen far into the depths of the clear blue water.

The appearance of the straggling town nestling in the tropical foliage under the shadow of the green hills was quite attractive. Our stay was too limited to permit going ashore, but we were close enough to see people moving around in their picturesque dress, and since the terrible catastrophe, I recall hearing the bells of the St. Pierre churches, which we were told were called "the passing bells," giving notice of a death or a funeral.

A monument on one of the hill tops was pointed out as marking the birth place of the Empress Josephine.

A graphic description of the picturesque island is given by Bigelow in his "Canoeing Around Martinique."

After another day's quiet sailing amongst the islands, another coming in view when we lose sight of the last, which relieves the monotony of the ordinary sea voyage, we anchor in the open roadstead of Barbados, one of the most interesting as well as important possessions of the English government in the West Indies. This island is said to be the most thickly populated portion of the earth's surface, from which it is inferred that it is healthful. It is patronized by a class of English that find genial society in the officers of the British army, whose headquarters are there. Accommodations for visitors are provided by the large Marine Hotel, which looks from the anchorage like an immense hospital or quarantine building. At this port the tourist will begin to collect curios, in the form of articles made by the natives from coral, sea grass, etc. The most beautiful are the ornaments made from fish scales.

The elegant ships of the Royal Mail Steamship Company make this their port of call and distribution for all the West Indies, Central America and the Isthmus, as well as making connections with steamers of other lines reaching to North and South America. Unlike St. Thomas and Martinique, the topography of Barbadoes is flat, and English being spoken, the American feels a little more at home than in the French or Danish islands.

It is but a day's sail from Barbados to Trinidad and the mouth of the Orinoco, and about four days to the Amazon. Because of the position of Barbados, as the "windward" is land, there is some irregularity in ships bound south from New York calling. All of these islands would, however, be in the track of a line sailing from New Orleans or Mobile to North Brazil and the Amazon.

Relatively it is as much out of the course of a ship from Rio de Janeiro or the Argentine to New York, or vice-versa, to call at Para on the Amazon, as it would be for the same ship to go into the Gulf of Mexico, and ascend the Mississippi to New Orleans, both cities being about one hundred miles above the mouths of the respective rivers.

The requirements of the Amazon trade being entirely distinct from that of South Brazil and the Argentines, as well as for geographical reasons, demand an independent service.

Formerly the ships of the American line made calls at Barbados and Para, the latter being the half way stop enroute to Rio de Janeiro, each voyage of 6,000 miles from New York, including the 3,000 miles of

Brazilian coasting trade occupying over thirty days of tedious service.

The attempt to cover so much of the southern territory with four slow ships may account in part for the failure of the American enterprise. The Americans were charged with extravagant management on shore, but they were certainly economical at sea, especially in the consumption of coal at the expense of a great waste of time.

The Brazilieros were partial to the American line, the Stars and Stripes being always cordially greeted on the Amazon.

There has always been more than sufficient business from the Amazon to require the continuous service of the ten or more ships of the two English lines, frequently reinforced by the chartering of tramp steamers.

The freight rate on rubber (which next to bullion is the most valuable cargo afloat), from Para to New York, is 25c and 5c primage per cubic foot, equivalent to about one cent per pound on the most valuable tropical import, next to sugar and coffee, and which is admitted free of duty as a crude material but on which Brazil exacts an export duty of 25 per cent.

Unlike coffee or sugar from the lower provinces of Brazil, rubber is a safe cargo, not being liable to damage in transit, while delay increases its value through curing by evaporation.

In addition to the freights the American line enjoyed the advantages of a subsidy of \$6,000 for each round trip from the Brazilian government, the United States only paying the mail contract, it was said their net

profits on some voyages was over \$20,000. The ships were withdrawn because the United States did not grant subsidies.

Neither of the English companies receive any "subventions" as the English call subsidies, from the home or Brazilian governments. Each company, however, had contracts with the State government of Amazonas, promising to pay some 4,800 milreis (a nominal sum in English money), as an inducement to extend their service another thousand miles up the Amazon to Manaos. For this they were required to perform one voyage a month, carrying the mail; three tons of state cargo and three first and six second class governmental passengers free, on each voyage. The requirements were so exacting and the penalties so severe, the steamship owners did not hesitate to say they were better off without subsidies.

Substantially the same conditions were required of the line to Liverpool, but it was found to be so unsatisfactory that the English companies gave up the subventions.

The service is now more satisfactorily performed and it has been extended another thousand miles further up the Amazon to Iquitos in Peru without subsidies. Ships sail regularly from New York and Liverpool direct to ports thousands of miles up the Amazon.

Probably all that America enjoys in the way of trade to the Amazon is due to the two competing English companies, who have successfully maintained the regular weekly service during fifty years, from the profits on freights and by judicious business management.

On a second voyage to the Amazon, I was fortunate in securing passage with Captain John Johnson, of the Booth line, on the steamer "Gregory," sailing from the pier at Martin's wharfs, Brooklyn, direct to Para, without call.

In somewhat extensive travel, over many seas, and on large steamers, I have not had as pleasant a voyage, as during the fortnight of stormy March, that I was Captain Johnson's only passenger from New York to the Equator.

With Mr. Jones, the first officer, we made a companionable trio, promenading the rolling deck arm in arm, during the first few days while crossing the Gulf Stream heading eastwardly instead of southerly, in search of the trade winds we never met, though we reached well into the Atlantic.

Our clever young English captain was a generous provider of the good things from his abundant stores, which we all enjoyed, while seated around the table; discussing in our loneliness the girls we left behind and those with whom we hoped to renew acquaintance on reaching port. As there were no ladies aboard, we sometimes sat down to dinner in shirt sleeves and after reaching the tropical seas, perhaps took our early cafe standing in pajamas, after the manner of the people to whose land we were journeying.

When the ship reached the latitude, which the captain declared was marked on his chart "coats off," we obeyed the rule and shed our cold weather clothing. Mr. Jones rigged his awnings aft, under which were strung the large and comfortable Cearense hammocks in which we rocked in the cradle of the deep,

thoroughly enjoying the dreamy rest, peculiar to the warm days and pleasant evenings on tropical seas.

The weather was delightful, the sea as placid as a river, while our good ship's bow, pointing to the south, glided smoothly towards the Equator. Evening by evening, hour by hour, we watched the North Star, gradually setting toward the horizon, until it finally disappeared below the dark waters.

We turned sadly, as from the past to the future, and looking forward and upward, in the direction in which we were sailing, found suspended over our future horizon, the beautiful Southern Cross, which like a rainbow of hope and promise shown like a gem through the darkness of a tropical night.

The captain observed, as we crossed the Equator, that we "jumped" over the line without causing it to vibrate or giving the ship a "jar." We begin to notice a changed appearance in the dark blue and almost green water of those seas, the water taking on an old gold color streaked with the blue.

Sailing over this sea, gazing into the blue and gold, that occasionally shows bits of green vegetation, we strain our vision towards the land with some such sensations as must have come over its first navigator, Vincent Pincon, the Portuguese, who in the year 1500 discovered this "fresh water sea," and while still out of sight of land filled his casks, as the Brazilian steamers now do, with most excellent drinking water. It was forty-one years later that the Spaniard, Orellana, drifted down the mighty stream and claimed the Amazon for Spain.

The tremendous currents of the mighty river for

ages have met the incoming tides of the Atlantic, renewing the struggle daily, for the mastery, but always ending in the same drawn battle. When the tide is out the Amazon is victorious for a few hours, pouring into the bosom of the ocean an immense volume of yellow water and depositing the sediment carried down from the Andes, which is gradually forming the dangerous bars and islands that may yet result in advancing permanently these engineering lines, against its restless, relentless, antagonist, extending this, or establishing another Continent.

The tremendous volume of water, emptying into the ocean trending to the north marks a golden channel in the blue of the sea that is easily discernable for two hundred miles.

Is it not possible that the floods from the mighty river marking the line of the Equator, reaching to the gulf stream may have carried the germs of vegetable life from this centre of the earth by the gulf stream to our continent and to Europe?

Through the courtesy of the captain, I spent much of my time on the bridge with himself and the men at the wheel. In looking through his glasses one morning, in the direction indicated by him, I could barely distinguish the green fringe of the forests, which I knew sprang from the soil of another Continent. We saw Brazil again and were thankful.

We sighted the pilot boat near Salinas, the little settlement of fishermen, below the lower mouth of the Amazon; the little dingy dancing over the waves, as if glad to see us, when alongside. looks like a play-thing beside our big hull.

The swarthy Portuguese pilot scrambled up the rope ladder, and was courteously welcomed on board by the captain, who with the customary formalities, turned the command over to a personage that resembled an opera bouffe pirate, who, mounting the bridge, changed the course due west.

We crossed the Braganza bar cautiously, entering the Amazon on the flood tide by the lower delta, which is so wide that it was difficult to realize we were not yet at sea.

The bocca or mouth of the river, according to our captain, who measured his charts for me, is 138 miles between the capes Magouri to Cape Del Norte.

The island of Marajo, lying between the upper and lower outlets, is a small continent in itself, being as large as Portugal, the country of its discoverer.

The river on the northern side of this truly "mysterious" island is much wider than the lower outlet, but that channel is not used for navigation, because it is practically unknown or unsurveyed and dangerous. The greater volume of water discharges by the northern delta. When the tide and current join it is called the "meeting of the waters," a line of foam or a long stretch of white caps marking the line of contact, a small boat caught on its crest of angry water is upturned as quickly as if a monster of the sea had risen underneath and tipped it over.

After steaming a couple of hours upon the lower delta, which is used entirely for navigation, the eager passengers discover here and there, a thatched hut peeping through a light spot in the dark forest. No land is really in sight as it is the season of floods, which

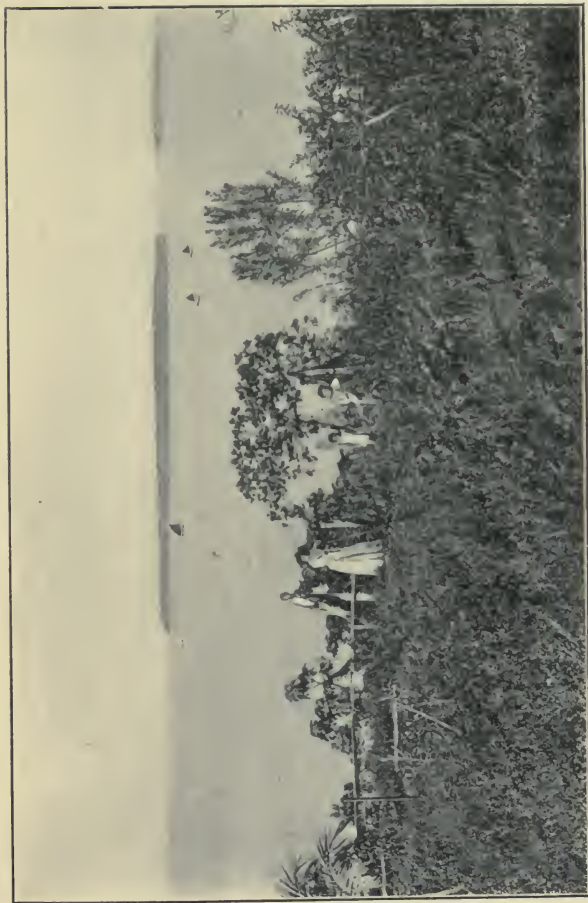
covers the low lands bordering the river, most of the houses being built on piles.

Turning out of the main stream, into one of the numerous little bays or bayous, we pass some higher ground, on which is located the suburban resort or Coney Island of Para called Point Pinheiro, that is wide open every day of the year in this land of everlasting summer.

As we sailed past an odd looking old fort on one of the thousand islands, a signal gun was fired across our bow, followed by a hail in Portuguese, after the custom of centuries ago, demanding to know "whence we came and whither bound and to answer truly if any sickness aboard," all of which they knew, as all ships entering the river are reported by the cable from the pilot station. The captain good naturedly shouted back "Quinzie dias, Neuva York, and all well." The Brazilian flag was dipped in exchange of salutes with our ensign, as we passed on, not even hesitating or slacking speed. The American traveller must first learn to respect the customs of the lands he visits even though they may seem absurd.

From my position on the bridge, glancing at the tall mast of the old ship, I was gratified to see the Stars and Stripes flying from the topmast. Jokingly accusing the captain of sailing under false colors he retorted smilingly, that it was a compliment to his American passenger. I doffed my hat to the colors and heartily shook the Englishman's hand thanking him for the compliment and the many courtesies.

The large white walled warehouses. lining the water front, with the "trapeches" or piers, and docks as



VIEW ON THE AMAZON NEAR THE MOUTH
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also the steeples of the old Jesuit churches in the back ground were all familiar, recalling my first arrival and life in the old town, and my departure, when carried aboard too ill to walk.

The anchor goes down with the usual rumble, and we were swinging in the stream, the Para or Tocantins river of our geographies, of which no Brazilian has heard, however, the water being known there as "Gua-jara Bay" (pronounced Y-jah-rah), a picturesque harbor, several miles long, but so narrow opposite the city that steamers are obliged to anchor at ebb tide with their bows pointing up stream, and wait for the incoming tide to swing them when they wish to go out. One of the interesting phenomena to the newly arrived visitor is the rapid current running up stream, with such force, that it is almost impossible to disembark, the small boats being unable to grapple with the anchored ship, the foaming waters at the bow, giving the anchored ship the appearance of going at full speed down stream.

Attention is attracted to the jaunty little Brazilian customs officer, who has boarded our ship, placing soldiers on the gangway, who scrutinize with reciprocal courtesy and interest, all communication with the soil of Brazil,

CHAPTER II.



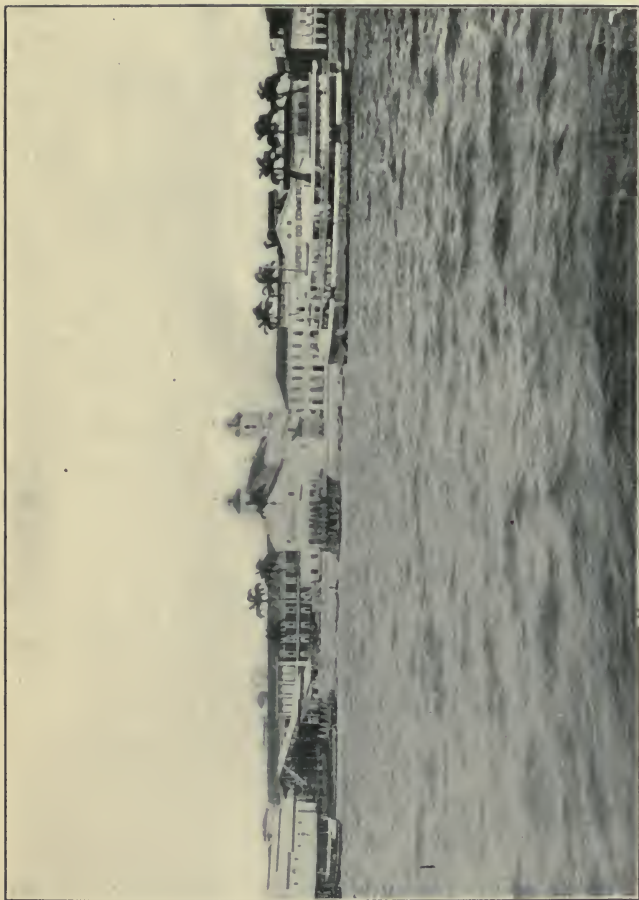
PARA (pronounced pah-rah) in the Spanish or Portuguese, means "for" or via, more literally, "going to," an appropriate name for the city, which is the gateway to the great regions beyond.

The official name of the capital city of the old province of Para is "Belem," which designation is yet used in all Governmental communications.

This the most northern city of Brazil has much more to interest the visitor than the business fact of being the principal rubber market of the world. Like the rest of Brazil it is rich in history and tradition. Its civilization is as old, and, as they view it, as far advanced as our own. The pre-historic development of this part of South America is an attractive field for the modern explorer and the archaeologist.

Though the business of Para is largely speculative, being dependent upon the natural productions of the Amazon valley, it is not a boom city like those of our West, nor like the oil, coal and gas regions of the East. The foundations were laid in 1611 by the Portuguese commander, who wrested the land from the occupancy of the French.

It is the capital of the State of Para, the most northerly of the Republic of the United States of Brazil comprising one-seventh of the territory and one-thirteenth of the entire surface of South America.



PARA FROM THE ANCHORAGE

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The population is about one hundred thousand, composed principally of Portuguese and their descendents, and a mixture of native and Indian and former African slaves, with a large contingent of foreigners of all nations engaged in the rubber business and its allied interests.

Much erroneous information has been printed in our country regarding Para by travellers who come on steamers enroute north and south, and who unfortunately confine their observations to a few hours' sight seeing in the midday sun. They make the common mistake of not adapting themselves to climate and changed conditions, going ashore late in the morning and returning to the ship in the early evening which is the most pleasant time on shore. They are of course exhausted by the heat and disgusted with one day's experience of a tropical sunshine and too often write their opinions of a city from this experience.

The natives have a saying that "Only Englishmen and dogs go about in the sun," and all who vent their hot temper in our language are called Englishmen.

The injunction to "Do in Rome as the Romans do" is especially applicable to the tropical traveller. As a first requirement strangers should keep out of the sun during the day, and avoid the rains which come down in sheets in the early evening. One may take a cold or suffer a chill in those hot lands as readily as with us, the results being far more serious.

If one gets wet or chilled, the preventive of fevers is a sponge bath with Cachasa, the rum of the country, made from the sugar cane, which is very cheap and should be used freely externally, but never internally,

except as a morning bitters with Peruvian bark, as a preventive of malaria.

Fruit is abundant and in some sections the natives fairly subsist on bananas and fish, but the stranger is cautioned not to eat fruit, especially oranges, at night. Some of the better class of people do not eat the oranges, because of the belief that they transmit fevers. Oranges grown in the tropics, or at least in this part, are entirely devoid of the agreeable fragrance of our fruit.

The early hours of the morning before the sun warms up, are devoted to business and exercising, during the noon breakfast is served on the piazzas, and late in the day, after the rains have cooled the air and washed the streets, dinner is served and the evening devoted to pleasure.

An erroneous impression prevails that Spanish is the language of all South America; but in Brazil the Portuguese is spoken. Both Portuguese and Spaniard seem to understand each other, but English is generally understood by those who meet with strangers.

Passengers on ships calling at Para north or south bound up the Amazon usually have sufficient time ashore to see the city at its best. Any one of the swarm of Portuguese boatmen that flock about the ships will contract to take passengers ashore after early coffee, about 6 a. m. After a few hours' stroll on Brazilian soil a noonday breakfast may be enjoyed on the balcony of one of the several well kept hotels. Good French or Portuguese wine furnished with the meals is preferable to the water of those lands. Delicious coffee grown and prepared freshly in the land where it is produced,

is served after the meals and not as a beverage. The intolerable hot hours of the afternoon may be spent in the enjoyment of a siesta in a large hammock strung in the corridor of the hotel until after the evening rains, when another stroll may be enjoyed before dinner, which is served at candle light with which the real tropical day begins. The dinner is followed by theatres or the opera, which are subsidized by the government.

If the reader will permit, one familiar with the city through consular residence, to write as if acting as the conductor of a party, I shall be pleased to tell my little story in that style.

Groups of passengers from the ships straggle in scattering pairs through what seems like a gateway of a great white wall formed by a large warehouse on one side, and the massive walls of the abandoned Jesuit Church, resembling a grim fortress or a prison, on the other. But once inside facing the entrance to the church, they are agreeably surprised to find a beautiful little plaza, tastefully arranged, with gravel walks and beds of lovely tropical flowers of sweet fragrance. A pedestal in the center supports a heroic sized bronze statue of one of the country's patriots. A picturesque grotto, constructed from imported rubble stone over which the clear water from a pretty fountain ripples musically, finds its way into small pools that contain living specimens of the finny tribe that inhabit the Amazon, the most interesting of which is the sea cow. Rare birds of gorgeous plumage stalk about in the tall grass. Among these is the white heron, prized for the aigrette feathers, which are more precious than

ostrich plumes. There are also several varieties of accomplished parrots that can swear in several languages, and lively monkeys, valued according to their resemblance to the human form divine.

This little Plaza gives a stranger an idea of a very few of the immensity of the wild life in the forests beyond, and of the queer fish of the Equatorial rivers. But probably the majority of tourists are more interested in a visit to a character of Para, known in all lands as "Monkey Joe," the keeper of an old curiosity shop where all sorts of curios can be obtained for cash. His principal trade is in monkeys of all sorts of pedigree and parrots at 25 cents each that are warranted to make it interesting for any monkey.

On one side of the Plaza are the massive walls of the church abandoned many years ago by the Jesuits, those earnest workers who were expelled from that country.

Some persons believe there are hidden chambers and secret passages within the stone walls of this edifice, which could give some very interesting and tragic accounts of the early settlement of Amazonia.

There seems to have been in the minds of the officials who seized the property, a deep spirit of reverence, as the beautiful entrance and interior of the church have remained undisturbed, a solid and impressive monument to the noble religio bellicose zeal, the valor and devotion of the early Catholic settlers. The bells in the square, Moorish looking steeples, have been silent for many years, but it is probable that the impressiveness of the structure with its steeples pointing

to the sky, have preached many sermons in stone to these people.

Adjoining the church stands the large convent which has also been confiscated, but unlike the church presents a bustling appearance, having been "converted" into an Alfandaga, or custom house, in the capacious rooms of which everything that comes to Para from other lands is stored to await leisurely examination.

Three lines of street cars pass on three sides of the Plaza, two of which are narrow gauge. The cars formerly drawn by mules and driven by natives are now operated by electric motors.

The people do not take the "cars" there, but call them "Bonds"; not as has been stated because so many bonds were required to put them in operation, but in compliment to the persistent efforts of an Englishman, named Bond, who introduced their use. The narrow gauge system is best adapted to Para as in many localities a cart cannot pass when one of the "Bonds" is on the same block on account of the narrowness of the streets.

The houses are small, usually one story and quite picturesque with their overhanging balconies and windows decorated with bright colored shades; queer looking hallways and low tile covered roofs extending over the narrow sidewalks. The roofing material resembles split bamboo of terra cotta pipe, lapping each other, forming corrugated ridges and gutters that carry off the heavy rains that are showered on the narrow pavements. The tile also answers as a useful non-conductor of the terrific heat of the torrid sun.

The greater portion of the old city proper consists

of small houses built long ago in the Portuguese style of architecture. The walls are composed of large tiled brick which are hollow. These are cemented together by a muddy looking material that answers for mortar in a land without frost. The better class of houses have their fronts covered with variegated tiles imported from Portugal, the majority being of as fine material as are used in the States for mantles and interior decoration. The prevailing colors are yellow and blue, in designs that are harmonious and tasteful. In the suburbs are some strikingly handsome residences of different styles, nestling picturesquely in the midst of luxuriant tropical gardens. The more modern houses are built on raised foundations for better protection from dampness as well as the numerous insect pests of that climate. Every house is provided with hooks on which hammocks are strung. Everybody sleeps in a hammock, because it is cooler, cleaner and out of reach of insects. Usually the only covering is the mosquito netting or "mosquetare" which is spread over the hammock as a canopy. Some few of these suburban homes are occupied by foreigners who represent the American and European business houses, but the majority are the homes of the better and wealthier class of Brazilians who are cultivated and a hospitable people.

Between five and six in the evening, or just before dinner—and at no other time of the day—the stranger will probably notice quite a number of pretty, bright, dark eyes peeping through the window shades, or the neat forms of the *senhoritas* posing gracefully over the little balconies. These are slightly above the ordinary height, so that the *senhoritas* or *senhoras* have the

advantage of looking down on any admirer who may happen to be strolling along the narrow sidewalk below. The young American tourist with a patronizing air who will imagine that he discovers at least one pair of black eyes that look agreeable, will find out if any advances are made, that Brazilian ladies are like our own and resent the masher's advances. The senhora must be approached cavalierly. She may smile upon the poor blond approvingly who offers only the homage of love, while she rejects with unmistakable scorn the rude advances of those who may think a show of riches and cheek will sustain their suit.

The ladies have a charming way of saluting each other, and their gentlemen friends, by raising and deftly waving the tapering fingers of what looks to be little hands in neat brown gloves. To call another, they do not shout or beckon with the hand as we do, but simply turn the palm downward. A wig wag of the index finger means a quiet but decided no; to place the finger to the lips is silence; and putting the finger between the teeth is a sure sign of displeasure, and they will even show disgust by spitting to the ground. The beautiful brown and black eyes can express much for which there are no signals. Of course placing the hand on the heart and sighing means love, if they are not close enough to "tell it with their eyes."

The better class of young men of Para, who are in business, and have been educated in Lisbon or Paris, are courteous, warm hearted gentlemen of the decided handsome dark eyed type and as partial to our American and English blondes as the ladies are to blue eyes.

The San Jose avenue, leading from the Palacio toward the fashionable suburb or Nazareth (pronounced Naz-a-ray) possesses a feature which can be equaled in no American or European city. On either side of this broad street are rows of the largest Royal palms; large stately trees with round straight trunks beautifully tapering above the tops of the surrounding houses. These are crowned with graceful clusters of leaves twenty to thirty feet in diameter, but at a height of sixty feet or more from the ground they appear so light and airy, waving in the breeze, that they invariably impress one as being petite. Strangers encountering leaves which have been wrenched off by some violent storm, are amazed to find them to be by actual measurement from twenty to twenty-five feet long.

Nazareth Avenue, the principal street of the beautiful suburb of the same name, affords a delightful stroll in the early evening while the sun is yet bright, or later in the soft moonlight. The broad pavements are perfectly shaded by immense old mango trees, which all the year round form a dense mass of green foliage, so thick that not a fleck of sunlight can penetrate their wide spreading, generously rounded dome.

There can be no watered milk sold in Para, and it is necessarily fresh. It comes around in early morning noiselessly on all fours, in droves of milk cows linked in sections of three or four. With their muzzled calves following them, tied in some instances to the cow's tail, they are driven to the customer's door where milk is drawn into your own glass ready for use, warm without the formality of straining.



MILK DELIVERY IN PARA

The principal vehicles of Para are a few second hand cabs in which may occasionally be seen the officials or a bridal party going to the churches. All others, with the exception of the street cars, are two-wheeled drays, which half dressed porters lead by a long rope that permits them to walk on the pavement.

There is no stone in lower Amazonia. The business streets are paved with stone blocks brought from Portugal as ballast and laid down at an estimated cost of twenty-five to fifty cents each.

The city has a telephone system embracing three hundred exchanges, also an electric light plant, ice machinery, and is well supplied with water and sewage facilities.

Business men, shop-keepers and clerks of the native class wear black cloth frock coats and trousers, while the foreigner is distinguished by his light clothing. The Paranense is as a rule rather small of stature and slender in form, his style of dressing gives an impression of youths wearing their father's Sunday clothes, the top-heavy appearance being heightened by the old style broad rimmed derby hat. Every Brasileiro can be distinguished by a small black necktie and shoes—long and narrow, made in France expressly for this trade. In dress, as well as in general deportment, there are no boys in Para, such as we know, who wear short pants and jackets. The only difference in appearance between father and son is in their relative heights as they wear alike the exaggerated cuffs, derby hats and carry canes or umbrellas.

Little girls of eight and ten are young ladies, and at twelve and thirteen wives and frequently mothers.

Travellers to Amazonia should supply themselves with clothing usually worn by us in the summer, a large proportion of light underwear being advisable. An Englishman follows the East India custom of filling his "boxes" with light colored linens and seersuckers, in addition to his checkered trousers, never forgets his dress suit. A German may be readily recognized by his light tight-fitting clothes, while the American ashore astonishes the natives by an appearance in negligee or lawn-tennis suits of fancy light colored flannels cut in the style of pajamas, which are worn in that climate as night robes. Brazileiros of cultivated taste and independent manner as well as the older resident foreigners, wear white linen or silk serge all the year. The Padres or Priests go about the streets in cassocks that resemble Mother Hubbard costumes, each with cord around the waist to which are large pendent crosses and all wear three cornered hats.

But a large majority of the negro or native children of the lower classes are not dressed at all. It is no exaggeration to say that a great portion of these children have never worn clothing. One may see babies from one to three years, belonging to the better class, being fondled by their parents in public in a perfectly nude state. It is a great country for babies, and a happy condition that the poorer parents are not obliged to be at the expense of dressing their numerous progeny. The travelling companion who may volunteer to escort a party of lady tourists through the town might find it embarrassing to explain the accompaniment of three or four brown-skinned boys of from four to eight, hanging on to the street cars. The drivers,

however, are more cultured. They wear trousers and (sometimes) a shirt; but as a rule few laborers add to their daily burdens by wearing anything above the black Stanley belt that holds up their overalls, no hat and never shoes. The bakers who make the daily bread of Para by the sweat of their brow, do not encumber themselves with any clothes when at work. The climate and a hot oven are too much for them.

The females of the lower class go about the streets without covering for the head to protect them from the sun. These women usually do the marketing for the houses where they are employed, carrying their purchases in queer shaped baskets on the head. This habit gives them an erect and graceful carriage which one can better appreciate when viewed at a distance with the person walking away. A few of the descendants of the Indian negroes, called Tapansa, are rather attractive in face and figure, but they dress with little or no taste and resemble somewhat the field-hand colored girls of the South. Their loud figured dresses are brief at both ends, no doubt with a view to economy. Some young Englishmen informed me that this outer dress is the only garment worn by them on the street for ordinary occasions.

In Amazonia the class distinction is clearly defined, there being an upper and a nether mill-stone which grinds finely. This is not a color line, however, for here is found none of the prejudice against color which exists in parts of the United States. The only aristocracy may perhaps be called a political, moneyed aristocracy. It is in no sense "blooded," though there is an inclination to magnify what blood can be

traced back as far as two generations. Some of the "bluest" point with great pride to their Pocahontas grandmothers, whose oil portraits adorn the parlor walls of many of the most estimable families, and if these pictures are true likenesses, they may well be proud. One striking characteristic, not only of these portraits, but of the descendents of the higher class, is the almost perfect symmetry and regularity of the features, accompanied by a dignified and genial composure.

The provisional government of the Republic of Brazil decreed that those of its eminent citizens, upon whom the Emperor Dom Pedro II had conferred titles, should continue to enjoy them in an honorable way, under the new Republic until their death, when they ceased.

In Para there are several resident Barons, very few of whom have not bought their titles. Dom Pedro always publicly defended this transaction by the characteristic explanation that the money received from this source was used exclusively for the sustenance of lunatic asylums in Brazil.

The inauguration of the Republic separated the Church and State, but the country remains substantially Catholic. The greater proportion of church attendants are the lower or poorer class. The more cultivated resident is content to allow his wife or daughters represent the family by attending service occasionally. The genial Governor of Para, with whom I talked on this subject, expressed the situation in broken English, "Oh yes, I am a good Catholic. We are all Catholics. I go to church about three times

a year, to a wedding, then a christening and then maybe a funeral; but my wife she goes every Sunday morning while I am sleeping."

The custom of a noon breakfast has the advantage of allowing the native to indulge in the American habit of a Sunday morning sleep; but this is interrupted by the early church service.

Sunday is ushered in with a great ringing of church bells and the discharging of rockets that go up almost simultaneously from the different churches throughout the city and explode in the air with a loud report. The new comer, impressed with the reputation for revolutions and imagining from the racket without that he is to enjoy this experience, hastily rises and upon investigation learns that it is a peaceful religious custom of the people. The probabilities are that he goes back to his bed or hammock swearing instead of feeling devout.

During the ceremonials incident to the service of the Catholic church in Brazil, these rockets are fired from the plaza in front of each church. A Protestant resident insisted that this is their way of firing prayers to heaven; but it is probably the result of a practice of the early missionaries, who found it politic to adopt this noisy method of devotion to influence the Indian worshippers. It is still practiced in certain parts as a means of expressing joy and glorification. A courteous French Padre laughed heartily at the irreverent suggestion one evening as we sat together watching the fireworks from different churches sailing up into the darkness, that if there were any angels hovering around Para, the church rockets would have the effect of driving them away.



ÉSTRADO SAN JOSÉ—ROYAL PALMS

The church bells are not "rung" as with us, but are hammered by half-naked worshippers who are well drilled from constant practice. They stand in the towers armed with hammers in both hands with which they tap the larger bells, creating a confused ding-dong-don accompaniment of the smaller ones, quite confusing and irritating.

The devotional part of a Para Sunday does not however, occupy much time, the religious duties being satisfactorily performed by perfunctory attendance at one mass, limited almost entirely to the lower class of females who kneel in straggling groups on the stone or earth floor, there being no seats in the churches.

There is no word in the Portuguese to express that sweetest of all words in our tongue, "home." The Casa, or house, is suitably constructed and planned for the half out of door life in that climate. No carpets are used on account of the dampness and insects. There are no door bells, and a visitor entering a hall must be careful not to knock or stamp his foot, as that would be insulting, the Oriental mode of clapping the hands, being the only method of calling attention. When lady friends meet on the street they kiss each other first on one cheek and then on the other, and when gentlemen meet after a short absence they always embrace, giving each other three pats on the back. It is the custom to shake hands when meeting and parting, even if it occurs many times during the same day. They also adhere to the Spanish custom forbidding any lady appearing on the street or elsewhere unless accompanied by some member of her family, and my

there is: "LAR"

own observation has been that this exaction is scrupulously adhered to. It should not be inferred, however, that the custom precludes pleasant social intercourse. In almost every house of the refined class may be met pleasant society of a hospitable and congenial character of both sexes.

In this land of to-morrow everything seems to go by contraries. To find a cool climate you go south or north. One can only tell the season by looking in an almanac. The rule is to pass to the left; the street car conductor takes your money and gives you a ticket; ladies wait to be first recognized by gentlemen. The stranger must be careful in making advances as such a small thing as handing a lady acquaintance a flower indicates in some circumstances, the offering of heart and hand, if she accepts the flower the contract is sealed in the presence of witnesses. Courting and lovemaking may seem somewhat restricted, as compared with our free and easy ways, but notwithstanding the difficulties, the young and old manage to get along in the good old fashioned way of marrying and establishing homes and building up the land of to-morrow.

As illustrating more clearly the reversal of customs I will add: An English gentleman, married to a Brazilian lady, informed me he never kissed his wife till after they were married. We all know that with us that custom is reversed, the kissing favors before marriage and seldom after,

CHAPTER III.



At the present time and for some years all trade and transportation of the Amazon and the business of its cities, the State governments of North Brazil depend upon the natural products of the forests of the valleys, which is principally India-rubber, or as it is known there, "Borrachio," the traders' name for the several grades.

It is well known that the best quality of rubber and the most abundant supply comes from the Amazon; but it is not so well understood that the finest grade known botanically as "*Hevea Braziliensis*" (or commercially as "Para") is found only in Amazonia, while the "trade" is principally in the hands of the native business men or Portuguese merchants, the extensive transportation required for distributing the supplies and collecting of rubber and sending to the markets of the world is in control of the English steamship and river transportation companies.

Though called "Para," the greater portion of the supply now comes from a district in upper Amazonia (in Peru and Bolivia) which is as far from Para as it is from Para to New York.

The Hevea rubber of the finest grade, known as "up river," is usually quoted at double the price of the inferior grades known as "Caucho" which is found

more abundant in Peru. Another variety of second quality is botanically "Castila Elastica" and commercially "Central," because it is the rubber indigenous to Central America and Mexico. There is not only a difference in grade, but in the matter of supply, the tree of the Hevea yielding twenty-five per cent more without injury than the Caucho and Castila which is destroyed in order to make a profit.

It is a trite saying, that the best rubber is found in localities where human life does not long exist, in the swamps and steamy humid atmosphere that produces fevers, a fit habitation for snakes and alligators through which the native or Indian rubber gatherer must wade knee deep in mud and ooze to tap the hundred trees allotted to each man, covering an area of about a mile, known as an "Estrada" or path.

The Hevea tree grows spontaneously in the rich soil of the forests covering the low lands of the rivers, known as the flood plains, extending for unknown distances to the south. These lands are overflowed at certain seasons of each year to which fact may be attributed the peculiar qualities of the Hevea not obtained in other localities. The tree grows to a height of from thirty to fifty feet, a straight trunk, with a rough bark, the foliage being principally quite near the top. It matures in from fifteen to twenty-five years, reproducing itself by throwing out the nut or seed which grow three in a capsule, with a cracking noise like the report of a pistol.

A great many persons, even among the rubber investigators, suppose the trees are tapped for their juice as the sugar maples are for the sap, but the rubber

milk is not a sap of the rubber trees but a "latex" that circulates in small streams along the thin outer layers of the bark of the tree.

The native gatherer goes over his Estrada in the early morning supplied with a lot of small earthen or tin cups. At the beginning of the season he taps as high as he can get, making little V shaped incisions with his matchette. Under each he fastens one of the little cups with a bit of soft gum into which the thick white milk slowly trickles until the wound in the bark heals, which may be in a few hours in a climate where growth is so rapid. In the afternoon he collects the milk in a large jar, which is then coagulated on paddles over the smoke of a smudge made by the urucury palm nut. He repeats this operation every day during the several months of the rubber season.

A matured Hevea tree in the swamp will give an average yield of five gallons of milk during a season, which will coagulate into five pounds of rubber, valued at over a dollar a pound in gold in the markets of the world.

If the tree is carefully tapped it will give this result for forty years, without injury or cost of cultivation or labor other than the collecting of the milk and preparing for the market. There is nothing comes out of the earth that will yield the net profits of the rubber tree that flourishes best on land of no value for anything else. If, however, the hatchet in the hands of the careless native or Indian penetrates the bark, exposing the wood, the tree dies. A weevil called punhila, enters the wound, as a worm does the body, which causes speedy decay.

It will be seen, as first noted in my Consular reports, how easy it has been for the army of marauding rubber gatherers to destroy the available sources of supply on the lower Amazon.

This ruthless slaughtering to gain increased output was encouraged by the town traders, who were eager to get rich quickly by supplying the wonderfully increasing demand for rubber insulation for the electric age, tubing for air brake tires, etc.

This "killing of the Brazilian geese that laid the golden eggs" at home, made it necessary to look for a new source of supply for the increasing demand. It was to exploit this new territory that the exploration of the upper Amazon affluents was undertaken to Bolivia and Peru, of which the narrative is given herewith.

Rubber is next to the standard tropical imports of coffee and sugar, and the United States consumes one-half of the total output, equivalent to about fifty million dollars annually, for which we pay gold, always through English exchange, the money being used to buy in Europe goods for Amazonia. There is no reciprocity in rubber, but little being imported from America, except kerosene, flour and bacon, which their fatherland Portugal cannot supply.

The state governments of Para and Amazonia exact an export duty of twenty-five per cent on rubber, which is received in our country free of duty as a crude material. It cannot therefore be charged that the tariff is the mother of the greatest of trusts, the rubber combine.

The business in Para is conducted almost entirely by



INDIANS COAGULATING RUBBER IN THE FOREST^r
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the agents of foreign houses, and a number of "brokers" who gamble on the "Exchange" quoted over English wire from London. All foreign business being conducted on a gold basis, a draft on London is more acceptable in Para than American gold.

It may be said that our sister Republic of Brazil is largely sustained by the export and import duties which are collected on almost everything and to which the United States contributes a large share on coffee, sugar, rubber and numerous articles found in the forest on which only the labor is expended for collecting.

It is a peculiarity of that government that in many respects the states are distinct sovereignties. The states of Para and Amazonas collect and apply to their own use all export duties, while the general government at Rio de Janeiro controls the custom houses and appropriates all import duties. This necessitates two sets of officials and it goes without saying that between the two millstones the grist is fine and the toll heavy.

Rubber gathering being more profitable than all other labor, the population of working people go into the forests to the neglect of the cultivation of their rich soil. Almost everything consumed, therefore, is brought from abroad, a heavy import duty being collected, and the laborer paid in cheap goods from Germany sold to him at a large profit.

It can readily be inferred that Para is a most expensive place to live in, resembling in this regard, and also in the speculative tendencies of business, the early golden days of San Francisco. The retail merchants sell cheap goods at exaggerated prices. The cash business is

done in five and six figures, as represented by Brazilian paper money, reis and milreis, one thousand reis being equivalent to a milreis, which at par, is equivalent to fifty-four cents of our money. It is interesting to note that during the reign of Dom Pedro, the milreis, which was at par, has since steadily declined.

The cost of living at a hotel is from six to ten milreis per day, equivalent to our two or three dollar houses with fair accommodations. Boarding houses are unknown, as families do not admit outsiders into their homes.

As illustrating the queer currency, one will be astonished at a demand for four thousand five hundred reis for a forty-nine cent shirt, and as it requires from two to four weeks in that damp climate for the laundry women to do what we would consider a day's washing it follows that a large supply of linen is required. A first laundry bill was in four figures, but when it is considered that one of the valuable looking greenbacks having engraved on each of its corners and on the margin the gratifying figures "\$500" has only a purchasing value of ten cents, the enormity of the bill is greatly reduced.

* * *

Being situated directly on the Equator, the climate of Para and the lower Amazon is unvarying. Every day of the year is alike, not only with regard to its length, but in its excessive heat. There being no change of seasons, one must consult a calender to know when it is winter. There are no sunless days in Amazonia. Each morning the sun rises out of the Atlantic, and like a great red copper ball, uninter-

ruptedly discharges its fierce electric waves of glaring heat; except when shaded by the crimson-edged clouds for a short time in the afternoon when the rains come up. It is as hot in December as in August. The nights, however, are alike damp and comparatively cool. The sleeping apartments are kept closed at night, causing the tourist sleeper a mouldy sensation that one might experience from sleeping in a cellar.

Clothing should not be thrown on the floor, but hung up high at night and aired daily in the sun to prevent mildew. Shoes left on the floor soon become covered with white mould, and one is apt to find a scorpion in one and a centipede in the other. Most of the population sleep in hammocks under the mosque-tare as the only covering.

There is a wet and dry season, the former beginning in November or December, which they consider the winter. But there is no difference in the mercury; if anything it is a little hotter in the mid-day sun, the sheets of rain being more violent and frequent. These rains which are preceded by wind storms are refreshing, serving to cool the parched atmosphere like a grateful shower bath, not only to sweltering humanity, but to all inanimate nature. Every one carries an umbrella as a necessary part of their outfit as a protection during the day from the rays of an almost vertical sun and in the evening from the rains or heavy dews which fall after dark.

Twilight is quite unknown in this latitude. There are no romantic gloamings, but instead the sable curtain of night rolls down upon the bright sunset as suddenly as that upon the mimic stage.

During the year there are innumerable holidays known as festas or church fetes, peculiar to each locality. The anniversary of the Patron Saint of Para, known as our Blessed Lady of Nazareth, is inaugurated by an immense procession, followed by a week of festivities in the large Plaza of Nazareth. These are the only evenings in the entire year that the senhoritas are permitted to promenade alone in the company of the senhors; and it goes without saying that the senhors do not hesitate to "embrace" the opportunities. They are like the rest of humanity that believe "opportunities" should not be neglected but taken advantage of.

They have also their days of lugubrious devotion. On Good Friday, for instance, everybody wears black as a badge of mourning. All Souls and All Saints days are devoted to tribute to their dead, the graves being decorated during the day with flowers, while at night the cemeteries are made to look like an illumination by lighted candles placed about the graves, before which are silently kneeling the scores of friends of the departed.

* * *

As the geographies of our school days divide the surface of the earth into imaginary lines of latitude and longitude with temperate and intemperate zones, the medical geographers have likewise located the zone of unhealthfulness on the Equator, as an endemic centre liable to become epidemic.

. As a matter of statistics, the death-rate in the zone of unhealthfulness is proportionately less than that of New York and London.

Malaria, including pernicious fevers of all sorts, is

the disease which prevails in badly drained, heavily timbered locations. It is estimated that this is the cause of one-half the mortality of the human kind. These conditions are due on the lower Amazon largely to the alternating heat and humidity of the atmosphere which is augmented by the location on the low ground adjacent to the settlements. It is not only hot every day of the year, but, on account of the rains almost every evening and the fact of being practically surrounded by fresh water, is correspondingly damp every night. These conditions do not exist on the upper Amazon.

For the information of any who may contemplate travel to the Amazon necessitating passing through the valley of death of the lower regions to the better land beyond or above, I beg to reproduce some extracts from a consular report on the "Health of the lower Amazon," which it was not considered good policy for the government to publish, as it did not present an especially attractive field for the reciprocity then being agitated:

"Febre Amarella, or yellow fever, by its different aliases is the disease of the country. It is caused no doubt, by a germ, which more particularly affects the white races, and has for a long time puzzled medical scientists. It was discovered by Columbus, or rather it discovered Columbus on his second visit to the West Indies, as historians describe the breaking out of the epidemic during their return to Barcelona, yet in all these four hundred years medical scientists have been unable to locate the isolated 'baccilla,' 'bacteria,' or 'microbe,' or whatever it might be.

“It is said yellow fever does not prevail in the Eastern tropical countries or in Europe, being practically unknown in India, Asia and Africa.

“For information on yellow fever and its treatment I am under obligations to Doctors Jose Paes de Cavalhi, at present Governor of Para, and Dr. Jayme P. Bricio, both for many years successful practitioners in Para where they have handled cases every day for years. Each received his medical education in Paris, and speaking English, they are depended upon by the foreign colony as experts in yellow fever. I am also glad of an opportunity to acknowledge, at this late date, the courtesy and kindness of my genial Brazilian friend, Colonel Theodosio Lacerda Chermont shown during my illness, as also the attendance of his brother the druggist, and Sr. Watrin. Col. Chermont is a large handsome gentleman of the best connections, his brother formerly Secretary of Legation at Washington and later Governor and Brazilian Secretary of State, which I mention to indicate the character of my authority for the following statements.

“The Colonel was educated at Cornell and speaks well the English language and has a warm heart for Americans.

“In discussing climatic conditions and the usual weather salutations, my friend enjoys reminding Americans that though Para has the reputation of being hot, the mercury does not rise as high as he has seen it in New York and the attention of scientists is called to the fact that a case of sunstroke has never been known on that part of the Equator. He insists also that proportionately there are more deaths from

pneumonia in America than from yellow fever in Brazil.

“It is known that if a new comer exposes himself in the sun, and should become wet and chilled by the evening rains and retires without changing underclothes, omitting to take the usual precautionary bath of cachasa or rum, he is almost certain to awaken at daylight with dull pains in the back of his head, intense nausea, which are the unerring first symptoms of the dread visit of yellow jack.

“Unfortunately the attack is first noticed at an hour when the patient is probably unable to get assistance. It is understood that if taken in time, the system thoroughly cleansed by vomiting, purging and injections and the patient kept warmly covered, the disease can in almost every case be controlled. The malady seems to be a complete cessation of the functions of the bowels, kidneys and bladder, resulting in rapid fermentation, which generates a poisonous gas and brings about the convulsions and an agonizing death. As long as the bowels and kidneys act no danger is apprehended, but when these cease the physicians give up the case.

“On steamboats or in the forests where medical aid cannot be obtained, it is the custom to cause the patient to drink repeated doses of warm water as an emetic, until the resulting vomit shows the stomach to be thoroughly rinsed.

“A peculiar feature or characteristic of yellow fever is that it almost always selects for its victims those who are sometimes designated as the ‘good young men’ that come to Brazil to die early. It is indeed a

striking coincidence that the young foreigners of abstemious habits, who live economically that they may send their savings home, are sooner or later called upon to settle with yellow jack, while the 'bad boys,' who are indifferent, using the wine of the country internally and spirits externally, indulging freely in the best food the country affords, almost invariably escape with a light attack.

"Aged persons have nothing to fear, which is at least one consolation for the few who grow old in that land. The only time I was pleased to be told I was not a boy was when sick in Para when the French proprietor of the hotel early one morning sent for the doctor to visit me. I could hear him tell the doctor in broken English 'O, zee Consul Americano, he's plenty sik, blenty sik,' meaning that I was very sick. When the jovial doctor came into the room, looked at my tongue, felt my pulse and in sympathy with my appealing look, which meant, have I a chance He replied in broken English that sounded very sweet to me then, 'You got notting, git up, you are too old to die.'

"It is the full blooded young fellow who catches it every time, a characteristic of the disease being similar to typhoid, that whatever lessens natural vigor, tends also to immunity from yellow fever. As prophylactic the best physicians of Para actually prescribe, 'Wine and women,' iced champagne being used freely in the course of this heroic treatment. The moral is that the visitor to that land of to-morrow obtain the best that he can get as part compensation for the danger of living there

“It is not yellow fever, however, which causes the greatest mortality on the coast, but a disease peculiar to that part of Brazil and Equatorial India which is known as Beri-Beri (pronounced Bery Bery approximately). This disease has baffled the skill of leading physicians of Para and Paris, who have studied it attentively. Pasteir, the great Frenchman, sent a scientist out to make an investigation. The origin of the disease is unknown. It probably developed among the lower classes by insufficient food, but frequently attacks those of the better classes. The only cure is a change of residence or an ocean voyage, either of which taken in time will effect a speedy recovery, a peculiarity being that the patient may go but a single day’s journey to a place where the disease may also prevail and recover.

“Beri-Beri usually begins with a partial paralysis of the lower extremities accompanied by numbness and a feeling technically called by these physicians, formication. The paralysis gradually extending upwards is attended by adamatous swelling, the flesh becoming as pliable as putty, leaving an indentation made by one’s finger as though it were soft clay. At first the patient feels but little discomfort aside from the loss of parts affected. His appetite and spirits continue good but the breathing grows more difficult from day to day the paralysis surely advances until it reaches the vital parts. If relief is not obtained, death is caused by slow suffocation. Though this malady attacks all classes, a majority of the victims appear to be Africans of the lower class.

“Tubercular consumption is necessarily extensive

with the lower class owing to the want of care and cleanliness and the prevalence of venereal diseases.

"More than one per cent of the registered deaths in Para are from leprosy, yet it is not considered contagious and no efficient means are taken to segregate the lepers from the rest of the community, it being impossible to estimate the number of cases concealed by the better dressed of the population."

As previously explained, our government for reasons of policy, did not care to publish reports even though accepted as "interesting and valuable" that might discourage the reciprocity plans. I was advised that the Rio government also protested against publication, though not denying the facts. The British government however, referred the matter of leprosy to a select committee for investigation in connection with the healthfulness of the English Equatorial possessions, through my esteemed colleague, Mr. Kanthack, the British Consul.

The purpose in introducing the excerpts from a health report has been to give a truthful story of both sides of life in the land, but more particularly that a comparison may be made between the unhealthful lower Amazon and the more desirable "Land of To-morrow," or upper Amazon, whither we are bound in this narrative.

In this connection I may be permitted to quote the concluding words of a first official report:

"It will be evident to the Department that the publication of the health report might, in a personal sense, add to the unhealthfulness of Para as a Consular

residence and perhaps serve to increase the mortality list.

“I therefore take the opportunity to again call attention to my request for relief or the approval of my application for a leave of absence, with authorization to go to the upper Amazon to look after interests of this Consular district.”

I was not relieved, however, until after a year's enforced residence and while very ill was carried aboard ship in a hammock bound for the Madeira Islands and France for treatment and recuperation.”

Some months after, the journey as originally planned was resumed to “The Land of To-Morrow,” the narrative which really begins at Para and ends at its counterpart, Lima, on the sunset side of the continent.

CHAPTER IV.



ESPIE the climate and the unhealthful surroundings, the visitor who stays long enough to become acquainted with the "delightfully wicked city" of Para becomes a victim to that peculiar fascination that attaches to tropical life; and though the discomforts sometime cause the sojourner a sigh for a change of season, they leave with regret and almost invariably experience a longing to return.

As previously stated all travel to the Amazon is via Para, where steamers delay a couple of days or more, affording a tourist sufficient time to see the city before proceeding up the river.

In addition to the New York and Liverpool steamers, are the Lloyd Brazilerio ships that come up from Rio de Janeiro about once a week, and extend their voyage a thousand miles up the river to Manaos.

Most passengers prefer the English boats because of the better accommodations and speed, making no stops in Brazilian territory until Manaos is reached.

There are a number of local steamboat companies that operate on the several rivers, some of which go up the rivers emptying into the lower Amazon, as local trading boats of Para merchants, while others voyage 2,000 or 3,000 miles into Peru or Ecuador and ascend the affluents to Bolivia in the south, or reach to the

borders of Venezuela and Colombia on the north.

The Amazon Steam Navigation Company, an English corporation operating over fifty steamboats, sailing under the Brazilian flag, practically controls the navigation of the Amazon.

It may surprise even practical shippers by water to be told that there are fifty thousand miles of inland navigation comprised in the Amazon system, with its numerous affluents reaching throughout the great Amazon basin from the Atlantic to Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador and the borders of Venezuela and Columbia. The average mileage of the English company exceeds five hundred thousand miles.

The local fare from Para, the present head of ocean going boats, to Iquitos in Peru, is about one hundred dollars of our money. The time occupied in the voyage depends on the steamer, a steamship doing it in eight or ten days, while a steamboat will consume a month because of the stops. One may go yet another thousand miles beyond Iquitos in comfortable small steamboats and still another thousand miles in steam launches and canoes.

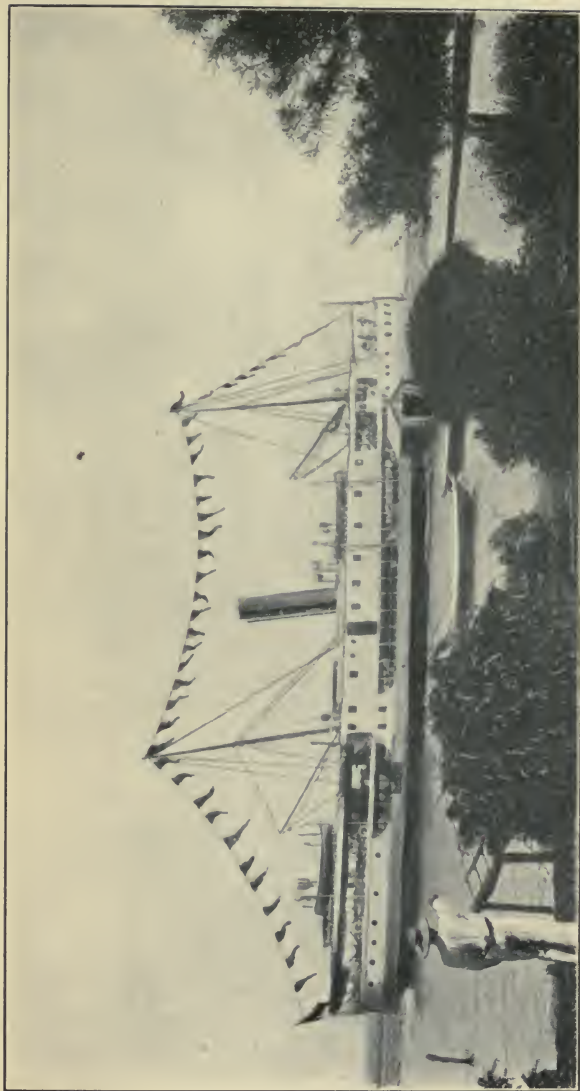
In order to better see the country I took passage on one of the regular river boats for Manaos. Through the courtesy of the manager of the company at Para, Captain Hudson, the Portuguese captain was directed to afford me all possible facilities. My ticket reading to "Sunset," was the genial captain's card handed me as I was escorted aboard by some English and Brazilian friends.

The Amazon boats are modeled quite similar to the bay or sound steamers, but perhaps they show a more

squatty, English model of greater width than our river or bay craft. They are not built for speed; time not being so important a consideration in that land of repose as is the consumption of coal, which is imported from England and Wales at a very great cost. Wood fuel may be had for the asking at any point, the forests crowding the shores every mile, but for reasons of policy, coal is used exclusively and brought from England, none being supplied from the more convenient sources of the Mississippi. Naturally the English company patronize the home product

The boats are admirably adapted for the handling of the cargoes, the lower decks being arranged for storing of the valuable rubber beyond the reach of the pirates, and the carrying in bulk of Brazil or cream nuts, cocoa (not cocoanuts) and other solid freights. The after decks are open all around like Mississippi River cotton boats, where cattle, horses, sheep and the native laborers are carried. The steamers are built in England, fitted with Scotch boilers and compound engines. Those running on the main streams are iron or steel hulls, with twin screws; whereas the smaller boats that ply in the numerous tributaries are propelled by patent feathering paddle side wheels, that are adapted to waters where there is no ice. Though the boats are quite as large as our river craft, the smallness of the wheelhouse and width make them resemble the "ducks" they are sometimes called.

The upper decks are well adapted for traffic under the Equator. A few staterooms are located in the centre open on each side to a roomy promenade deck. There are no saloons, the tables being spread on the after



AN AMAZON STEAMBOAT

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deck, under awnings. When necessary to protect this canvas covered saloon from a driving rain or wind storm, or to shade from a morning or evening sunbeam, the side curtains are let down.

On very hot afternoons the captain becomes a rain maker, cooling the roof of canvas and decks by what he calls "ar-tiff-i-cal" (with the accent on the "tiff," artificial) rain, produced by the steam pump and hose.

The captain or commandante (kom-man-dantee) is a very important personage. He occupies a room forward adjoining that of the "Escrieva" or clerk, and convenient to the "Immediato" or first officer. The half dozen small rooms are occupied by ladies or the foreigners who have not learned to sleep in a hammock.

A Brazilian is known always as a Brasileiro, while a citizen of Para is also a Paranense and a resident of the adjoining state of Amazonas whither we are bound, is an Amazonense.

Whenever a citizen of the upper or lower class travels he invariably packs with his necessary baggage a hammock, or as it is called there, a "rede," and never forgets the mosquettare or netting which is arranged to spread over the rede as a canopy for protection from the mosquitoes which swarm on the boats when not moving. Literally the people of that land take up their beds and travel.

Hooks are especially arranged on all steamboats as in the houses, for convenient swinging of redes. The first business or concern of a passenger when aboard is not for a room or a seat at the captain's table, but to select the most desirable place to hang himself up. They do not wait till night, but at once stretch their

hammocks, don slippers and pajamas, or negligee travelling costumes and otherwise settle themselves for a comfortable trip. During the long days they lounge gracefully in their redes, smoking cigarettes, laughing and chatting incessantly to one another in the happy, childish manner peculiar to that people. If it becomes a little cool at night or the moving steamer creates too much draught for their thin blood, they shiver and snug themselves in more covering like a bug in a rug, as the Englishmen call the travelling shawls. There is never any contention or disturbance in a mixed company of this people. All may sleep, rocked gently by the boats swinging the hammocks, or lulled by the rounds of the little paddle wheels.

The pilot house and steering wheel are located well forward in the bow on the cabin deck. Each boat has one or two short masts to which they may rig a sail when desired. There are no coaling stations and if a boat becomes disabled she must sail or drift along until a passing boat comes to her assistance.

A voyage on the Amazon is very much like being at sea, while coasting along the green shores of tropical islands, where the scenery becomes oppressively beautiful by reason of the heat and quiet solitude.

The course of the boats after leaving Para is through the labryinths of cut-offs and the Breves channel to the main river.

Every hour of the day, for a week, seated in a reclining steamer chair with both feet on the rails, one can enjoy a beautiful moving panorama of rich and gorgeous foliage in coloring and outline beyond power of description. The innumerable tints of the green and

the bloom seem brighter on tropical trees than on shrubbery. Dense undergrowth of climbing, clustering vines, making tangled jungles that would seem to impede tigers and jaguars and affording protection for snakes and creeping things. Above it rises the tall "castania" or Brazil nut, on which monkeys are always to be found feeding on the fruit that grows in a capsule. When a boat passes they chatter as only monkeys can. There are always in sight some of the many varieties of the palm. Water birds are plentiful, especially the crane, from which the valuable aigrette feathers are obtained. Parrots, which are hunted as game, fly high, always in pairs, while the parraquettes go in immense flocks, making more noise than blackbirds.

The dullness is sometimes relieved by the pilot reporting to the captain "jackaree," which I imagined was some sort of an obstruction as it caused all hands some stir. I could see nothing but what appeared like a floating log, which proved to be an alligator which the captain fired at with the American Winchester, which all pilots carry as part of their equipment. It is no reflection on this firearm to add that I have seen hundreds of shots fired at them but not once did I have the satisfaction of knowing they took effect.

There are thousands of miles of this same panorama, a truly moving picture, stretched along both sides of the banks of the great yellow river from the ocean to the Andes, varied now and then by some cacao orchards that appear in scattered settlements, after the first five hundred miles of the lower flood plains have been passed.

When the sun drives the passengers from one side to

the other they see precisely the same scenery, which in a degree is the same for thousands of miles.

Every year during the months of May and June the water is unusually high, overflowing the adjoining low lands for hundreds of miles. Because of this increased current the ascending boat is compelled to hug the shore sometimes so closely that overhanging branches of the trees could be reached; but we were practically out of sight of land because of the overflow, except when stopping at some little village situated on an occasional elevation.

The Amazon does not impress one as being a river. It appears more like journeying on an inland sea where islands are as plentiful as water. Our boat seemed to be always passing through some short cut or channel. The islands are so numerous and the cut-offs so frequent that the main land is seldom in sight. Each time I enquired I was told the boat was passing an island. Again we were in a broad expanse of yellow water with the land in the distance like a bay, and the next hour in a cut-off so narrow that it would be dangerous to pass a boat coming down the rapid current.

We make a short detour into one of the rivers to reach the town of Mt. Alegre, an historic settlement on the only bit of high ground on the lower Amazon, except the bluff at Santarem, views of which are shown.

The voyage up is frequently covered in half the time occupied by the river boats, for the ocean steamers with their greater power and greater draught necessitating their keeping in the middle of the stream where

the current is greater, can not take the risk of the numerous short cuts that are open to the lighter draught paddle-wheel boats. When the flood is at its highest it is possible for large canoes to make cut-offs through the forests, or "capo," as it is called, for hundreds of miles.

I repeat one mile on the lower Amazon is the same as a thousand and every day is alike for the entire voyage. It is the same sea of forest, dense, pathless and impenetrable and when covered with water all animal nature is driven out, the solitude is as dense as the steamy humid atmosphere.

Following the bent for comparison, it may be said that like everything else in the way of customs and climate, even the topographical features are reversed. The forests, instead of water, cover three-fourths an area as pathless as the ocean. The great Amazon outlines a mere pathway of yellow winding through an ocean of green waving foliage that seems to grow out of the water.

The Amazon basin proper has never been explored. Notwithstanding the numerous books that have been published in all languages on the Amazon, it is indisputable that the writers have been confined in their observations to what they have been able to discover from the decks of boats or obtained second hand at the landings.

What lies beyond, in the thousands of miles of unattempted forest reaching to the mountainous interior dividing it from the Plate Valley to the south, no man knows. The rivers have been traversed by canoests, but the forests have been an impassible barrier. In

that land of rapid growth it is not possible to maintain an open road. It is said of the hunters and naturalists that the pathway they blaze in one day the next day is entirely grown up behind them. The Amazon forests to the south are therefore yet a sealed book whose pages must be cut and turned by the Stanley of "Equatorial America."

The few settlements of rubber gatherers on the lower Amazon are built upon piles to protect them from the annual floods. The water at this time not only encircles the houses but is so deep that the use of a boat is required when the inmates want to visit and feed the stock which collects in peaceful droves with wild animals on any convenient high ground. It is this peculiar condition that enables the native to capture wild animals weakened by starvation. So it happens that even this inconvenience of being washed out of home every season, results in the return of his bread cast upon the waters. The floods last a month or so and it is said the waters always begin to recede at the same day and hour each year, which is known as St. John's day.

Santarem (pronounced in the Portuguese, San-ta-raim), is a beautifully located town at the mouth of the Rio Tapijos, which flows from the south, having its source in the mountains of Brazil. The water is quite clear and cooler than the muddy Amazon into which it is absorbed. As its name indicates, this is considered a healthful location, there being an absence of the malaria that pervades the Amazon below, and strange as it may appear, yellow fever is unknown. But notwithstanding its favorable location the American

colony of Southerners who settled there after the war, has been altogether unfortunate. Mr. Rhome, the wealthy Southern planter and leader of the enterprise, who so hospitably entertained the American visitors on the beautiful hillside near Santarem, became a mental and physical wreck after several years' residence there, as described in an illustrated article in an American magazine some years ago.

One of the saddest features of a residence on the lower river is that continuous residence without an occasional change of scene, weakens mentally as well as physically the hardiest Anglo-Saxon.

The English managers of the transportation and other business, recognizing this condition, have wisely stipulated with those they bring out from England, that each person shall be required to visit his home once in every two or three years, a vacation of six months being given to all English employees who serve in Brazil.

An exploration of the Tapijos to the south might be as interesting as that of the rivers to the west. In this direction is a species of Brazilian ant more vicious than the Indians and so numerous that they actually compelled the abandonment of an Indian village, the empty houses of which are still standing. Though I am only vouching for the things I have seen, I believe this is no exaggeration, as I have had experience with ants which justifies this opinion.

At Obidos, a point a little beyond Santarem, I have been in the old Spanish fort, which the mosquitoes compelled the Brazilian soldiers to evacuate. This work covering acres of ground of massive masonry was

abandoned on account of the pests, who attacked viciously, armed only with the weapons provided by nature. It is proper to explain that there was no military necessity for the garrison remaining in the fort, the walls of which kept the breezes from driving the pests away, so they camped outside the walls, and the mosquitoes held the fort.

Obidos (pronounced O-bi-doss, the accent on the "doss," which has become sort of a pass word, the manner of pronunciation detecting the stranger, who accents the "bi") is the dividing line between the States of Para and Amazonas, of North Brazil, each of which maintain an independent sovereignty. It is five hundred miles above Para, but even at this great distance, the influence of the Atlantic tides is felt. It is the only point on the big river where both banks of the Amazon may be seen at the same time. Though the river at this point is not so wide as at other places, there is such an immense depth that the entire volume of water flows rapidly between the banks.

It is well to remember that the country below Obidos, including the numerous islands, tributaries and main stream, is known as the "Lower Amazon" rubber territory. Beyond Obidos, including the Madeira and Purus Rivers, extending to Bolivia and Peru is an immense rubber territory, but at, and above Obidos, on the main stream the rubber has been exhausted and labor is being diverted to the cultivation of the cocoa, which is becoming important and may in time replace the rubber industry.

The Madeira, the principal river of this section, flowing from the south, being a continuation below the falls

of Mamore and Madre de Dios of Bolivia, enters the Amazon at a point with the big name Itiocuitara(pronounced "Iteo-quat-you are-a"), which means painted rocks.

It is located a few miles below the confluence of the Nigro that has its rise in Venezuela and Columbia, making at these junctions broad expanse of water resembling a bay.

A few miles above the confluence of the big rivers is the inland city of Manaos, occupying geographically and otherwise relatively the same position to the Amazon that St. Louis does to the Mississippi.

On the morning of the eighth day the slow going Amazon boat enters the black waters of the Rio Negro on which Manaos is situated, anchoring in the harbor that is six miles wide, one thousand miles from the Atlantic.

CHAPTER V.



MANAOS is not a new city, having been founded by the Jesuits in 1667, but it did not attain to the dignity of a settlement until 1755. It is built upon the gentle slopes of seven hills and is well laid out. The main street is a broad, well paved thoroughfare rising at a moderate grade and extending to a driveway which leads through a beautiful suburb and park on the surrounding hills. Many of the business streets along the water front are conveniently low for the handling of the heavy traffic, yet higher than the resident part of Para. The business houses also in the downtown section, are larger and architecturally superior, being generally of more modern style. The residences are modeled after the European plan and are more pleasing to the eye of the American visitor than the monotonous Portuguese architecture. A number of fine streets cross the main thoroughfare at right angles, forming the usual city blocks, instead of the straggling crooked and narrow streets.

Manaos is the capital of the large State of Amazonas, comprising an area greater than the State of Para. It is not possible to give any correct data as to population, there being no reliable census returns available, but the city is estimated to contain about half the population of Para, and rapidly growing.

No amount of enquiry at Para will develop anything

favorable to its rival city; in fact, correct information cannot be obtained of the interiors, at any of the coast cities of Brazil. The business people, desiring to concentrate the trade at Para, are exceedingly jealous of the rapid encroachments of the inland town upon their old time monopoly of the trade of the valley.

Like Para, its principal business is in the handling of the rubber which comes down the several rivers in small boats or large canoes and here, after paying the export duty, municipal and other charges for the State of Amazonas, it is marketed and reloaded into the ocean steamers, sailing directly to foreign ports. Articles from up-river districts do not pay tribute at Manaus or Para unless handled on Brazilian soil.

Cacao (pronounced "Cow-cow"), which is being extensively cultivated along the rivers adjacent to Manaus, is brought to this market in large quantities by the small boats. The business of supplying chocolate for confections and as a beverage bids fair to equal the coffee industry of South Brazil. Castanhas or nuts, hides, balsams, and corresponding natural tropical products are shipped directly to the Brooklyn wharves.

Though we consume an enormous quantity of the products of the Amazon, but little is done to advance American trade in exchange.

Altogether Manaus is a pleasant surprise to the visitor who has heard it decried at Para, both as regards location, business and social features. Probably the climate is even hotter than at Para, if it were possible to get nearer the sun than under the Equator. Being so far interior, Manaus does not enjoy the refreshing evening rains that come up from the ocean and cool the

air, consequently the nights are hot, but not so damp. Occasionally they have yellow fever which in most cases is brought to the city by boatmen who contract it on the low lands or by exposure to the alternating heat and dampness.

Manaos has excellent water, gas and electric plants, telephone exchange, several clubs and a driving park for horse racing after church on Sunday afternoon, instead of bull-fighting.

Unlike Para, where the English colony dominates the business, the foreign traders and merchants are principally German, with a large sprinkling of Jews. At the date of my several visits there was not a single American resident.

Socially the Manuense are fully up to the standard of the Paranense. In musical culture they probably excel them by reason of the number of educated Germans, most of whom are accomplished musicians and perhaps because of their isolation, they devote more time to the practice of the music of the fatherland. At Para the music is of the Italian school. The swell social club named the Club Limitado, which I had the pleasure of visiting is quite on a par with the delightful and very select Assemblae Paranense.

There is also the inevitable Cathedral and an Opera House, both patronized by the people, and the same attention is given to religious festas.

It happened that on July 4th, the birthday of liberty on the North American continent, which has spread over the Southern, I was in Manaos, where we celebrated in the genial society of a Scotch gentleman who was the United States Consular Agent at that point.

The Stars and Stripes floated languidly in the hot sun, and in compliment to our own and the American visitor, the officials of Brazil displayed theirs as also did the French Vice Consul, who was the proprietor of the hotel. As an evidence of advanced civilization it may be said that one can pay as large hotel bills per day on the European plan as at the swellest American hostelryes.

Para has been compared to New Orleans because of its low situation near the mouth of the river and its surroundings of fresh water. Comparisons may be carried further and just as appropriately by calling Manaos the St. Louis of this valley. Like the western city Manaos is 1,000 miles from the mouth, being situate in the very heart of the great Amazon Valley. It is the geographical centre of commence, admirably adapted by nature for the collection and distribution of the products of the most productive section of the earth's surface.

Ships may sail directly from Manaos to St. Louis, via Para and New Orleans and vice-versa, laden with the different products of each for exchange. Though the Amazon is deeper it is entirely practicable for boats that can go to St. Louis to navigate the gulf and go even a thousand miles beyond Manaos, in several directions.

It is about one thousand miles due west to the head of steamship navigation at Iquitos in Peru, another thousand miles north by the Nigro to Venezuela, Columbia and the Carribian Sea by canal over the portage or channel connecting the Amazon and the Orinoco.

The Madeira, like our Missouri, enters the Amazon a short distance below Manaus. Steamboat navigation to the south, extends to the Falls of Mamore, 500 miles distant, thence by canoe portage over and around the falls, above which there is navigation another 1,000 miles on the rivers Beni and Madre de Dios throughout the rich cis-andine Bolivia, the tributaries reaching to the southwestern Andes and the great divide which separates the Amazon Valley from the unknown Motto-Grosso land in which arises the Plate.

The large river Purus (Poo-roos) emptying into the Amazon above Manaus, is navigable for large boats far into the southwest beyond the borders of Peru.

Unfortunately Manaus is situated up the Nigro some six miles, off the Amazon proper, which compels the immense traffic down stream, from the large affluents like the Madeira, Purus and Upper Amazon, to ascend the Nigro for their clearing papers to the custom house for the State of Amazonas which collects the tribute of all rivers above Obidos.

There has been some agitation in favor of moving the ancient capital of Manaus six miles below to the junction of the Amazon, which is the Cairo of the valley.

The American traveller to those countries finds it difficult to adapt himself to the annoyances resulting from the visits of custom house and health officials of each state and the governments of Ecuador, Bolivia and Peru. The hungry officials swarm about every ship like sharks. It is apparent that the existence of the several governments depend upon the revenues they exact from the export duty on the indigenous products



THE HARBOR OF MANAOS

supplied to foreign countries. The import duties levied are greater than are collected by the most despotic of governments. In order to increase the income, the petty officials resort to all sorts of tricks, imposing fines and penalties for the most trivial violations of their tyrannical regulations. This is especially the case where ships of other nations have contracts with the Brazilian government for certain services for which they have a promise of a subsidy.

Another of the difficulties attending navigation is the Brazilian law requiring vessels carrying their flag to be manned exclusively by citizens of Brazil. The pilots as a rule are half-breed Indian Brazileiros and each boat carries two young Brazilian apprentices, the purpose being to keep the control of the navigation in the hands of the natives. However, their patriotism does not go deeper than their pocket, as the native prefers service on a foreign vessel.

The Amazon Steam Navigation Company, with a cash capital of over seven hundred thousand pounds sterling, is crippled by the whims and exasperating conditions imposed upon the management. A prominent official told me it would be equal to an increase of twenty-five per cent if they could man their boats with English captains.

Yet in the face of these difficulties the company is doing a most profitable business, being able to earn dividends in the depreciated currency sufficient to enable them to remit gold to London, though their contracts are on the basis of the Brazilian currency, the rate of exchange having decreased to less than half that which ruled when the contracts were made.

I have mentioned all this business from data gained as Consul, to point the moral; that there is a very large field at home, as it were, to advance American trade and transportation from the Southern ports of New Orleans and Mobile and that it is better not to depend on subsidies, which are sometimes an encumbrance, expressing the hope that the American flag will someday be welcomed on the Amazon. It is not seen there now.

Though the Amazon was ostentatiously declared free to all nations in 1866, yet few seem to know that the decree of Dom Pedro II only applies to that part of the river known in Brazil as the Amazon proper, with a subsequent qualification as to the Madeira in favor of Bolivia.

The numerous and important tributaries and affluents which of themselves are equal in size to the main stream, being far more valuable in resources than the main river, are not free to all nations and can only be navigated by ships carrying the Brazilian flag, unless negotiations have been made by treaty, granting privileges in certain directions. When one recalls that of the fifty thousand miles of navigation, less than five thousand of which is included under the name of the Amazon, the importance of the restriction will be apparent.

The Brazilians have a capricious way of changing the names of their rivers, just as they do of their presidents and emperors. The streets are also given names of the latest hero or the date of some political episode. Some of the street nomenclature comprise short sentences and rivers, brief prayers or the elongated names of patron saints.

Recent geographies and maps made in Rio de Janeiro indicate the Amazon as only the thousand miles of river between Manaos and the sea, flowing north of the Island of Marajo. That part west of the junction with the Negro always known as the upper Amazon, being named by Brazilian officials the "Solimoes." This would place Manaos as well as Para outside of the limit of free navigation in the Emperor Dom Pedro's decree, as Para is off the main stream as well as Manaos. Despite the makers of geographies in Rio, the mighty Amazon retains its name from the Atlantic to its very sources in the snow-capped peaks of the Andes.

It is a matter of international law that the governments and people of interior states are entitled to free navigation to the ocean on streams that have their rise in their country, which permits access to Eastern Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador by the Amazon, under whatever name it may be called.

It is within the range of probabilities that the northern mouth of the Amazon, when properly surveyed, will prove to be the better outlet for the immense trade from the upper Amazon, comprising the vast area of Eastern Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador and affording a back door for Venezuela and Columbia. This would not only shorten the distance very considerably to New York and Europe, but would afford the advantages of the outward currents leading to the Gulf Stream. Para and Manaos, being placed off the main river by their own acts, could not object to being shunted. This short cut would not only bring the Amazon closer to the gulf and the Mississippi, but would also avoid the tutelage and exasperating delays at Manaos and Para.

There is no friction or jealousy between the people of the lower and upper Amazon, as between the Brazilians and their neighboring States of Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador, except perhaps in the way of rivalry on the pursuit of the business of collecting and marketing rubber. Their interests are identical throughout the entire valley, the natural outlet for all being down the stream to the world and civilization.

The interests of North Brazil, or Amazonia, are entirely distinct from those of South Brazil, from which they are separated by the thousands of miles of pathless forest, leading to the Matto Grasso or interior regions. The governments of Brazil know very little about their interior, being content with the reports made of explorations along the rivers.

The only communication between North and South Brazil is by the 2,000 miles of Atlantic coast line, which below the Amazon, runs due east and west for a thousand miles before turning south at Pernambuco, the most easterly point.

The only communication is by steamer along this coast or by the cables that follow the route so that the capital at Rio de Janeiro is practically in another part of the world.

The same conditions exist between Peru and its possessions in eastern Amazonia, the three ranges of the Andes separating "fluvial Amazonas" from the home government at Lima.

Bolivia is hemmed in the interior, being refused an outlet on the Pacific by Chili, while parts of Ecuador and Venezuela are in the same condition.

The interests of all this immense region are quite dis-

tinnet from their separate home governments, which are of course concerned in the collection of the revenues only. The people of this "Land of To-Morrow" are realizing that they get but slight return for the immense sums collected in their district by the officials sent among them from the home government. Nothing is expended for improving conditions, the land being simply drained for the benefit of officials.

It was these conditions that brought about the "Acre" dispute, recently settled by Brazil paying a large sum to Bolivia and granting concessions in the way of an outlet via the Amazon.

There will always be the everlasting boundary disputes between these several governments, that can only be settled by the different States uniting in one government, combining the millions of square miles that may be bound on the east by the Atlantic, the west by the Andes and north and south by impassible forests.

The foreign element with that of the native of the country, does not hesitate to discuss this matter openly. There is considerable friction between the various state and general governments regarding the expenses as well as antagonism between the State volunteers and the regulars.

It is pointed out that a single gunboat could blockade the mouth of the Amazon or a few torpedoes protect the entrance, while a small force on the passes of the Andes could defend themselves as long as their ammunition held out, and thus a small force could compel recognition from the nations of the earth who are dependent upon the natural product of rubber, cacao, nuts, materia medica, etc.

The establishment of "Rubber" Republic of Amazonia, in "The Land of To-Morrow," comprising the richest area on the surface of the earth, may be the means of realizing the dream of the native, that they are waiting for the "Manana" which is to bring the Anglo-Saxon to develop "La tierra de Manana."

*The reader who may be interested in immigration to the Amazon, or the agricultural possibilities as well as the rubber industry, is referred to the Consular reports on these subjects, which may be obtained from Department of State through application to a Congressman, it not being advisable to burden this narrative with detail of official reports..

A proposed book, entitled in the Portuguese, "O, Consul Americano Na Amazonas," to which this is a sequel, details social and official life as Consul.

CHAPTER VI.



THE second thousand miles of the alto or upper does not differ materially from the first thousand miles of the bajo or lower Amazon. The traveller along the coast of Brazil, who has ascended the hundred miles from the bocco or mouth, to Para, has seen from the deck of the moving ship precisely the same panorama of low lying dense tropical forest of green, fringing a broad, yellowish band of water, that stretches like a ribbon of yellow, through nearly five thousand miles of forest to the Andes.

The one feature which surprises the traveller is that the farther he gets from the mouth the wider the river appears to grow. There is considerable difference in the speed of the boats plying above and below. Those on the lower river can do the thousand miles in half the time it takes to cover the same mileage above. There are less currents below, because the tides from the Atlantic back the water in twice a day for nearly five hundred miles. Perhaps, too, the boats on the upper river make more frequent landings and the stop of an Amazon steamboat at even the most insignificant hamlet means a delay of at least half a day and perhaps twenty-four hours, according to the social inclination of the officers.

Most of the settlements or landings seem to be located on the numerous affluents, a few miles off the main

stream, originally as a means of concealment or safety perhaps, but now quite inconvenient for the through passenger anxious to get to the journey's end.

That we are all children of a larger growth, applies distinctively to the Brasileiro. However old or experienced he may become the Brazilian remains a boy in his manner of conducting business, and when vested with a little brief authority, as for instance the command of an English steamboat, he makes a veritable Pinafore of it. They seem to have but a faint conception of the rights of others. With them a public office is not a public trust but solely an opportunity for private gain.

There are well authenticated incidents to prove that captains of Amazon steamers have thrown overboard or landed in the woods, cargo shipped by an enemy or consigned to a rival. They exercise absolute tyranny, taking only such passengers as are personally agreeable to themselves or friends. It does not occur to the old time Amazon skipper that a passenger who has paid his fare could possibly have any rights which he is bound to respect.

No matter how urgent the business of the passenger, if the captain should, as frequently occurs, be in love with a pretty half-breed girl living in a hut on the banks of the river, he will anchor the boat in the stream from twelve to twenty-four hours while he is ashore making love to his enamorita, leaving the passengers on board to fight mosquitoes. It is not difficult to find some excuse, like the need of repairs or business ashore, to quiet the mutinous spirit of the passengers who are indignant because they are not permitted to



THE JUAN ALFREDO LANDING, LUZIA
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land also. This is not so much the practice at the present time as formerly.

I was fortunate in making the voyage on the upper Amazon on the steamer Joan Alfredo, with Captain Carlos Ferrera, who by reason of his efficient service, was the commodore of the English company's fleet, to whom the reader is indebted for valuable information and myself for numerous courtesies.

Our commandante in personal appearance may be described as a middle aged gentleman of military bearing, who in few words spoken in a mild tone of voice, enforced strictly naval discipline aboard his boat.

The Joan Alfredo, which came up from Para on her regular monthly voyage to Iquitos, was an iron hull, twin screw of English build, with triple expansion engine, fitted with all modern appliances, drawing twelve feet of water.

As indicating the extent of this Amazon traffic into the far interior, which this well equipped company's fleet and other lines are unable to handle, I noticed that the Joan Alfredo had in tow a large hulk or barge, in the capacious hold of which another steamboat load of cargo was stored, with lighter freight on top. In addition we were towing by stern lines two small steam launches, to be used by private parties in the upper affluents for distributing goods and collecting rubber.

Our own upper decks were crowded with cargo to the inconvenience of fifty-two first class passengers, while below were over sixty laborers bound for the rubber swamps who swung their redes and took their meals on the same deck with horses, sheep and cattle.

The captain's wife and four or five children with their governess, nurse and man servant, were aboard en route to the mountains of Peru for the benefit of the wife's health. The children, of whom the captain was very fond, were quite healthy and made themselves numerous over the decks. When the captain was not occupied he played cards with the passengers or shot at jackarees with his Winchester.

On the voyage up the lower river there was not a single lady passenger, while on this trip above we had fully as many *senhoras* and *senhoritas* as *senhors*. The further up the Amazon the less we saw of the Portuguese and African type and more of the Indian and Spanish. The first-class passengers generally comprise the traders and their assistants who go into the tributaries at the opening of the rubber season to furnish supplies to gatherers and later to ship the crude rubber to Manaos and Para. Most of these are accompanied by women from Para and Manaos with whom they live until an opportunity occurs to trade them off to some half savage native. There were a number of this class on the Joan Alfredo, two or three quite pretty, but showing something of the Indian and Portuguese in their features and figures. We had also one Peruvian *dona* of the better class, who could talk quite good English in a sweet voice which sounded more agreeable than the Portuguese.

The captains of the river boats are also the chief cooks or caterers for the passengers. The steamboat company sells only the transportation, the captain providing the food and collecting for the meals. This is his perquisite and much depends on the reputation of

a captain in this direction, the best table securing the most passengers. The Brasileiros enjoy a good feed, delaying sometimes weeks to take passage with a favorite captain. This accounted for our crowded list on the Joan Alfredo. As a rule the table fare is wretched, the cooking being of the highly seasoned stews, of meats and gravies over which the people sprinkle or shovel quantities of the mandioca meal, the bread of the poor, resembling corn meal in appearance.

The average Portuguese captain who has been reared a sailor or a boatman is seldom capable of managing the cuisine to suit foreigners, and when he entrusts it to a steward of lower degree, the chances are that the sub makes a decided mess of it, by adding to his pay out of the crumbs that are supposed to drop from his table. Wine of the so-called Coloris or Portuguese claret is served free, as is the custom, with all meals. it would be taking great risks of fevers to drink the river water.

The interior arrangement of the Joan Alfredo was similar to the other first-class river boats, containing a few rooms for first-class passengers. Each of the fifty-two passengers had, however, brought their hammocks along, which were strung so thickly there was scarcely room to pass. There was no doubling up in hammocks even in families, my observation being that it was as much as a newcomer could do to sleep alone in one, but, like everything else in that country, one gets used to a rede and can't rest in a bed.

The jovial captain, with a significant smile, kindly observed as the rooms were hot and the after deck crowded he would have my hammock placed in the

forward part of the boat which was usually allotted to ladies, a consideration that I very highly appreciated by sleeping in it not only at night, but most of the long days.

It is only in tropical countries, and especially during a long voyage like this, that one can appreciate the delight of reposing on hammocks in the society of pretty *senhoritas* under the awnings of a boat paddling along through tropical scenery with only sufficient motion to create a pleasant breeze so that one does not even have to wield a fan.

A hammock is not only used as a bed, but also as an "American chair," as they call our rockers. It is used also as a sofa and a *tete-a-tete*. A native does not sleep lengthwise or straight, which doubles up one who gets into a rede that is strung too short, giving that uncomfortable bow shape to the body. They lay themselves out bias, that is, the head is high on one side, the feet very little lower, the body reposing diagonally across the hammock in an almost horizontal position.

When used as a rocker they will sit in the centre, raising the other side for a back or support, swinging to and fro.

But the most charming position is in *tete-a-tete* in a hammock with a pretty, brown-eyed *senhorita*. One may not as properly describe the situation perhaps as well as it could be demonstrated, but it is something like this: Each sit back to back but alongside of the other, the lady supporting her head and shoulder on that part of the rede back of her. You do likewise, simply reversing position, which places a couple in *tete-a-tete*, only there are no arms in the way. I mean

upholstered arms. One is apt to become a little crowded, but like everything else in that land you get used to it. The feet of both occupants should barely touch the floor, each in turn is expected to sustain the motion by a gentle push, all the while laughing or chatting in the jolly way of that people. Two girls, or perhaps two old ladies, will put in an entire afternoon in this way, perhaps one will do the talking while the other does the kicking.

While the Joan Alfredo was slowly paddling up the monotonous yellow river bordered with green, an entertaining story was being developed aboard, the principal character in which was the governess, an innocent appearing girl of fifteen, of a neat figure peculiar to her class. This olive complexioned, dark eyed, half Portuguese and Indian, was not pretty in face, which showed the indifferent if not defiant expression of the girls on board. Though young she was tall and slender, her every movement of that willowy character, gracefully attractive. Her companion, the African nurse girl, was quite ugly, which by contrast added to the charms of the governess.

One night after the passengers had all gone to hammock, one who thought the deck was clear, ventured to take some air while arrayed in lovely red and white striped pajamas, dropping into a vacant hammock to smoke a cigarette and look at the Southern moon.

The two girls having put their charges to sleep also quietly strolled out on the deck and took possession of the first empty hammock, arranging themselves as described for a tete-a-tete. Supposing everybody was asleep they proceeded to enjoy themselves in the happy

way of their race. The pretty governess sat in the rede facing the pajamas, who was supposed to be absorbed in the man in the moon, but who subsequently explained that he was through consideration obliged to feign sleep, while the two girls swung high in the rede. Of course these children of the forest though fairly educated were accustomed to this sort of life and were innocent of any improprieties, but the sequel will show that the penalty for having a little fun on an Amazon boat is liable to be severe, in some circumstances.

The difference in the class of passengers is marked by the premero or first being located in the forward part of the boat; the segunda or second aft, on same deck; the tercera or third, the steerage for Indians and rubber gatherers on the lower deck. There is no inclination to mix, each seeming entirely content with their lots.

There were on our deck a few "lady" passengers, some of whom were travelling on subsidy transportation given by the officials, who kept themselves amongst congenial friends in the after deck.

The passengers naturally become tired on a monotonous trip like this, and any sort of recreation is sought and eagerly pursued. The young pilot apprentices kept the more dignified and sedate in the front portion of the boat interested and amused at their sly flirtations with the pretty governess (when the captain's wife was not around). Luzia (her name, pronounced softly as if spelled "Loo-see-ah," the accent strong on "see"), was not averse to a little fun. Indeed, I may add, that I have never been able to get to any point however remote that the girls don't flirt; even Indian girls on

top of the Andes, who never saw a white man before, seem prepared to play the Eve to the discomfiture of the stronger half.

Friends in Manaos, as is the custom when one of their number embarks for the upper regions, had generously sent aboard to my address, a case of a better quality of claret than is dispensed by the caterer, also some stout, ginger ale, and my Scotch Consular colleague insisted that a bottle of Scotch was a necessity, in case of illness, there being no chance to get such things on board. As I had no use for so much of the stuff I availed of opportunities to distribute some of it among the lady passengers at our end. As I do not drink (ginger ale) I was glad to hand it over to the governess (for the children) and through this means frequently got into conversation. When the ginger was exhausted we began on the stout, but as it was too strong for the children we opened it at night, but the popping cork caused trouble, not, however, on account of any temperance sentiment. The captain's wife, though quite an invalid was however able to be around, sometimes unexpectedly, her bright, black eyes always on the alert. Of course she did not meddle with the passengers who paid more attention to the governess than to the mistress, but one afternoon she detected the young Portuguese pilot in conversation with her maid at which she became as much excited in her denunciation as a maniac, berating the poor boy in vile language loud enough to attract all the passengers. The captain retreated to his room and all became very meek for the balance of the day.

After this episode the governess disappeared, being,

we understood, confined to her room as a prisoner. Whatever happened to her there we could not tell, but she had the sympathy of all on board.

The morning after these occurrences, as the boat was making a landing, the captain and wife at the girl's door were in earnest conversation, the captain apparently trying to soothe his wife who was still angry. The little girl stepped out attired in her best, apparently prepared to leave. The captain sullenly motioned her to move forward toward the stairway. It flashed upon me at once that the poor child was being put ashore, as is the custom when a woman passenger behaves improperly on the boat. This most arbitrary rule may be necessary to prevent flagrant indecency, but one can hardly believe it is enforced unless they have travelled on these boats.

Feeling that perhaps in some way I might have unwittingly been partly responsible, I asked permission to go ashore with the landing party, hoping to have an opportunity of remonstrating with the captain privately. Though courteously permitted to go ashore the captain seemed to avoid me, when I boldly approached the girl who was standing with an old woman in the doorway of the only house in the place, asking her if she was going to stop there.

"Yes, Senhor Don," she said with a sad smile, turning to hide her tears.

"But, Luzia, don't you want to go to Iquitos?"

"Si, Si, Senhor," she said, looking appealingly into my eyes.

"Then you shall come by the next boat, if you can't go on the Joan Alfredo."

“Obrigado, obrigado,” the Portuguese for “thank you,” which she uttered with the prayerful inflexion of one who feels grateful, adding, “I will go to you.”

“I will send you back to your friends at Para.” Stepping back of the house, I gathered all the Brazilian money in my pocket, which I made into a small roll in my hand and offered it to her in farewell, as is the custom. She intuitively felt the money which was acknowledged by a hearty pressure of the hand, when with a hasty sob of “Obrigado, obrigado,” she ran behind the house crying. During this brief interview, the captain was discussing with a half breed Indian hag as to the keeping of the girl, probably until his return, but all the while in blissful ignorance of my providing for her escape by the next boat.

By way of diversion I was shown by the captain and the hag an interesting curio that hung on the walls of the house—a sort of cat-o-nine-tails whip, made from the withes of vines that are as tough and pliable as leather. These whips, the old hag laughingly gloated over, are used on the back of girls, while a heavy paddle shaped club hanging alongside is used on the tough backs of Indian boys.

There are a number of such slave pens on the Amazon where this worst species of slave trade is practiced. The boats carry to the swamps at every trip young girls and old ones whom the officials know are being taken to the traders precisely as they do cattle, to say nothing of the hordes of poor laborers taken to the rubber swamps to die like sheep.

I ventured to ask the captain if he was leaving the

girl, to which he answered, tersely, "Yes." But I persisted. "You will take her up on your return?"

"No, I don't want her no more."

"Why, captain, she seems like a nice girl."

"No good," and the subject was dropped.

I wanted an opportunity to tell him that if I were in any way responsible, I would make proper amends. In fact, I intimated strongly the opinion that it was the men who caused the trouble that should have been punished instead of the poor girl, that some surprise was caused aboard by the people who were accustomed to these things and could not understand my indignation. But that is not the way they manage these things in Amazonia. A girl of this caste counts for nothing; a man may do as he pleases, his victim only suffers the consequences.

The poor girl had committed no wrong, her offense consisting only in harmless flirting, which in this instance aroused the jealousy of the captain's wife, who was really responsible for the severe punishment which the captain might have overlooked.

When the boat pulled out I saw Luzia, in a suppliant position at the rear of the house, looking wistfully at the departing boat. After this episode the senhoritas on board became very reserved.

This girl did not escape and come to Iquitos. If she was not taken back to Para, she was doubtless carried to the forest, as the slave of some brutal rubber gatherer. A steamboat officer offered me the consolation that she was probably indifferent to her fate, that she was reared to expect nothing better in this life.

I venture to add that this is an absolutely true story

written from real life as witnessed and not hearsay. The correct name is given and the landing was Santa Rita, Upper Amazon.

During the second thousand miles on the "Solimoes," as the Brazilieros insist on calling the Upper Amazon, we pass the confluence of the Purus (Poo-roos), an affluent from the south almost as large as our Mississippi, whose branches spread through Brazil and Bolivia into Peru; also the Jurua (Jew-rew-ah), entering farther to the west, extending also into Peru. Another large river with a name similar to the latter, flowing from the north, reaches to the borders of Columbia, as does also the Napo from Ecuador, and numerous smaller navigable streams.

On the morning of the fifth day our boat arrived at the frontier of Brazil and Peru, landing at the desolate military outpost of Brazil, at a small place with the big name of Tabatinga, on the maps, with nothing, however, to mark the dreary spot but the drooping, yellow and green Brazilian flag on a palm tree pole, flanked by a couple of old brass cannon, around which the grass had grown tall enough to half conceal or make a "masque battery." Near by was the ruins of the former government house, out of openings for windows and through the holes in the roof, tropical vegetation was protruding.

Close by is another half demolished "government house," which was occupied by the few Brazilian soldiers and the distinguished political and naval "Depordados," who had been banished by President Peixoto because of their "offensive partisanship" as new born Republicans who differed with the successor

of the Emperor Dom Pedro. President Peixoto (pronounced P-show-tah, accent on the "show"), as the histories will show, made a decree banishing his political adversaries, the event occurring during my Consular residence and which is now part of records to sustain the statements of this narrative.

Certainly no more desolate spot could have been selected in which to punish by slow torture those who had become troublesome citizens by reason of their superior intelligence.

The Czar of all the Russias in banishing his people to the cold regions of Siberia does not do them so great an injury in the way of personal discomfort as did Peixoto, President of all the Brazils, in banishing these prominent Republican citizens to the antipodes of Russian Siberia, yet in Brazil, six thousand miles from their homes, in an isolated region under a sky so hot that life is a daily burden. There is no rest at night on account of the mosquito pests, the air being moist and always humid, the mosquitoes swarm in myriads. Though the "depordados" are granted the liberty of the place, there being no chance of escape, except into the forests and swamps, they are really imprisoned in their huts, even exercise being prevented by the moqueens, which is an invisible tick that swarm on every blade of grass and which is sure to get on the body, where they burrow and lay their eggs, which are hatched under the skin by the warmth of the body, creating the festering sores on the lower extremities peculiar to that latitude.

The unhealthfulness of the place actually compelled the abandonment of the point as a military post by the



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officers under Dom Pedro, who evacuated or surrendered to the snakes, scorpions, centipedes and other creeping things.

When the Juan Alfredo put into the muddy banks, the captain courteously invited me to go ashore with him. I concluded my time had come, that I was to be landed as an undesirable person, because of my interest in the banishment of the little girl Luzia. I probably would not have objected if it had been proposed to put me off at the same place with her, but to be left in this bleak region with a party of political cranks, who can talk eternally, as only Brazilian statesmen out of a job can, would have been equal to leaving me a prisoner in an insane asylum. The jovial captain laughed at my apprehensions, assuring me that he would not go off without calling me. I stepped ashore into the Brazilian mud, within stone throw of Peruvian soil.

The two or three hours spent with the exiles was interesting as well as hot. I had brought with me a New York paper containing severe criticism of the President of Brazil in an account of the interview had with the boat load of these distinguished "depordados" while anchoring at Para en route among which were some women and children accompanying their parents. There were old grey haired men and boys, naval officers and statesmen, a full ship's complement, aggregating, I think, a hundred souls, all on board a ship chartered by the government and officered by the military conveying these people up 2,000 miles of Amazon to the farthest border of Brazil.

I had talked with Captain Carvalho, an ex-naval

officer and one of the depordados in Para, who had managed to escape over the lines into Peru and not knowing the others personally I ventured to address a pleasant faced, elderly looking gent, carelessly attired in a woolen shirt and duck trousers whose jolly bearing seemed to invite an approach. Finding that he spoke English, I gave him the New York paper containing the correspondence from Para, criticizing the government on account of the depordados and also containing the latest news of the world. Incidentally mentioning that I would like to see a celebrated admiral of the Brazilian navy who was one of the exiles and who was well known as a former member of the Emperor Dom Pedro's cabinet at Rio, one of the party standing around me smilingly observed: "You have been talking with the admirante," nodding in the direction of the old gentlemen in shirt sleeves. I lifted my hat in salute and apologizing, the admirante laughing heartily over the incident. We had a glass of warm beer all around, which is one of the things they cannot deprive even an exile from finding on this outer edge of civilization.

Close by Tabatinga is the Peruvian outpost station, the flags of both nations waving languidly in the same hot breeze. The boat lands to take up the Peruvian customs and other officials; an interchange of the courtesies consumed a half day and unlimited quantities of warm beer.

The boats up and down go out of the Amazon here to deliver goods and take up rubber and exchange mail on the Rio Javary (pronounced Java-ree), the dividing line between Brazil and Peru.

The Javary has been the most valuable rubber territory and probably for the same reason it is also most productive of malignant types of fever peculiar to the river. The lands on either bank are low lying, the interior being almost covered with the numerous swampy lakes. During the dry season the waters that overflow the interiors rapidly evaporate under the hot sun, leaving the innumerable fish, alligators and other marine creatures to slowly die in the muddy swamps. The air becomes full of this poison, but it is said the real danger begins when the waters rise, when this debris is washed into the Javary which supplies the inhabitants with their only drinking water. A cup of water from the Javary is almost as fatal as poison and it is equally as injurious when used for bathing. It is said the natives economize the cachasa and preserve health by first bathing and, after, use the cachasa internally.

The Javary has the appearance of an important business stream, there being more activity in the numbers of steam launches, canoes and trading houses we had seen on the thousand miles of the main stream. Being the dividing line, the rate of export duties differs on the opposite banks; that of Peru being considerably less than Brazil, causes some confusion and occasional conflicts, perhaps considerable loss is sustained by Brazil through this product being smuggled through Peruvian channels and maybe Brazil gets credit for the output of the Peruvian side. The bustle at the numerous landings reminds one of the life in the oil regions or mining camps, where everybody seems contented even in their deprivations, buoyed with the prospect of

getting rich quick, men and women risking life in this deadly fetid air for months in pursuit of the liquid gold of the rubber. There are but few towns on the main stream, the settlements being generally a store and barrack looking huts, almost always located on some of the little affluents, requiring the boat to leave the river and thread its way through narrow channels from six to fifteen miles to reach these trading settlements.

The first town, or rather the first sight for a proposed town at the mouth of the deadly Javary, is appropriately named "Esperanza" or "Hope," which should contain the legend also over its portals "All ye who enter here leave 'hope' behind."

Another day of this monotonous voyage above the Javary, in Peruvian territory, we pass the Rio Napo in Ecuador, and the day following are gladdened by the steam whistle announcing our approach to Iquitos in Peru, the end of the voyage of the Joan Alfredo.

CHAPTER VII.



QUITOS, sometimes spelled Yquitos, but always pronounced E-key-toss, has been described as a town without ice, where warm beer sells for a dollar a bottle. It is almost in the same latitude as Para, but some 2,000 miles due west, at considerable elevation.

At the time of a first visit about five thousand nine hundred half breed Spanish and Indian, and one hundred foreign shop-keepers, made up the alleged population of six thousand, which has more than doubled in late years.

The stranger will be apt to gather the impression that a very considerable percentage of the half breed villagers are at least three-quarter Indian. The small proportion of whites, however, obtain the governing power.

Quite extensive business is done from this point in supplying the country by means of steam launches and innumerable canoes, plying in the many tributaries, with very cheap German goods in change for Hevea rubber and caucho, which is the principal trade of this valley from the Atlantic to the Andes.

Unfortunately for its future business expansion, the city of Iquitos is not located on the banks of the main Amazon, but like Para and Manaos, is situated a short distance off the main river, which at this point is very wide, being divided by a crescent shaped island twenty

or thirty miles long, and two miles in width, forming two channels, in the centre or notch of the bow shaped side stream, Iquitos was built, the main stream running by on the straight line representing the string of the bow.

The savages who founded the earlier settlements had a proper motive in desiring to secure their villages from the marauding foes who navigated the main stream with armed canoes but why a distinguished commission of Peruvian officials sent out in a modern war ship, should have decided upon this remote point as a suitable location for a commercial centre, is one of the many peculiarities that puzzles the Anglo-Saxon man of business. It is said the future city location was paramount to "present" considerations.

It possesses the advantage of a high rolling bluff of sufficient area for a small town, presenting one of the most picturesque sites to be found on the river, but the capricious currents of the Amazon are threatening to leave the ambitious town still higher and drier by the forming of bars on the side stream that must strangle the struggling city by cutting off its water communication, when it will die like a fish out of water.

It is possible that a new settlement may be established at the mouth of the Javary, the dividing line, or that the development above the present location may build up other towns on the Peruvian waters that will also be convenient to Ecuador.

As may be inferred, Iquitos is not one of the old settlements like Para and Manaos, but was founded as late as 1864, when the Lima government sent a commission of location with a small flotilla of war vessels.

It was four years later when Admiral Tucker and a few other of the ex-Confederate naval officers then in the employ of the Peruvian government, visited the port. The commission located quite extensive machine shops, foundries, etc., at an enormous outlay, in which it was proposed to repair Peruvian naval vessels for operating on the extensive system of interior waterway in Peruvian Amazonas, or as it is now known, "Fluvial Amazonas."

Railway tracks with steam connection were laid down the steep embankment to the water's edge for the better handling of heavy material. A large floating dock was also included in this extensive naval outfit as part of the equipment to promote Peru's ascendancy in these waters, but unfortunately it became a most serious obstacle to navigation. The Governor, without experience in such matters, desiring to make an exhibition of the floating dock succeeded in sinking it so well in the channel that it could not be raised, but became a nucleus at the bottom of the river, around which formed a sand bar that has been accumulating for twenty years and is now quite an island, to mark the folly of the Governor. Much money was wasted. The government shops are now used for saw mills, while the incline comes handy in hauling rubber to the custom house from the canoes and launches as also the cargo of the steamers.

Large ocean steamers drawing fifteen to twenty feet can come to Iquitos during the annual floods which prevail from December to the last of May and steamboats of the Amazon type drawing ten to twelve feet, enter

the port of Iquitos every month, even in July and August.

The English steamers that formerly made monthly trips to Manaos with Para as the principal port, now make Manaos the end of all voyages, extending the service to Iquitos bi-monthly and it is possible the lines will be continued another five hundred miles farther by steamers and over a thousand by smaller boats and launches.

Upon the direct communication by water with America depends the ascendancy of American trade to this wonderfully favored Land of To-Morrow and it should be kept in mind that the Mississippi and Gulf ports are closer than any other and the trade direct, more desirable than to New York and Europe.

The freight charges from New York or Liverpool to Iquitos are about forty dollars a ton. The rate from New York or Liverpool to Para being only ten dollars a ton, leaving the thirty dollars as the proportion for the river transportation, which is as open and free to ocean traffic as the ocean itself.

The government of Peru has been much more liberal in its customs regulation than Brazil because of the desire to encourage direct trade, there being but a small horizontal duty on all goods entering Peru by the Amazon. On the Pacific coast a more stringent rule applies to imports.

Peru exacts less export duties on the indigenous products of her Amazon possessions than is demanded by Brazil.

The Caucho, or Cauchouc (which may not be spelled right, as the word is never used in the trade) but

generally abbreviated to "Cauch," is the second grade of rubber found most generally in southeastern Peru; and Sernamby (Ser-nam-bee) the residue or drippings of the Hevea, pay but five cents per kilo while the better grade is taxed at eight cents per kilo, while Brazil demands twenty-five per cent on all exports along with municipal and other charges.

When Iquitos was yet a town of but 5,000 Indians and half breeds, the official figures show that the revenue on the crude material alone from an almost undeveloped territory, exceeded a quarter of a million dollars annually, the imports and exports aggregating a million dollars each.

As noted in Consular reports, first calling attention to the exhaustion of supply in the lower Amazon, the Para dealers endeavored to create a different impression in their own interest and in behalf of Brazil but, notwithstanding the proof of the correctness of Consular reports is shown in the rapid extension of the Para dealers' enterprise in the upper fields of Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador. The Javary, noted as the boundary line between Brazil and Peru and the most prolific source of Hevea rubber, is now said to be almost exhausted because of the raids made by the Brazilian gatherers in order to supply the wonderful demand resulting from the requirements for bicycle and other tires, in addition to the necessities for insulation for all kinds of electric plants, tubing for air brakes and its uses in the arts, as also machinery in the way of belting and steam packing, to say nothing of shoes, mackintoshes, clothing, etc.

The question of the "conservation" of the rubber

tree is of primary importance to that of "cultivation," it being generally conceded by the more intelligent and disinterested Brazilian and Peruvian residents and traders that the destructive methods of collecting the product, which has resulted in the gradual exhaustion of the lower sources of supply, will within a short time destroy the entire plant. The fear of this is furnished by the Peruvians' sad experience with the cinchona or Peruvian bark from which quinine is obtained, that has been destroyed in the same way. The English anticipating this, wisely transplanted the cinchona to India and protected it, and now the world gets its supply of quinine from India.

Will the same thing occur with India rubber through our transplanting the seed or plants to our own possessions, adapted to its growth, to be found in the Phillippines, in the same latitude and in similar environment in Cuba and Porto Rico?

Upper Amazonia possesses all the advantages of the lower in its numerous indigenous products, except the fevers, which do not prevail to the same extent because of the increasing altitude.

In the foot hills of Cordilleras (pronounced as if spelled Corde-lay-rows, the accent on "lay," which is the name given to the "places where the snow comes," the natives seeming to give the name "Andes" to the mountains), the blue outlines of which may' almost be

*As the question of cultivation for the future supply and Brazilian government's action looking to protection and conservation, has been outlined in Consular reports, which may be had on application to Department of State, portions of which are contained in the book, "An American Consul in Amazonia," it is unnecessary to burden the narrative with these details.

seen on the western horizon from Iquitos, are rich valleys yet untouched by the white man and it is well known that in the streams forming the Amazon are found sands of gold that have been washed down from the mountain gorges. Old prospectors who have examined these washings are of the opinion that they indicate the existence of large deposits of gold in the unexplored mountains of Eastern Ecuador and Peru and the streams flowing from them into the Amazon.



THE PREFECT'S PALACE, IQUITOS.

The government of Peru is a centralized Republic, the President and Congress being elected by the people with a judiciary of life tenure. The constitution is modeled after the American and French, with adaptations suitable to their half civilized people of the interior. Instead of local State governments Peru is divided into some twenty departments over which the President appoints a Prefect who, as the principal director, governs his separate department according to

the laws as he interprets them. This Prefect nominates the several sub-Prefects of the different smaller districts who in turn, select the governors for the villages.

The department of Loretto, comprising Amazonia, is the largest in area, including all of the rich territory east of the Andes. It is divided into five provinces each of which is equal to a state or territory namely: Moyabamba, Huallagua, San Martine, Bajo or lower Amazonas, and Alto or upper Amazonas. Moyabamba is the capital of all the provinces while Iquitos is the capital of Bajo Amazonas.

As is the custom with visitors I had the honor of calling on the sub-Prefect whom I found to be a courteous young military officer of a decidedly Spanish type and dignified bearing. He was from Lima, and like a majority of the officials, had no local or patriotic interest in the development of the province. A prominent Peruvian told me that up to that time not one cent was applied to the improvement of the province, all being absorbed by the salaries of the numerous officials. Of the two million dollars received the first ten years following the establishment of the custom house at Iquitos, not one dollar was expended in the development of the country.

The universal complaint which is strongest with the more advanced natives, is that the entire energies of the government seem to be devoted to collecting revenues which are disbursed to prevent revolutions, there being no political issues except the universal contention between the "ins" and "outs."

As the conditions are tacitly accepted by the residents who are the persons most concerned, the traveller

or the resident trader need not concern himself. Perhaps the cause for their apathy may be traced to previous race conditions. Certainly a different blood circulates in their veins from that of the Anglo-Saxon, who would scarcely submit to the arbitrary bearing of what seem like alien officials, who do nothing to advance the country but use the resources of the land to promote their own pleasures, keeping the ignorant population in a condition of serfdom.

Perhaps, too, the climate of the Equator produces, in part, the causes which seem to create a people so deficient in energy and indifferent to the ordinary impulses of independence. The native officials will defend their position by insisting that the Anglo-Saxon, living a long time in this climate and associating with their people, learns to adopt their mode of life, seeming to absorb their indifference by contact.

It is true enough that the heat coupled with the silent solitude of these tropical forests primeval, places a peculiar spell over life. It is a land where nature has seemingly abolished labor by a lavish abundance which reduces the struggle for life to a minimum. People in that Land of To-Morrow where every day is a summer day, are not obliged to work six months of one season to lay up a supply to last them for six months of winter, when coal and heavy clothing add to the burdens of civilized life.

But whatever may be the philosophy of the subject, the concrete facts are that the climate and the people cannot be bulldozed by an American or other foreign business hustler into changing their daily life. To be successful the stranger should adapt himself in a cer-

tain degree to the customs of the people, "to do in Peru as the Peruvians do."

Much time and space might be occupied in endeavoring to show why political theories and some business practices, good enough in our country, cannot be successfully applied to latitude O (naught).

The orient or eastern Peru comprising the Montana or the wooded country, is far richer in the natural products of the forests than were the mines of the bleak districts along the west coast. The five immense provinces each as large as the State of Texas, comprise an area of productive resource sufficient to sustain an independent government, and as the interests are not at all identified with Peru on the Pacific, some of the more intelligent Peruanos think the indifference of the Lima government may cause a separation as indicated by the Acre incident.

The boundaries between Peru, Columbia, Ecuador and Bolivia are always in dispute. The Lima commissioners claiming that the last decree of the Spanish government gave to Peru the territory in every direction as far as the different rivers are navigable towards their sources.

At one time the Peruvian or Spanish jurisdiction extended some five hundred miles farther east or down the Amazon to a Spanish settlement still existing named "Teffe." The early Spaniards being indifferent while the Portuguese advanced their frontier westward.

When in 1840 the last boundary treaty was negotiated with Brazil, the Peruanas found the Portuguese at Tabatinga and on the Javary. An agreement was made wherein the Portuguese Jew got decidedly the

best of the bargain with the Peruvian commissioners; the latter agreeing to make the Javary to the south a dividing line, the impression at the time being that this river extended in a practically straight line due south, whereas it was subsequently discovered that its source was more westerly than southerly, which gave Brazil an immense tract of rubber territory. A line run from a certain point on the river (marked by a stone) to a place in Bolivia above the Falls of the Madeira marking the boundary in that direction between the three republics, Brazil, Peru and Bolivia, gave rise to the recent "Acre" dispute in which American capital was interested. The Brazilieros being energetic and awake to the value of the rubber territory are pushing their lines to Peru, some of the ancient antagonism of the Spanish and Portuguese may be developed.

CHAPTER VIII.



TRAVELLERS whose interests lead them into unfrequented parts sometime encounter cultivated tourists en route whose conversation leads one to believe their only object in life is to travel around the world in search of good hotels. They talk with exclamations of disgust, generally, of the wretched accommodations at the last stop and inquire eagerly as to the prospect of a good steak at the next town.

All such travellers should avoid Amazonia. Tropical explorers must adapt themselves to the surroundings. Perhaps it may be difficult at times but there is no use in kicking, and I have long since stopped talking or writing on the subject of meals and sleeping accommodations.

There are no hotels in Iquitos and as far as my observation extended, none in the interiors of South America, yet the traveller will find himself hospitably entertained wherever he may desire to stop. Every house is a hotel. There are sometimes a "fonda" or restaurant in the settlements usually kept by a Chinaman in connection with his smoking and gambling outfit. I have found the Padre or priest of the villages most hospitable and courteous and as they have the best of the land, I learned to hunt the Padre on arriving at a stopping place. They are not only the best informed, but as a rule are gentlemen who are glad

to welcome a stranger from the outer world regardless of race or creed.

On arrival at Iquitos an entire stranger, except for the wicked endorsement the Para newspapers had given me for writing "disrespectfully of the Equator" and criticising some of the customs in our papers, we were met by a steam launch some miles out on the main river. A handsome young gentleman with hat in hand who could not speak a word of English, succeeded in introducing himself as "Senor Dias, at your service," courteously saying he was instructed to place the house of Captain Jennings of the Amazon Company at my disposal. My baggage was rushed through the custom house without the formality of an examination and with myself, placed in a comfortable room in a thatched roof cottage with tiled floor which had been recently cleaned up for the expected guest, the notorious "Consul Americano," by which name I was known across the continent, and I may add without egotism, that the title carries very much greater consideration in that land than at home.

I was further especially favored through being indorsed to Don Carlos Mouraille, a French gentleman of education and refinement, who had spent twenty years of his life in active business in Iquitos, having accumulated by thrift and good management a large fortune. Don Carlos and his brother are yet largely interested in business on the Upper Amazon, having branches at Para and in Paris. I am glad to be able to refer the inquirer for data and information to my esteemed friend, Don Carlos Mouraille, of Para, Brazil.

I gratefully accepted Don Carlos' invitation to take

my meals at his table while in Iquitos. Without any breach of the proprieties I may say that (though in the wilds of Amazona) I have never sat down to more delightful breakfasts and elegant and substantial dinners than when putting my legs under Don Carlos' mahogany. He employs a French cook and is supplied with the best of French wines. His house is the best in the town modelled after the French style; a square building with a gallery extending all around the house, the interior being furnished as becomes a wealthy bachelor of refined taste.

Don Carlos, who was born on the French island of Guadaloupe, but educated in New York, has travelled extensively, even to Palestine and the Nile, which I mention in connection with the statement that the reader, with myself, is under obligations to this cultured gentleman for much valuable information. In matters relating to the upper Amazon he is a recognized authority, being consulted by scholars (who forget to give credit) as well as by the government of Peru and I may add to his further credit, also by the innumerable poor peons who may be in trouble and need assistance, who do not forget to acknowledge their obligations.

The Prefect's palace is a fair looking building, set in a small plaza fronting on the river. It is said to have cost a sole, or Peruvian silver dollar, for each brick in the walls.

The principal part of the town is composed of the Indian huts, made of bamboo on end, tied together with a cord of a vine which is as tough and flexible as twine. The casas or houses are always of one story topped with a mass of overhanging palm leaf thatch,

which is supported on the corner posts independently of the bamboo side or end walls, leaving an open space between the roof and the sides all around for ventilation as well as to allow smoke to escape. The floors are of earth. Sometimes there may be a partition of bright colored hand woven material or a screen of bamboo, but usually the occupants all sleep scattered over the ground floor, the more favored using hammocks. However they make their beds, each will be sure to sleep under a netting as protection from mosquitoes. More frequently a piece of cotton cloth is used in place of netting.

While the houses of Iquitos on the front or business street are more pretentious, the rows of huts on the back streets are so numerous that they resemble long lines of straw covered hay stacks that have been standing in the fields long enough to have the tops discolored by the weather. The business blocks are constructed of "wattle and daub," or adobe, covered sometimes with corrugated iron roofing that has been imported from Belgium, making a most unbearable protection from a tropical sun, but the novelty of the iron seems to please the natives. -

There is a curiosity in the way of portable houses in the town, in the form of a two-story house composed entirely of iron, which took the fancy of a wealthy native when visiting the Paris Exposition. Because he had plenty of money he bought it as it stood, had it taken down and shipped to Iquitos. It cost double its price for transportation and after it had reached Peru it took another small fortune to unpack and put it together. A man was brought from Europe for the pur-

pose, and now that it is completed it is untenable, except at night.

There are a few families of refinement living in Iquitos, but it is quite difficult for strangers to make their acquaintance.

As illustrating something of the social conditions of Iquitos, I venture to relate some actual occurrences during my visits. Soon after arrival, on this a first visit, desiring to tell an inquiring friend and a resident, where he could find me, I thought it easiest to locate my lodging by the observation that my house was directly opposite the thatched cottage of the pretty little senora, who lived with another woman's husband, and also next door neighbor to her husband, who was living with another man's wife. To this rather tangled direction he indifferently replied, "Why nearly all the houses might answer to that description."

While this looseness of the marriage relation is openly practised amongst a large class of the native people who may not be able to commit matrimony because of the expenses of the ceremony and the exactions of the church, it must not be understood that these senoritas are generally wicked. As a matter of fact there is relatively more virtue in this town of half civilized people than exists in the more advanced civilization of Para and the coast towns. While the senoras publicly live with their lovers, they may not be approached promiscuously.

It is the general belief that the churches as conducted by some ignorant native priests are, to a degree, responsible for the neglect of the marriage rites, it being admitted that the fees and requirements prevent



Ruth Sypherd Clements

A STREET IN IQUITOS.

the ceremonial wedding amongst the poor classes as also the bad example and life of the Padre amongst the better classes.

Some of the churches in these interiors which do not have the oversight of the bishops, are often controlled by unscrupulous priests who make no effort to correct the existing evils and the people have become accustomed to the conditions. I am sure the intelligent Catholics of America will understand that in calling attention to these abuses, I am prompted only by a desire to give facts without malice, not omitting to tell also of the good work of the Catholic church in that land of to-morrow.

It is quite well known that in many instances some of the priests live in open concubinage in their parishes. At Iquitos the young Padre lived openly with a pretty dark eyed senorita who ought to be his wife, as he is the acknowledged father of her two children. In another instance under my own observation, a priest became the father of the children of both the mother and daughter of the same household. Don Carlos told me of a jolly and popular priest who was so proud of a bright little son that he carried him about on his pastoral visits. On being remonstrated with for going aboard an English vessel with his boy, he retorted, indignantly, "Why not? I want you to understand this is my boy. I am a man and a father just as you are. I took an obligation never to marry, but that is all." It did not occur to him that the children of a priest in more civilized lands would have to suffer for the father's sins, but in those heathen lands the illigiti-

mate and innocent child is the equal of all before the law and in society.

The priests generally have pretty wives. To the credit of the better class of *senoritas*, however, it should be said that with the usual want of woman's charity toward their own sex, they resent and ostracize the sisters. They call them "mules," probably because the mule is supposed to have no offspring.

The church opposite my lodging was a deserted, barn-like looking structure of adobe, with a corrugated iron roof. The fence once enclosing the neglected grounds had rotted away, so that pigs and goats pastured there, frequently straying inside the always open church doors. To my friend, Alberto Bannister, an old resident who was visiting me on a Sunday morning, I remarked that Iquitos was the only place I was ever in where cows and pigs went to church. To which he replied, "O, there are some women who go to church but no men attend, unless they are old or going to die"; adding, "When we see an active young fellow going to church we all wonder who it was that he has murdered, the inference being that a man who goes to church is seeking forgiveness for some crime."

It has been my good fortune to reach the principal points en route during their religious fiestas, which are the most interesting days of the year, which serve to concentrate all the people of the surrounding country in the town, whom it may be said, are on exhibition in their gayest attire and on their happiest behavior.

In Peru as in Brazil the custom requires that the *senoritas* of the more refined class be restricted to making an appearance in public only on the occasions of

these festas and in the society of members of their own families.

On Sundays the more devout attend the early mass, confining their week day devotions to the shrines erected in their homes, but when going to or from the church, they are invariably closely wrapped about the head and shoulders with the black mantle that perhaps only the eyes may be seen. It is dangerous as well as a waste of time to attempt to flirt with a pair of these wicked eyes peeping through a black lace mantle, the probabilities being that below the pretty eyes will be found the wrinkled face of a woman that may have been pretty in the last century.

These religious festas being quite frequent opportunity is afforded for blue eyed blondes to cultivate agreeable acquaintances, even though unable to speak much of the language. The señoritas of Peruvian interiors are adepts in telling it with their eyes.

Spanish is the language of Peru, but one who has come through Brazil and acquired a smattering of Portuguese can get along fairly well, especially in communication with a señorita (the student will observe that the Spanish Señorita drops the "h's" from the Portuguese "Senhorita.")

It is really wonderful how well one can get on, who has an earnest desire for gathering information from a pretty señorita with a soft, sweet voice, when an effort to understand the bass voice of a señor is abandoned in disgust.

Young men contemplating travel in the Spanish American countries need not bother with the text books or the grammars, not even the numerous phrase

books that advertise to "teach" Spanish in twenty minutes. I would advise that immediately on arrival they supply themselves with what is known as a "companion dictionary," usually an attractive young person who will also serve as an interpreter and in some respects act as a guide (one who can speak a little English is preferred) and give instruction as occasion or necessity requires, for using the Spanish words with the correct accent which the books cannot give.

These interpreters need not necessarily be senors. One may secure the advantage of the instructions from a pretty senorita who may, in out of the way places in the interior, keep house for you where there are no hotels. It is not at all a difficult task to imbibe a knowledge of Spanish ways when one has a senorita for an instructor and in the isolated places it is the custom to employ these aids. Under some such conditions the traveller may be aptly charged with becoming a "dictionary holder." Some persons may prefer a young man who will act as valet and interpreter, sleeping on the floor near his master, which is called the "sleeping dictionary."

Peru's Fourth of July begins on the twenty-eighth of the month and lasts three days, during which the entire population of the surrounding country by command of the officials, willingly enough abandon themselves to pleasure for three days—and nights. I happened to arrive a few days preceding while the town was apparently sleeping all of the hot days, a Sunday-like stillness pervading in the bright sunshine, with closed houses and deserted streets and could scarcely

realize the sudden transformation during this political holiday.

The sub-Prefect, who is certainly the "boss" of the village, issues the usual instructions for the national observance. Every house is required to display a Peruvian flag. One may imagine the gay appearance of the thatched huts, from every one of which is suspended the three broad, vertical bars of red, white and red, as also profuse floral decorations of fragrant flowers and quantities of palms brought from the woods, from which rustic arches and bowers are constructed.

The Consul from Brazil displayed the ugly yellow and green flag of his country along with those of the other neighboring states. My friend and host's elegant house was gaily decorated and at night brilliantly illuminated, the beautiful tricolors of his dear La Belle France floating with that of Peru, from his front balconies, his French cook insisting on showing his colors also from the kitchen portico in the rear.

As an American visitor I regretted the conspicuous absence of our beautiful flag, which it was perhaps expected that I, as the "Consul Americano," would display, but upon diligent inquiry I could not find the Stars and Stripes in the town, or material good enough to make one to suit. I called upon the sub-Prefect to explain and to tender my services as an "orator," which he accepted in the jolly way it was intended. I took part in the jollifications as an American citizen. The English shipping on the river displayed all their bunting, the officers joining with the foreign element in an earnest effort to encourage celebrations of the

sort, as we were accustomed to do at home and I think we succeeded in making an impression.

On the little plaza in front of the Prefecturo or palace where the principal arches had been created, the principal ceremonies occurred and by the way the traveller in those lands must be prepared to endure 'ceremonies' without end. Apparently the smaller the place or occasion, the greater the ceremonies. After dark some fireworks were let off, that I thought was an accident, as all seemed to go at once, but was told it was considered a great success for Iquitos. Until late in the evening the seniors lingered in groups or following bevyes of señoritas who straggled about where there was plenty of light, it being the custom for the girls to get in groups and the boys do likewise, seldom getting together in couples for a promenade. There were many señoritas whose tasteful dress and ease of bearing with a happy dignity of manner, that commanded admiration and respect as also numerous bare headed and barefooted Chola girls who seemed to be entirely content and happy each in her way.

Earlier in the evening I listened to a little señorita of ten or twelve with the pretty name of Madena, skillfully execute on a German piano the well known waltz, "Sobra Las Olas," or "Over the Waves," her young friends dancing gracefully on the tiled floor of her courteous father's cottage, adjoining Don Carlos'. As a rule they do not waltz or polka in this Land of To-morrow, the favorite dance being the fandango, a sort of rag time quadrille, quite graceful and fascinating in its peculiar abandon. Each of the dancers in the fandango held in the hand a handkerchief,

gracefully waving it over the partner as they glide over the floor to the tom tom music accompanying the mandolin or guitar, supplemented sometimes by a flute made from a bit of bamboo or reed. Though the fandango is considered a sensuous dance, the undulations of the dancers and some of the gyrations distractingly suggestive, it is a peculiarity that the dancers may not touch their partners, the object or effort of the couples seeming to be an effort to try to see how close they can play a game of "never touched me."

The Indians of whom there are a number in society in Iquitos, participate in these affairs with zest in their own wild and reckless manner, wholly abandoning themselves for the time being to drinking rum all day and dancing all night. They have no conception of the purpose or object of the holiday and are not impressed by the flow of oratory as they are of the rum, and their poetry is expressed in the motion of the dance at night. They look upon the white man's display of flags, fireworks and brass bands with open-mouth wonder, their faces wearing all the while that stolid expression peculiar to the Indian everywhere. While the ceremonies are going on they assemble in the huts in the rear of the town and drink cachasa which in Peru changes its name to "aguadiente" in sufficient quantities to kill hard drinking white men, but under its influence will execute dances in their naked feet on earthen floors to the tom tom drums that are indeed wildly wonderful.

Guided by the drums, I left the crowd on the front street and wandered alone to the Indian quarters that

I might peer through the bamboo slats or walls of their huts.

While it cannot be said the young Indian girls are pretty, their faces showing some of the best features of the Indian, many of them reproducing the best characteristics of the Spanish which give them a graceful and dignified bearing that is especially noticeable in the dances. The absence of facial beauty is further compensated by their almost uniform good figures. I do not exaggerate in the statement that the Chola girl of Peru possesses types of the human form divine that for perfect symmetry is not excelled in any land, perhaps I should qualify that statement by adding—as far as I have been able to observe. A Chola, which by the way, are the descendents of the original Spanish conqueror and the Inca, is of a different mould than the squatty savage of the lower Amazon, at the age of ten to fifteen are living models in bronze, of perfectly formed young women. Girls living the out of door life of that climate mature early, being fully developed from eight to ten and often wives and mothers at twelve. It is also true that the old women of this race who have reared children, preserve good forms to a greater degree than is generally believed of the middle aged or old persons in tropical lands.

The habit of the women, carrying water on their heads almost constantly from early childhood, in their peculiar shaped jars, tends to create an erectness of bearing and an easy and gliding carriage that would be the envy of the girls in our more favored lands, where it is a profession to teach and a fad to practice,

the graces which the wild Indian girl possesses naturally.

Seldom wearing shoes the Indian and the Chola girl glide smoothly over the ground carpeted only by nature, with a peculiar softness of step which, with the willowy forms and well developed figures as elastic as rubber, gives to their dances a charm, heightened by the weird music and clapping accompaniment of friends and with the natural decoration of the palms and tropical foliage, becomes truly aboriginal or Indian poetry expressed in motion.

On the evening of this festa the Indian girls in their gorgeous costumes, dance along at the head of the procession, kicking up the dust of the middle of the road as they moved along, followed by the tom tom music and the entire Indian population of the place of all ages and sizes, a grotesque procession that could hardly be equalled by our burlesque parades in masks. The way is always cleared for the Indian processions, which are conducted without a word being spoken, the movements being directed by the taps of the drum. But if interfered with, while performing their rites when under the influence of aguadiente, they are liable to become truly savage.

On another evening I was invited to attend one of the more select affairs in one of the more pretentious houses—with a brick floor—where the dancers wore shoes. The hostess, a middle aged half breed, welcomed the blonde Americano with a pressure of the hand that made the guest fairly wince. She said she was glad to see an Englishman because her late dear

departed "husband" was an Englishman. He had recently "departed" down the river.

Around the room were seated a number of well dressed senoras, married ladies or widows, as distinguished from señoritas, or the unmarried miss, with a sprinkling of senors, as all grades of men are called, who can wear a moustache and look wicked out of black eyes, amongst whom I noticed the officers of the Joan Alfredo which was yet in port.

The music for this occasion was mandolins and guitars. The first dance was the fandango with the variegated handkerchief accompaniment, the movement being perhaps a bit restrained because of the presence of several foreigners. Wine was passed in one glass, from which each person was supposed to take one sip and but for a vigorous nudge of my American escort I would have made the mistake of swallowing the entire contents of the loving cup. We talked or tried to be agreeable to every one, even to attempting to teach señoritas something we did not know about an American waltz.

I had noticed a table in one corner covered with a cloth containing some holy ornaments and lighted candles, that are common in that country among the very devout.

There was also a small red box on the table which I thought might contain refreshments to be served later, but not wishing to appear too anxious or curious I asked no questions. But an hour after I learned incidentally that the little red looking jewel casket surrounded by candles, contained the body of a baby. The mother, nursing another child, sat near her dead

infant apparently as happy as the other people, who had assembled in this way to express their sympathy and sorrow.

My companion declared it was the usual custom to have a dance when any one died, which I found to be correct.

A distinguished resident, who was much amused at my surprise, assured me that the three principal events in a woman's life there, are those that afford opportunity for a dance. First, when she is married; second, when her baby is christened; and third, when it dies. She is equally happy on each occasion, every addition to her family affording an opportunity for a dance.

CHAPTER IX.



THE Amazon, which retains the name in Peru, flows from the several large affluents from the north in Ecuador, and the west and south of Peru, all of which claim to be the true source. It is generally conceded, however, that the stream from the most westerly direction known as the Marañon, deserves the honor by reason of first discovery. The largest river and the longest in the world, however, is the Ucayali (pronounced as if spelled "You-kay-yally") which enters the Amazon a few hours' steamboating above Iquitos. It is also the most important in the way of affording opportunities for extensive steam navigation in Eastern Peru, being navigable for the larger vessels for a thousand miles southerly to the junction of the Tambo and Urubamba, paralleling the Cordilleras, which are in sight to the west, while beyond this junction, the Urubamba extends another thousand miles of canoe navigation to almost its source in the last range of the Andes, beyond the ancient city of Cuzco.

The Tambo and tributaries, Perene and Pichis, coming from the west, are navigable for small boats and canoes to a point farthest west, within a few days' travel on mules of the end of Oroyo Railway, reaching Lima on the Pacific.

The lower Ucayali is prolific in fine rubber forests

which are being developed by Brazilians who find it a far richer district than the "Javary," which it almost parallels.

As it is proposed to make the return journey by the Ucayali, the detailed description is left for a second volume.

This narrative follows the more westerly route, by four days steam boating on the main Amazon, to its junction with the Marañon and Huallagua, which form the Amazon proper. The Huallagua (pronounced "Waal-yag-ah") has its source in the southwesterly Andes near Cerro de Pasco and is only navigable for a short distance. The Marañon is navigable for a few days, as distance is reckoned, to a point known as the Pongo Mansierriche, meaning the gateway or the beginning and ending of the hills, a wonderful canyon or gorge in the Andes through which the river in the ages has carved its passage. This gateway is closed to all access in the direction of the west, the ascent of the river through the narrow channel has never been attempted on account of the cachioura or falls, which in volume and torrent exceed those of the Colorado canyons.

The Marañon, as it is called above and below this point, is said to have derived the name from the words of exclamation of some of the early explorers of Pizarro's time, who were miraculously carried through the Pongo on their rafts and being dumped into the broad expanse of water which spreads like a lake below the mountain gorge, exclaimed "Mar-o-non," which may be roughly interpreted, "Sea-or-not."

Histories and school books tell different stories of the

origin of the name Amazon. The legend gathered from tradition in that region gives these same wonderful Spanish explorers the credit of naming the river they discovered. They were educated men of the age in which they lived, being familiar with the ancient history, wherein the warrior women of certain Eastern princes, described as the body guard of Dahomey, were on account of their masculine appearance known as "Amazons."

When the Spaniards who had been launched through the Pongo into the "Mar-o-non" found they could not return by that route, they attempted to go on down stream on their rafts when they were attacked by half-naked Indians from the forests whom they believed were women because they were without beards and wore long hair, and they called them Amazons. They probably soon learned of their mistake, but the name remains.

Not being able to get over the Andes by this gateway of the Pongo Mansierriche, which is the most direct route due west we followed the Rio Huallagua, southwest, for another day from its junction with Maranon, to the head of navigation in that direction at a place called Yurrimaguas, which is four days steamboating west of Iquitos. Distances are calculated by the time occupied in getting there by canoe or boat.

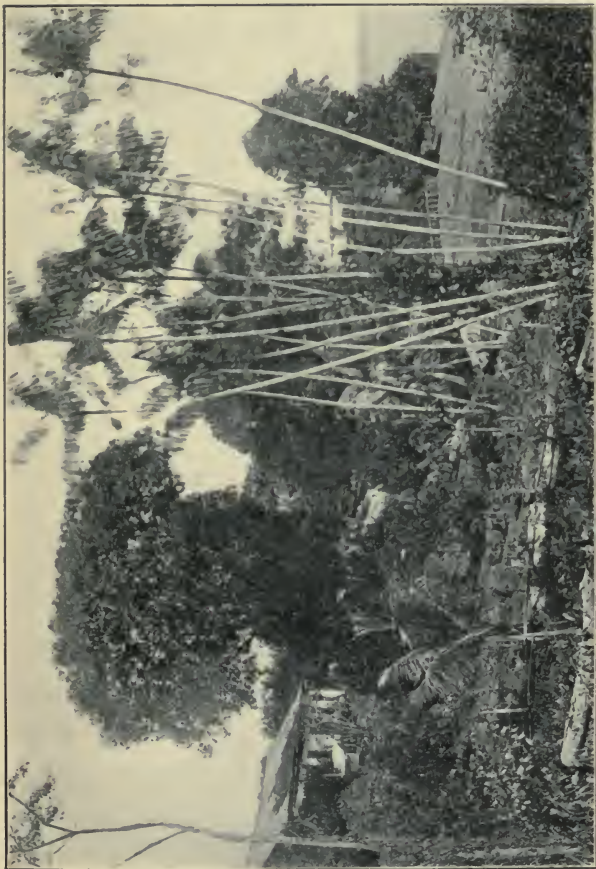
Our ugly looking little steamboat bears the pretty name of "Sabia" (pronounced "Sabe-ah") after a very small bird with a long tail which sings beautifully at night from the forests when disturbed by the passing boat.

Our captain was a young English sailor known famil-

ially as "Tommy Jennings." The Sabia is the Amazon auxiliary, or feeder for the larger boats that come only to Iquitos. She is called an American boat because of her flat bottom and stern wheel, though she was built in England of light steel hull and wooden upper deck, as one of the special boats for the famous Nile expedition and subsequently sent out to the Amazon in sections, where she has done excellent service. The Amazon officials as well as the business people along the upper rivers, are being shown by this illustration the superiority of the American style of boat for the navigation of the numerous small rivers over the regulation deep keel wedge shaped English hull which draws too much water during the dry season. The English officers, in spite of their prejudice against everything American, admit that their light stern wheel Sabia travels as fast and carries as much cargo, at less expense and accommodates more passengers than the yacht shaped hulls that are forever giving trouble by grounding on the bars of the ever changing channel of the smaller rivers.

It will be apparent that there are wonderful opportunities on the numerous rivers of the alto or upper Amazon for the profitable introduction of American trade, through the means of transportation facilities.

There are thousands of miles of good steam navigation in Peruvian waters, free to all nations, adapted to vessels drawing from four to ten feet. The forests that are penetrated only by the rivers are rich in untold figures in rubber, caucho, cabinet woods, dyes, nuts, hides, etc., which may be had at comparatively trifling expense. There are millions of dollars of valuable



SCENE NEAR THE FIRST SPANISH SETTLEMENT AT BORJO
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products decaying in the forests for want of the transportation to get them to the markets.

As already stated a rubber forest is as valuable as a developed gold mine and it may be added that the forests of the Equator are as rich as the most profitable silver and gold mining. The natural productions in the form of remedies for the ills of mankind, in the materia medica, which the wealth of the forests produce, alone are of value and indispensable for our civilization.

There are some disadvantages connected with rubber gathering on the lower Amazon that have not to be contended with in the upper Amazon, more particularly the yellow fever.

There are some eighteen or twenty steam launches owned by private business houses in Iquitos that are doing a considerable business in trading in the adjacent rivers. Each of these little boats is a floating shop on which all sorts of cheap goods are carried for supplying the rubber gatherers or the native trader. On some of the boats the goods are gaudily displayed over the decks giving the craft a sort of gala day appearance which attracts the natives on board.

On some boats the goods are arranged on shelves as in the shops of the towns. The principal stock in trade consists of such provisions as the rubber gatherer requires including a large supply of rum or cachasa, blue shirts and overalls, cheap guns and ammunition and a collection of Yankee notions made in Germany for the Indian women.

These boats, navigating the numerous tributaries, use wood for fuel at the cost for the gathering from the

banks. They go and come as they please, ascending all the small rivers and creeks, stopping at all points desired to dispose of their cheap goods at enormous profits, for which they receive in payment the gatherer's crude rubber or his collection of sarsaparilla copiba and other valuable products which are weighed in the trader's doctored scales and paid for at lowest possible figure to be conveyed by their own boats to Iquitos where it will turn into gold coin at sight. The owners live on their boats, pay no house rents, but few taxes and a trifling license, and are at no expense for freighting, storage, hauling or commissions. The goods come to the Amazon via Para, Manaos and Iquitos. Money is of little value to the Indian rubber gatherer whose necessities are few and easily supplied. I would rather go into the forests with a boat load of gew gaws, than with gold coin. A red bandana handkerchief will obtain almost everything that an Indian woman possesses, while a hand mirror and a supply of five cent jewelry will secure the affections of the Indian maidens. For the old Indians, cheap prints of the Saints or brass crucifixes are good missionary contributions.

The English built boats are not adapted to this trade, being usually second hand harbor tugs that are constructed for a cold climate and are unbearable in the tropics, their machinery occupying most of the space.

It is perfectly safe to suggest to any Americans who may be interested in the subject, that the introduction of these boats will be welcomed and substantially encouraged by the government and the people of Peru. The government of Peru is not only ready but anxious

to extend a helping hand in way of liberal subsidies to encourage American commerce to the Amazon. The money will be paid in cash at Iquitos on the separate account of the department of Eastern Peru.

The field in Peru, Ecuador and Bolivia is equally as good as that of Brazil.

The "dry season" begins on the same date each year, the 24th of June or St. John's day, when the Amazon floods begin to recede, but it never gets too low for ocean vessels to come to Iquitos. Fortunately the summer months are the dull season, during which the rubber is not tapped, but the local trader occupies the time in preparation for work.

The "Sabia" paddles along slowly stopping at every landing for several hours and tying up every night. There are a number of passengers en route to river landings and Yurrimaguas, nearly all of whom are engaged in the rubber gathering. There is also the usual complement of *senoritas*, a couple of whom are bound over the mountains to one of the interior towns of Peru. A young girl in the last stages of consumption is being conveyed by her brother to the drier altitudes of the Cordilleras, in hopes of prolonging her life. We had also as a companion *du voyage* the Iquitos Padre, who having left his family at home was quite attentive to the ladies on board. The general characteristics of the passengers resemble those on the lower rivers, except that these are Peruanas and speak in the Spanish instead of the Portuguese.

We put in the time eating, lounging in hammocks, smoking cigarettes, ending each day with the *fandango*, which attracts all hands to the rear deck, even

the Indians from the decks below, who stand around the guards with open mouth enjoyment.

As we go west toward the interior the type of the Spanish Indian predominates. They are known as the "Christiano" Indians, so called because they have embraced the Catholic faith.

The Indian of the Amazon inhabiting the tropical forest that fringe the numerous affluents in Peru, are not as savage and war like as were the Indians of our wild west. While they are more tractable they are perhaps more treacherous and degraded. This may be attributed to the climatic influences of the Equator which affects similarly the wild beasts of the forests, not having that ferocious instinct of the wild animals of the temperate zones.

The comparison may be carried further and applied appropriately to the mass of humanity living under the Equator. But this opens a broad field for scientific discussion of the climatic influences, not only regarding the healthfulness of the body, but its influence upon the mental and moral conditions, which I have only ventured to illustrate from personal observation.

When I say that "there are 'white' Indians in upper Amazonia," the casual reader may think this fiction, instead of a narrative of fact and observation. I am endeavoring to tell only of the things seen, not the thousand and one more wonderful things heard about. That there are white Indians may be believed because the writer has seen and talked to one who wears the distinctive mark of a strong beard with a white skin who is white in the same sense that the ordinary Spaniard is a white man. This white Indian with whom I talked,

however, was about as dumb and stupid a specimen of humanity as one may see in an asylum for imbeciles.

But this does not apply generally to the white Indian or the wild white man. On the contrary one of the prettiest—in truth the belle of Iquitos, a most accomplished *senorita*, is a lineal descendent of this remarkable white tribe.

The *Senorita Clemencia* may be described as a rare and beautiful orchid which blooms in the wilderness of the Amazon. She is rather below the medium in height and weight, of a decided light complexion, as compared with the native Spanish type, dark brown eyes, and a wealth of dark hair, which would almost envelope her perfectly formed body. One of those straight out girls, whose every movement is gracefully bewitching, and the dignified easy bearing that proves the saying that “blood will tell” even in the forests. Though more reserved than the ordinary *senorita*, *Clemencia* wears a fascinating smile and returns a pleasant nod of recognition with the softly accentuated “*buenos dias, senor*” to all who may be so fortunate as to catch her eye at her balcony window.

The story of the white Indians, as I gathered it, would make a most interesting romance. Briefly summarized it is:

“The party of Spanish explorers who came through the Pongo Mansierriche comprised a number of distinguished men who had incurred the hostility of Pizarro in his warfare on the Incas and managed to escape by shooting the rapids and cascades in the rafts on which they risked themselves on the river Marañon which has its rise near the Inca city of Cajamarca,

where Pizarro murdered the Atahualpa, the last of the Inca dynasty. Amongst the disaffected was a young Spanish nobleman who with his associates had the usual measure of trouble in his own land, either through political or love affairs, and not desiring to return to Spain or remain with Pizarro, took this means of exiling himself to this most inaccessible part of the new world.

Perhaps, too, they may have been influenced somewhat by the prevailing fever for gold and were led into this fastness by the Indians who were aware of its existence in the region above the Pongo.

This party formed a settlement just below the Pongo on the banks of the Marañon, perhaps the most beautiful location to be found on a thousand miles of river. They named the romantic place "Borjo" situated so close to the Pongo that the rush of the water over the falls is heard.

This exclusive colony was also better able to conduct its prospecting for gold by washings, which is yet found in abundance in these rivers.

They did not marry promiscuously with the Indian women, but probably brought with them some of the Inca woman, whom all historians will recognize as of a cast superior to the ordinary native of whom Clemencia is a descendent.

In time they were dispersed by savage tribes or satisfied with the gold they had gathered, returned to Spain by the Amazon and the Atlantic. From the remnant remaining on the Marañon springs the white Indian tribe, of which the fair Clemencia is a type whose every movement betrays superior breeding. This

little senorita is recognized among her very few associates as a little princess. She lives alone with her mother like a recluse, or when on the street on her way to church, resembling a nun, attired in the black mantilla, covering all but her expressive, down cast eyes. Her house is like a convent, into which men are never admitted, and it is said the little descendent declines all overtures from the dark-eyed Don lovers.

The ruins of the early settlement only remain like crumbling tombstones to mark the spot where this most daring of enterprises was long since attempted and abandoned. It is a remarkable fact that other settlements have not been affected in this desirable locality, probably because of the recognized hostility of the Indians who are also the descendents of the first settlers, and who taught their children the value of their location and the desirability of keeping the secret of its deposits to themselves. It is quite well known, however, that the rivers above and below the Pongo are rich in the gold washings, indicating greater deposits in the mountains above which have never been prospected on account of the hostility of the Indians and the difficulty of access.

The Maranon leading to the west is only navigable as far as the Pongo or gateway, a couple of days' canoeing or boating above the confluence with the Hualagua, which the narrative follows in a southwesterly direction for another day to the town of Yurrimaguas where substantially all steam navigation to the west ends, the rapids and numerous rocky obstructions above Yurrimaguas making steam navigation hazardous.

A number of important affluents enter the Huallagua and Marañon, any one of which may be navigated by small boats, almost as distant or as far as on the main stream, the peculiarity of the small rivers being that they are almost as deep and long as the main streams. At the time of my first visit all of these side streams were rich in rubber or caucho forests. The most important are not indicated on any maps, being scarcely known except by the Indian canoeists. Among these may be named the "Chiparianna," which comes from the east, being navigable to within a few hours of the Ucayali, a channel may easily be cut through the low ground connecting the two rivers. There is also the "Yamyuca," "Straunuse," "Paranapura" and the large lake "Cuiperi." The "Cainarachi" is the most important perhaps, coming as it does from the west, making a more direct route by canoe towards the valleys of Tarapota and Moyabamba, whither this narrative leads.

I was particularly fortunate in making the acquaintance during the voyage on the "Sabia," of Sr. Don Juan Morey, the principal merchant of Yurrimaguas, to whom I am indebted for many courtesies, and the reader for reliable information. On arrival at Yurrimaguas the Americano was hospitably entertained at Don Juan's house, the senora with her beautiful sisters vieing with each other in kind attention to the only Americano seen in that village.

Yurrimaguas has been described as a collection of mud huts, situated on a high bluff near the junction of a small river with the Huallagua, a beautiful location for an ugly town, the hills sloping gradually to the



Ruth S. Shepherd (Clements)

YURRIMAGUAS—DON JUAN'S HOME.

river. In the distant background are the blue outlines of the Andes. This blue streak across the horizon, even though it has the appearance of an obstacle across the path we are following, is most inspiring, especially to a traveller, who has for weeks and months been slowly moving through a monotonous density of low lying forest with only the sky, water and forest visible.

There are a number of large adobe brick houses on the river front occupied as shops or trading posts, as also the always present Catholic church, fronting one part of an apology for a plaza.

The residence of Sr. Don Juan on the banks of the river in which I was made to feel quite at home, though far away and a stranger indeed in a strange land, was picturesque and very comfortable, during the days I was delayed there in getting fitted out for the canoe voyage beyond, in which Don Juan rendered good service.

CHAPTER X.



INVESTIGATION along the main river and the numerous tributaries up to Yurimaguas (the head of steam navigation in this direction and the beginning of the extensive canoe traffic) developed the existence of immense virgin rubber territory on the upper rivers in Peru as well as in Bolivia and Ecuador, sufficient in extent or area, if properly conserved, not only to supply the future requirements of the earth, but for the entire planetary system as well.

But it may be said there may also be rubber forests in the moon? The practicable business proposition of its accessibility with that of the expensive handling and tedious canoe and long distance river transportation to a sea port, made necessary because of the ruthless destruction of the trees along the available streams, added to the greater difficulty and uncertainty of the labor for collecting and handling, renders this large undeveloped territory practically unavailable under the existing conditions.

The remedy seems to be in the establishment of direct American transportation to the ports of Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador, and the introduction of American steamboats on the smaller affluents.

The governments of those countries stand ready to encourage this by the granting of exclusive privileges and generous concessions, and guaranteeing to protect

the trees from marauders and in addition will also more than meet the United States government half way in the matter of subsidies.

Perhaps the introduction of the Chinese or coolie labor which is well adapted to that region and climate would solve the labor question, the government of Brazil being now in negotiation looking to Chinese immigration to the Amazon.

In this connection it will be well for any prospective investigator to note, that the rubber obtained on the uppermost rivers of Peru and Ecuador is of the second grade known as "caucho," as distinct from the "hevea" or Para found principally on the streams below, though some of the best rubber is found quite a ways up the Ucayali.

There are many peculiarities about rubber aside from its elastic and non-conducting properties both of water and heat (electricity), one of which is that it is found to be indigenous only within a few degrees of the Equator (on swamp) and nearly all comes from the south side of the line. There is but little rubber shipped from the northern tributaries of the Amazon. Probably the cold water of the streams nearest the mountains has an influence on the quality of the product.

The narrative has reached the limit of the principal rubber territory in this direction, which had taken me so far into the interior that I concluded it would be about as easy and quite as comfortable to go on west over the Andes to the Pacific as to undertake the long and tedious return voyage down three thousand miles of the monotonous Amazon.

Being advised also that there were several species of gum or rubber in the foot hills beyond that resembled gutta percha, I decided to "go west young man," risking the dangers unseen rather than those that I had passed through.



Yurrimaguas is the trading centre or depot for the adjacent country. Innumerable canoes bring the products of the forests by the little streams to this point where it is transferred monthly to the "Sabia." It is also the port for the extensive and beautiful Moyabamba and Tarapota valleys which are reached by overland journeys over the first range of the Andes in four to eight days.

The usual route from Yurrimaguas to Moyabamba is by four days canoeing to Balsapote on the small affluent and thence three days tramp over the mountain into the valley of Moyabamba.

On account of some rumors of small-pox among the Indians along that route I was advised to take the longer journey, up the Huallagua to the head of canoeing at the Indian village of Chasuta, thence on foot over the mountain to the valley of Tarapota, a two days' tramp, after which mules were to be had to Moyabamba.

Though the social opportunities of that part of Eastern Peru are quite limited, being confined to the families of the few traders who constitute the select class and the natives and civilized Indians the lower element, I am glad to be able to record that in the household of Don Juan, I found quite as much refine-

ment as we will meet in the same conditions in our own land. Mrs. or Donna Morey, with her sister, Antoinette, busied themselves kindly in looking after comforts during our stay and prepared some delicacies for our trip in the way of provisions which we should enjoy when beyond the reach of civilization.

The traveller from this point on must expect to make all contracts for canoes, mules or Indian guides with a "Don," or principal man of a village, or with the sub-Prefect, if there be one, if not there will always be found a "Governador" of the village, who is usually the chief of the tribe of the Indians inhabiting the district you happen to be in.

While slavery is not recognized in Peru, there exists a system of peonage which in effect is quite as binding as a condition of actual slavery, through the severe law of Peru against the debtor, which happily is seldom enforced to the extent of imprisonment for debt, yet any one who may owe ever so small a sum, becomes practically a prisoner, as the debtor may be prevented leaving the place where it has been incurred without the consent of the creditor.

This law affects all classes and conditions alike, from the trader who sells on credit to the half breed rubber gatherer, who with the expectation of being repaid by supplying the products of his labor in the forests, finds it advantageous to keep his customer always in his debt. There are many ways of securing this end; the poor native whose wants are few, is yet always under obligations to his dealer. He may not change to another dealer as his first creditor holds the lien on his labor, which may, however, be trans-

ferred from one dealer to another, without the consent of the debtor.

The same conditions exist on the haciendas or farms, where the owners or Dons, supply their hands with all their wants, thereby securing their labor continuously, the only contract being the law of the government which the officials and military enforce in favor of the creditor.

When one goes into that country and desires laborers to clear or farm land which may be had for the asking, he cannot advertise for laborers, or expect volunteers to offer, as usually all are peons, but he must apply to the Don of some established hacienda or a trader and negotiate through them and the officials for the transfer of some of their laborers.

The new employer may secure the men he wants, by paying their debts, which is in effect a mere selling of human labor.

It is the same with regard to securing canoes or mules or guides for the trip westward. The traveller must apply to a Don who will contract to furnish canoes and Indian paddlers.

In arranging for my canoe voyage to Chasuta, the head of even canoe traffic on that branch of the Amazon, I was fortunate in enlisting Don Juan's friendly interest in completing the details.

The contract price for canoes, which includes a quota of from four to six Indian paddlers, is at the rate of five soles per day, or about two and a half dollars in American silver or gold. The Indians furnish their own provisions and cook that which the traveller has brought along, attending to his every want, the

handing of a drink of water, and the putting in his little camp bed at night, and where necessary the carrying of the passenger on their backs from the canoe to the shore.

It is better to secure an outfit at Iquitos though it may be supplied at Yurrimaguas. This should consist of a folding camp bed or net hammock with mosquito netting, a rubber poncho for protection from rains, and other blankets, a few cooking utensils, for a stew, fry, and making of coffee, and if the canoeist is a sportman, a Winchester rifle, shot gun, a supply of well secured ammunition and fishing lines and nets. It might be better to have a muzzle loading gun, in case fixed ammunition becomes damaged by moisture and a supply cannot be obtained after leaving the last point. The fishing tackle is not of so much consequence, as the Indian will catch all that are needed with the spear and simple appliances he has learned to use. It is well to note that beyond this point there is no bread or flour. Bananas which are plentiful are the bread of the country and fish the meat. The Winchester and shot guns may be useful in practicing on alligators in the rivers or the hunting of wild turkeys and other game in the forest.

As a veteran somewhat familiar with roughing it in the war, as a cavalryman, and later in our west, I contented myself with the fewest possible articles. Most campers and travellers in out of the way places encumber themselves with all sorts of useless things that are generally thrown away after the first day or so out. It is on the mountain trails after the canoes have been abandoned, when everything portable goes on the back

of an Indian that the "Carga" is reduced to the minimum.

Recently a gentleman of an English scientific society, desiring to make this trip wrote me for information on this point, saying he desired to complete his outfit before leaving London. My reply was to the effect that it was not a question as to what he required, but rather as to what he could do without, that all necessary equipment could be obtained on the ground.

From Yurrimaguas the journey across the continent may be reduced to a question of sixty to ninety days, at ten dollars a day. It may be accomplished at less, but I would not undertake it without expecting to spend this amount on numerous incidental delays.

From an experience I would say, that any person possessed of a good constitution and a disposition to adapt himself to circumstances, willing to try to circumvent, rather than to override obstacles, can make the journey in safety and take away curios and experience worth the outlay, with plenty of incident and adventure thrown in without extra cost.

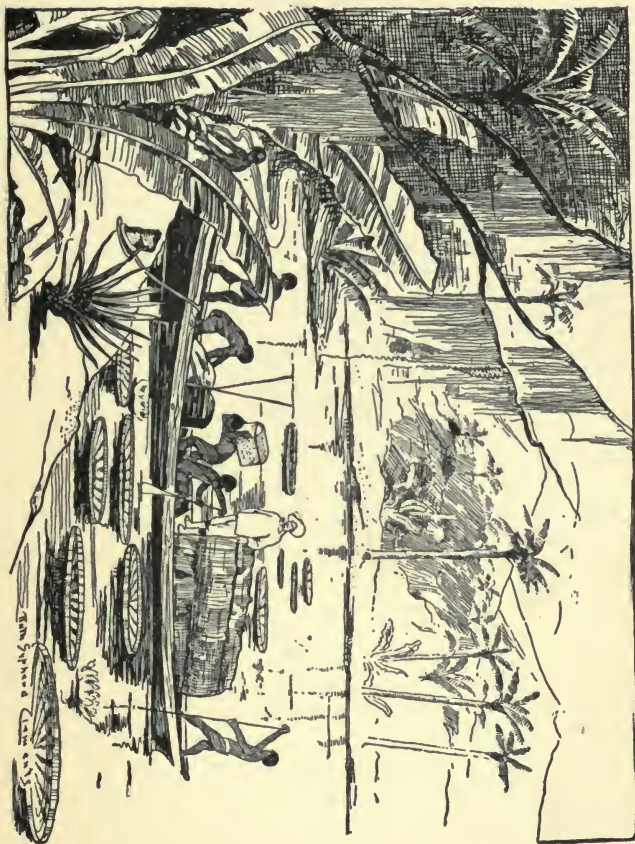
Since Humboldt quite a number of scientists have crossed the continent at this point publishing their observations, among the most interesting being that of Prof. Orton, of Cornell and Columbia. This is also a favorite field for the "naturalista," as the bug hunter and butterfly chaser are called.

Don Juan secured for me a quota of the best Indian canoeists, the chief or steersman being an old weather beaten chap who took quite a fancy to me, probably because I had supplied him well with "cachasa," or Don Juan had filled him up with exaggerated notions

of my importance as "Consul Americano." He was always around me, ready to jump to do my bidding and as he was also a good cook, I was well supplied.

I was induced to take along as an Indian interpreter, a half breed Ecuadorian from the River Napo, whose father had been an Englishman and his mother an Indian. When a boy he learned something of his father's tongue, but preserved all the stupidity and treachery of the Indian. Like most of the half breeds he was conceited and overbearing with the Indians, his knowledge of pigeon English being considered quite an accomplishment that admitted him into closer relations with the white. He was quite large and lubberly with stooped shoulders, round face, expressionless eyes, a hook nose, high cheek bones, never speaking without a grin that exposed great tusks for teeth. This description is made because from this out he appears as one of the characters of the narrative, who caused me a great deal of trouble and some amusement. An Indian interpreter is an expensive encumbrance and not at all necessary where one can speak a little Spanish. One does not need or care to do much talking on a trip of this kind. The Indians all seem to understand ones wants by the simplest signs. They do not speak the Spanish, each tribe having a distinct dialect, but all Indians know their universal language of the Inca, the "Queecha" which is recognized from Atlantic to Pacific and from Mexico to Chili.

Amazonian canoeing is perhaps as nearly complete as the necessities and the experience of centuries can make it. In what is known as "Fluvial Amazonas" or bajo Amazonas, the low lands below the Cordilleras,



CANOING ON THE UPPER AMAZON.

within an area of a thousand miles, everything goes by canoe and in the mountain region by mule. There is not a wagon wheel in all that country. The natives have never seen a cart or vehicle of any description. I imagine a man on a bicycle would be dreaded as a supernatural being from another world, while an automobile would stampede the wild animals. All transportation goes by canoes, or the backs of the Indians or mules each carrying about the same "carga," and there is not much choice between the two. Most of the well-to-do Dons have their fancy canoes fitted up for private use as gondolas, as buggies and carriages in which they are propelled rapidly by Indians on business or social visits.

The canoes, or as they sound it "kan-oah," are made from the large trunks of the red cedar tree (pronounced "see-dra"), a very hard wood abounding in the forests, almost as valuable as West India mahogany. In general appearance they are alike except that some are longer than others and of course some are newer, but all are constructed after the same model of the great grandfather Indian, who with his little hatchet cut the first tree and dug out his little boat.

The canoe selected for me was forty feet in length and about three feet in width at the widest part. The bow or "proa" for about four feet, rises or slopes up from the water's edge to a point, which like the stern is solid in the making. An Indian canoe has the one advantage over our modern boats, they never leak, the floor being dry except from rains or the drippings of the paddles or poles. For the long journey the Indians rigged my canoe with a cabin in the after part leaving

space for the steersman to stand to pole or steer by looking over the "rameda" as it is called, which was say eight feet long and sufficiently high to admit of sitting on the floor in an upright position. It was intended more as a protection from the sun, during the naps or sleeps, of the long hot hours when the Indians paddled monotonously or rocked to sleep with their poles, in shallow water.

A "rameda" is a picturesque part of a canoe, being constructed of the bent withes which give a round top or oval shaped roof. It is covered with thatched matting made from the long green leaves of the pretty palm, called by the Indians "shipace" or in the Spanish "tagua," the same from which vegetable ivory is obtained. These leaves are so closely woven together that they afford protection from rain and also are a good non-conductor from the fierce rays of a tropical sun. Inside of the rameda a floor of bamboo slats were laid on cross pieces making quite a springy dry surface a little above the bottom. Over this was spread a mat of camphor leaves making not only a comfortable but a sweet smelling bed, using my blankets for a pillow.

In front of the rameda, leaving just enough room to stand upright and stretch my legs and look around, the Indians had placed my trunk, an encumbrance I would advise no follower to bring to that region. Mine was a tin or covered box, such as are necessary in some cases, for preservation of the contents from the insects that would soon eat through an ordinary American trunk. It fitted snugly inside the middle of the canoe, the oval or round top reaching above the sides making

a comfortable seat to straddle with the edges of the canoe for stirrups.

The usual complement of Indians for a canoe of forty feet is four to six, according to the speed required. These are always in the front as close to the bow as they can get and when paddling sit on the edge of each side of the canoe bare headed and bare legged, perfectly content, either in a broiling sun or a torrent of rain. The steersman stands erect in the stern, paddling or polling first on one side and then on the other, shouting his directions to the chattering paddlers in front in terse language that might be interesting if it were possible to translate literally.

The paddles are always short and in various shapes, but all resembling the palm leaf; the broader part or blade perhaps eighteen inches long and six to eight inches in width, tapering to a point that enters the water. The handle is just long enough to admit of the Indian putting one hand on top, thrusting the blade straight into the water, which he draws back with a quick stroke, lifting it with a sudden twirl for another thrust. They repeat these short quick strokes all day long, from their uncomfortable seats on the edge of the canoe without any perceptible alteration in the stroke or a change in the expression of their stolid countenances, except when their sharp eyes detect wild game on the edges of the forest or the sands on the shore show some trail.

It is possible to tell the location and tribe of an Indian by the shape of the paddles. There are numerous paddles that are of value to collectors because of the story cut or figured on them by the owners. It has

been a fad with me to collect paddles from all the canoeists of the rivers I have visited.

When starting from Yurrimaguas, we were escorted to the river bank by the principal citizens of the town headed by the Prefect, the Padre being along to extend his blessing, while all united with hearty good will to "speed the parting guest." As the canoe shot into the stream each lifted his hat in a salute that I gratefully and sorrowfully acknowledged, from my standing position in the canoe. Just before we disappeared in a bend of the river a last view of the town showed the waving handkerchiefs of the ladies of Don Juan's house.

Canoeing on the upper Amazon with only Indian boatmen for companions is a more delightful experience than may be imagined or described. We paddled along in the quiet solitudes on the shady side of the clear waters of the Huallagua. The canoe, except for the paddles, glided almost noiselessly along under the overhanging tropical forest trees, our appearance scarcely disturbing the numerous birds, but seemingly to agitate the monkeys that chatter in the trees.

We camp early in the evening on the sandy shores, or on a bar which the Indians select, because it may be a good place for fishing. After the preparing of a supper and putting the passenger in his little bed under the three forked sticks over and around which the mosquito netting is spread, the Indians mysteriously disappear, which caused me some uneasiness until the Napo told me they were out fishing. We sleep sweetly by the sound of the rippling water over the rocky bed, accompanied by the shriek of the wild night birds

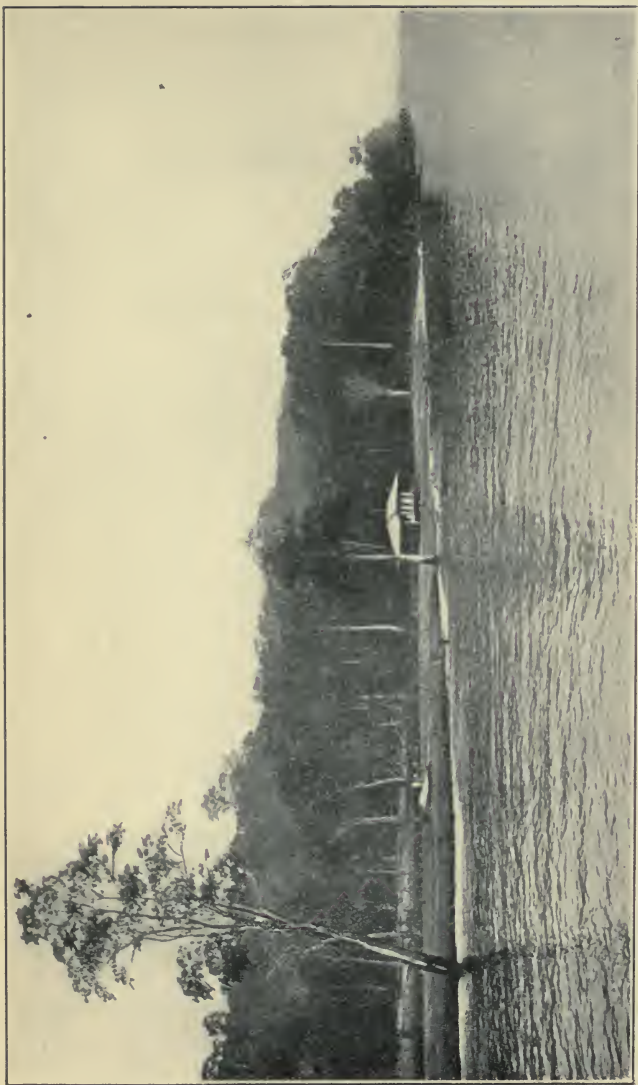
in the forest, or the howl of a jaguar coming down to the water to drink and finding his track obstructed by a smouldering fire; but perhaps the most disagreeable of the noises is the grunt of an alligator who has been attracted to the spot by the scent of provisions. My slumbers were disturbed more by the horrible snoring of the Napo interpreter who persisted in sleeping near me, to which I did not object as long as the noises in the forest caused me nervousness.

The Amazon mosquito is altogether more troublesome than the tigers, one will attack fearlessly and relentlessly and make the flesh sore, while the tiger runs away at the sight of a man. Mosquitoes on certain parts of the rivers are a terror even to the Indians. In later experiences I have known of strong men crying like children in the night, because they will disobey instructions and bring punishment on themselves by uncovering.

It is comforting to know that after a few days of canoeing we get to the altitudes of the upper Amazon where mosquitoes are unknown.

During the days my favorite position en route was astride my trunk, rocking along as if riding an immense marine animal up the Amazon. To the consternation of the steersman who stood in the stern, I came near falling off my sea-horse, several times, when he would give the canoe a sudden lurch with his pole or paddle. To his pantomimic gestures to get inside the ramedá, I laughed, braced myself, and with an umbrella in one hand and a fan in the other, told him to drive on.

It may seem ludicrous but it is a fact that I rode during the first days on this marine mount, not only



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with an umbrella and a fan, but wearing a pair of fine kid gloves. One was required as protection from the sun, the fan being necessary to keep away a great pest of that particular part of the river in the summer season, known as "monte blanca" or sand flies. These move about, not like mosquitoes, but in clouds by day in encountering which the little pests would penetrate nostrils, mouth, ears and eyes. They are little, but O, so numerous and nasty, each leaving a sore as large as their body. As a protection from these pests I wore the gloves and vigorously waved my fan. Later I improvised a havelock of mosquito netting which I wore as a curtain to the rim of a straw hat, a negligee shirt with a red cord and tassel, a Stanley belt, worn in those lands as a protection from dysentery and bowel troubles, and a pair of white trousers all the way across without change, but a full supply of underwear and change of shoes is necessary in case of rain. I found a pair of English field boots that lace over the ankle to be very useful as a protection from the innumerable ticks or insects of the forests, especially the pest known as "moqueen," an invisible tick that swarms on every blade of grass and that gets on to the ankle where it deposits eggs which the warmth of the body brings to life under the skin, causing festering sores that are very troublesome and sometimes dangerous.

I have been careful to mention all the disadvantages and discomforts that may be expected on the trip, which are confined to the region below the altitudes of the Cordilleras. The usual remedy or preventive is a simple wash or bath of cachasa, or the rum of the country.

In general terms it may be stated that the healthfulness of this upper Amazon is decidedly better than the lower, there being no yellow fever and it may be added that the forests produce in the greatest abundance the remedies that may be required, the proper use of which even the Indians understand and practice.

There started on the same day with us a canoe containing the young girl consumptive passenger on the "Sabia" whose brother was taking her in this tedious way to the mountains with a view of prolonging her life. On the second day out he passed us, being in greater haste, but as is the custom we were courteously hailed, the two canoes coming alongside while the young Spaniard and the Americano shook hands, the sick girl lying in her rameda scarcely able to lift her head, in a cheerful way whispered "salute senor" as we took a sip of wine, offered by the brother to her better health, it being the universal "custombre" as they say, to pass this loving cup to strangers.

That evening as our canoeists were paddling along after dark, in order to reach a certain bar on which to camp where the fishing would be good, our Spanish friend being ahead, had located his camp in a hut on a little bluff on the edge of the forest hailed me courteously urging me to camp with him. I accepted the invitation, ordering the Indians much against their will, to stop, and I would observe in passing that it is always best to allow the Indians to select the camps. I slept in the house near the sick girl and by her labored breathing and coughing, I feared she would die before morning.

The luggage and provisions amongst which were some

live chickens, being left in the canoe, the steersman, Lucas, was directed to sleep there to protect them from the other canoeists, who were moored alongside. In the morning, Lucas told in his serious way that was really comical, how a big alligator smelling the provisions or attracted by the fluttering of the live chickens, had tried to get into the canoe, but he remarked in his broken English and Spanish with gestures to fit, "there was not big nuf place for jackree and me hit im bad with paddle." Later in the night his rest was further disturbed by an owl that was determined to get at the chickens, so he sat up and fought "zan-gudas" as the mosquito is called, until almost daybreak when he made our early coffee a little earlier than usual, serving first the sick girl as tenderly as a woman.

Indian canoeists are of a child-like nature performing their tedious and laborious tasks all day in the hot sun in a cheerful and as happy a way as boys on a picnic, and instead of seeking rest they will go into the water waist deep to catch fish, which with bananas seem to be their only food. It was a pleasure to me to divide with them from my abundant stores, which is one of the kindnesses an Indian appreciates more than money. An Indian will excel the whites in many things peculiar to forest life but in nothing more than the skill of kindling a fire quickly, even out of wet wood on a wet bar or a rocky shore. As soon as the canoe puts its nose on the banks the Indians scatter like a lot of pheasants but soon return, each with a bundle of sticks. It is not necessary to give any directions, they perform this task as a matter of course and they have a small fire started while the white man is standing around wonder-

ing what is to be done, when it rains and the wood is all wet. An Indian always makes a little fire that he can almost sit over, as they say, "White man dam fool, make heap big fire and can't get near him."

They also kill and prepare and cook a chicken quickly, make a good cup of coffee or cacao and serve it to the "Padrone" who sits gloomily on a log, probably cussing the natives because there is not a menu card and napkins. They also prepare the camp beds, spreading the mosquito netting over the three-forked sticks and while the traveller rests the Indians are fishing, lying down on a few leaves under a blanket to sleep, but jump up with alacrity when the wild turkeys call them at five o'clock, when they make early coffee, pack up and are ready to start at daylight as fresh on the last day as on the first. Just how Indians thrive so well, performing such laborious tasks daily on a diet of plantain and fish for less than fifty cents a day each is one of the curious things of the Land of To-Morrow, but they accomplish their tasks cheerfully and with more alacrity than the Spaniard or half breed. The reader who may follow the narrative will find that this has been the experience all the way across, there being less to contend with in the far interiors than on the edge of civilization.

During the days of the canoeing up stream my favorite position was astride of my trunk amidships, where under the protection of an umbrella, gloves and have-lock, I rode the Amazon monster like a sea-horse. A canoe is like a log in more ways than one, and it is quite easy to practice "rolling off a log" that is floating in the water. To maintain the centre of gravity, I

parted my hair in the middle which with the kid gloves, silk umbrella and eye glasses, gave the "Padrone" quite a ludicrous appearance. The paddlers glanced back at me curiously grunting their comments when a sudden lurch would compel the imitation of some tight rope balancing act with the umbrella in air as a balance.

It was my habit where the shore was hard or sandy to jump out of the canoe, when close to the shore, to the consternation of the Indians who were suddenly shaken up by the spring that rocked the canoe violently, looking at my running ahead along the shore for exercise as if I were attempting to escape from them. Sometimes one of the paddlers, discovering the tracks indicating a deposit of turtle eggs, would also take to the bank suddenly running along with his paddle as if after an imaginary enemy, at which exhibition of agility it was my turn to be surprised, until he would as suddenly stop in his track and begin to dig with his paddle and paw with his hands, like a dog that had run a rat into a hole, and unearth a peck or so of turtle eggs. The Amazon turtle is one of the numerous big things that inhabit the waters, but like the Amazon porpoise or hog fish and alligator, is not good food. The turtle eggs, however, are used by the natives. They are about the size of duck eggs having a tough skin instead of a shell, which must be carefully removed before eating. They are quite tough, but we managed to digest them by the free use of salt. The Indian can detect the "signs" in the sand as easily as the trails in the forest. After a first experience in hunting for turtle eggs, it was my habit to keep a lookout too and

on discovering a sign, leap ashore and have a lively foot race up the bank to the great amusement of the old steersman who seemed to pick the padrone as the favorite.

I was fond of visiting all the huts in the several villages of the Indians located on the banks of the rivers, usually contiguous to a banana plantation, from whom we could get a supply of hen eggs or chickens, in exchange for some trifling novelty. The appearance of a white man in the dress of our choice seemed to afford the younger Indians considerable amusement, the older being anxious to barter for our soiled linen and colored handkerchiefs and especially neckties and the more practical things like ammunition, knives, scissors, and five cent jewelry, small mirrors and gaudy prints.

If I had been coming home instead of going the other direction, I might have bought a canoe load of the rare curios offered me in exchange for novelties. There were bows and arrows of various sizes and makes intended for small boy Indians and the strong brave, but the most interesting was the blow gun, a long tube of bamboo, through which they can send a dart, made from a sharp brier trimmed with small pin feathers or a species of wild cotton which give it force and direction. These are accompanied with a "poison bag" into which they can dip the points of a dart just before or as they may desire to use it. This poison is so deadly in its effects that it is said it will kill an ox in half an hour and is always fatal where the dart penetrates a living thing. I saw one used on a venturesome monkey that was about to spring from one limb to

another, but dropped dead almost in the position he was struck by the quiet but effective little missile. One naturally wonders that assassins or scientific murderers do not avail of these sudden and quiet methods of putting objectionable people out of the way, without incurring the inconvenient noise and ugly wounds of a gunshot. There are also numerous articles for preparing food, with innumerable stone and other implements of the men, while the women have in use curious appliances for spinning and weaving the wool of the wild goat out of which they make clothing and blankets of appropriate design, and colored from dyewoods of the forests.

CHAPTER XI.



CANOEING just before the dawn of an Equatorial sunrise on the upper Amazon is an exhilarating delight only to be realized in that latitude. All the days are alike, warm, and at times rather too oppressive for comfort in this respect and from the luxuriant foliage may be compared to an imaginary existence in a glass conservatory in our climate, that is warmed and watered artificially to create the same growth on a diminutive scale that is enjoyed by all out of doors in the Land of To-Morrow, where the only covering for an area of thousands of miles is the clear blue sky, warmed by the sun, which like a fierce electrical ball, seems to be quite too close to that part of the earth at midday, and but for the frequent and grateful rains, would burn the surface into a desert land. Like the conservatories when the fires are allowed to get low, it is rather humid and cool at night.

When the sun dips behind the Andes, it soon becomes dark in Amazonia, there being no twilights. Even if there were opportunities the tired canoeist would not feel disposed towards sky-larking "in the gloaming" of an Equatorial forest with tigers, boas and all sorts of queer life. He allows his Indian guides to "put him in his little bed," where he may sleep sweetly under the canopy of overhanging palm trees, the night birds shrieking their alarm. while the wild animals that

come down to drink, scenting the camp, run off grunting their indignation at the intrusion into their quiet solitude.

It is in the early morning after such refreshing sleep, when tired nature is completely restored, that the explorer may properly enjoy a canoe ride on the upper Amazon, gliding along by the dawn's early light, so smoothly and noiselessly that the dip of the Indian paddlers or the clatter of the steersman's pole as he changes from side to side, scarcely disturbs the hundreds of birds of rich plumage on the edge of the water catching the early fish, or drowns the songs and screeches of parrots that come from the branches of trees hanging over the banks.

At this early hour all animal life is awake, and the senses keener than at other times, none more so than that of sight, even in the dim daylight.

The monotonous foliage of the lower rivers is not met with to such an extent on the upper rivers where the growth is more variegated, but equally as dense. The muddy banks about Yurrimaguas change to undulating green hills with more agreeable gravelly and sometimes rocky shores, the muddy water gradually becoming clearer, because of the numerous clear streams from the mountains that enter the main river.

The air is clear and at times so rarified as to create optical illusions. We were for five days within sight of the first range or foot hills of the Andes, and though a canoe paddles along up stream from daylight until almost twilight or sundown, making very good time, the distance covered depending upon the currents, apparently this blue mountain was as far off

each day as it had been the preceding. The rivers are very crooked, some days we paddled along for hours with the mountain directly behind us, as if we were going in a direction directly opposite, though we realized that our objective point was the gap pointed out by the steersman, as the Pongo or gateway in the mountain, through which we must go to reach our destination.

The custom of the Indian canoeist is to make a start as soon after daybreak begins to appear as possible, going an hour or two before a stop is made for coffee. Several times, the currents or other difficulties delayed our reaching a good place for coffee until so late in the morning that my stomach rebelled against their substitute of a calabash of the aguadiente cocktail, and thereafter that I might more fully enjoy the early ride under the stimulating influence of a cup of coffee, I ordered it prepared before we should leave the night's camp.

It is difficult to make an Indian understand that it is possible to change any of their customs. My missionary efforts to convince them that it was easier, saving both time and labor, to collect from the previous evening's camp fire, sufficient dry wood to start another in the same place, was not appreciated. They would rather go off leaving smouldering coals to some other point miles distant, and start a fire of damp wood, simply because it was their custom. They cheerfully obey orders of one whom they think a superior, but looked askance at me in this matter and humored me because I did not know any better. The "Americano" was a continual source of surprise to old Lucas,

the steersman and guide. One morning while blowing a previous night's coals into life as I had directed, he watched me curiously as I was pacing up and down the bank, muttering between every breath in his own tongue, his terse comments which my lazy Napo interpreter from his blankets heard and translated to me later.

"That's the funniest white man ever heard." Blow, blow, blow, punching up the embers with his fingers.

"Gits up in the night to drink coffee" (referring to my early rising). Here he burnt his fingers while watching me, and swearing in Indian tongue with his fingers in his mouth, continued: "And he eats eggs before the turkeys are awake."

Indians tell the hour of the night by the songs of certain birds. The wild turkeys, which are very numerous in that land, with unerring accuracy announce the approach of daylight at half past five as reliably as a chronometre. Probably the fact that the sun rises and sets at precisely the same hour every day of the year under the Equator enables the natives to have certain signs and the birds regular habits.

The guides act as personal servants, waiting upon the traveller in a cheerful manner. At the slightest intimation they will take a cup and dart through the bushes to find a drink of clear water in places where the stranger would not be able to find it. While I was eating they would disappear or busy themselves with their own food. I could never induce them to take coffee with me, but after finishing they would thankfully take anything offered. These trifling matters are of importance to travellers through that region.

I was tempted to teach Lucas an imitation of the "pusse cafe," which I had picked up in Paris cafes, where it is the custom to put a bit of cognac in coffee. In this case substituting cachasa, or native rum, for French brandy which is at least purer and inexpensive, Lucas thought the mixture of hot black coffee, sugar and cachasa or "cassy" as they call it, was the best thing he ever tasted. I felt guilty of having taught my Indians a bad habit, that might in the end be as disastrous as that of the dutiful nephews who taught their uncle to make mint julips, which was the cause of his death, the grave being kept green by spontaneous growth of mint, only in this case the warm climate and soil would germinate cane and coffee whenever an Indian was planted.

The custom is to stop in the midday for a few hours to rest and prepare breakfast, which even with the savages is a noon meal. We usually halted under the shade of overhanging trees from ten till two, during the hot hours. While I enjoyed a siesta on the grass or a blanket spread on the ground, the entire crowd of Indians, undressed and plunged into the water, their copper colored skins and perfectly formed bodies exposed to a sun that would have blistered the cheek of an American newspaper man and caused a model artist blushes.

I carried but three cooking utensils, a small porcelain lined pan for frying eggs and fish, a two gallon pot for boiling rice and stewing chickens or game, and a small tin coffee pot, and as a special favor to myself, a silver fork. On starting my larder consisted of a bag of biscuit, the size of a roll, calculating one for

each meal for self and Napo, plenty of coffee and sugar, and the only tinned or canned article that is desirable, a dozen or so of sardines, a bag of salt and a bottle of lard. The oil from the sardines is good dressing for boiled plantains or bananas. I had also some claret for my own use which may be considered as much of a necessity as anything else, especially in the lower part of the river where the drinking water may be unpalatable and dangerous. After the mountain



A BANANA PLANTATION ON THE UPPER AMAZON

streams are reached the water is of the best quality.

The Indians will get along on anything. As previously stated their principal diet is fish and plantains or the red skin bananas, which are used for cooking instead of the yellow skin banana, on which they thrive wonderfully. There is no cost for these articles of diet to which the native may help himself in the forest or stream.

The plantain is "cultivated" in about the same way that a neglected or abandoned orchard may be said to be cultivated. A rough clearing is made anywhere, each about two acres in extent, over which the plants are roughly "set out" from the stock found all over the land. They grow rapidly without any care or attention whatever, bearing abundantly and reproducing themselves. These banana plantations or "chacras" as they are called, are scattered along the banks of all the rivers, frequently far from the habitations of Indian or native. The rule or law of the river is, that anybody may help themselves, there being always sufficient to supply the wants of the Indian canoeist who go up and down, knowing where to find the supply. The monkeys and tigers and numerous wild beasts also know where to come for their daily bread, which fact enables the Indian to also add some meat to his supplies, by trapping or killing the game that is attracted to the feeding grounds.

At long intervals places are reached where the chacra is protected by a few Indian families living in huts of bamboo, where chickens, ducks, pigs or eggs may be had. We stopped at many such huts to be innocently told that they had no chickens "because the tigers had come for them first:"

Of bread made from wheat flour, there is none to be had in all the region beyond steam navigation, which brings the American flour to the trading centres at Iquitos and Yurrimagas.

The bread of the country is the plantain and the yucca, which is a root from the pulp or inside of which tapioca and mandioca meals are made. It is

more generally used as we use the potato, which it resembles somewhat in mellowness and sweet flavor that the plantain does not possess. A flour or paste is made from the yucca root from which bread or cakes are baked in the ashes, which for solidity resembles a German pretzel of mature age.

Some of the Indians may be called "dirt eaters," as they use certain kinds of earth which they mix with fish and fry in the fat of the alligator, making a johnny cake which I imagine to be as unpalatable as a dog biscuit.

I have eaten of monkey flesh, merely tasted it once and perhaps for the horrible smell I might have enjoyed more of it, being hungry, but it partook too much of cannibalism. The flesh of the monkey is quite dark, indeed the blood of the one I saw before it was peeled and cooked looked so black that I thought it had been too long killed, but being assured it was quite fresh, I allowed myself to be helped to a part of the forearm.

There are many kinds of monkeys, the only kind being desirable as food has long forearms which is the only part that even an Indian will gnaw. This is an actual experience and I have talked with others who substantiate the statement that monkeys are regularly used for food in certain sections, and parrots are common game birds.

Of course, one would not select "monkey legs" from a menu card from preference, most persons preferring animal life not so closely related to the human form divine, but the difficulties are great, there being no butcher shops or corner grocers in Amazonian forests.

The fastidious traveller in "The Land of To-Morrow" who may be a chronic growler at home, may be glad to try a bit of monkey with a banana fritter fried in alligator fat to brace himself for a day's travel in search of game.

There are cannibal Indians on some of the upper tributaries of the Amazon. On the Ucayali is a tribe known as the Cashibos or Cassibos, who inherit the bad taste of their ancestors of eating their enemies. Official reports of the Peruvian government just previous to my visit, will show a recent instance of the practice. A young Frenchman who had become an officer in their army, being one of an expedition sent out on the Ucayali, was with a companion inveigled from their boat into the forest and murdered. The pursuit developed the fact that their bodies had been mutilated and the captive Cassibos admitted that parts of the bodies had been eaten by them.

I interviewed a descendent of a Cassibo who admitted to me that he had partaken of the flesh of enemies while he was with his tribe, but had since reformed and cultivated a taste for young monkeys and alligators. Closer questioning revealed the information that the choice morsel of a white man was his hands, probably on the hypothesis that pigs feet are the dainty part of swine. This is one phase of the newspaper interviewer's enterprise that has the merit of original research, but one can scarcely hold the pen steady while writing an interview with a real cannibal who prefers picking finger bones to beefsteak.

My Indians were content with picking fish bones. They carry along a large earthen pot which they fill

with peeled bananas or plantains, placing on the top a half peck of uncleaned fish. When the plantains are boiled soft, and the fish warmed up, all squat in a circle about the fire, keeping the pot boiling by punching up the embers with their fingers. In the darkness of a tropical night this scene under a palm tree overhanging the dark water, the savage features of the Indians lighted by the fire and the effect heightened by the smoke becomes weirdly dramatic, reminding one of the witch scene in Macbeth, and is scarcely conducive to sweet repose when one realizes that under provocation or in other conditions the Indians might conclude to make a meal of their Padrone and in that case the last resting place would not even be marked.

A plantain roasted is like a last year's sweet potato that has lost its substance through a drying process, and a banana is good enough for dessert at home, but sitting down to a bushel of them boiled causes the stomach to rebel. I was frequently reminded of a comic character in the play, whose sole business was to come on with both hands pressed to his stomach, making wry faces while repeating in a voice half choked with an imaginary banana, "Oh, oh, I'll never eat another banana," after a gulp continuing in a drawling tone, "never as-long-as-I-live, n-e-v-e-r."

I never partake of "monkey food" when in civilized countries. Through mistaken kindness to my Indians I was early initiated into the use of bananas and monkeys as food, by being too liberal, forgetting that each day I was going further from my base of supplies and should have economized. I think, too,

the big Indian interpreter who had been entrusted with the care of the provisions, appropriated more than his share. He had a tremendous appetite and was always nibbling at the bread that he carried in his pockets. He blamed the Indians for stealing, but I think this was provoked by jealousy of Lucas and a cunning desire to protect himself.

It may be recorded to the credit of these Peruvian Indians that they do not steal from the traveller, in their care, whatever they may do amongst themselves. Valuable cargoes are entrusted to them alone by the traders, who say they have never lost anything entrusted to the pure blood Indian. It is admitted that those who have the white blood in their veins are the black sheep of their flocks. It is conceded also that there is relatively more virtue among the wild women of the forest than exists among the half breeds of civilized life.

* * *

In four days paddling up the stream we reached the beginning of the "rocks" as they call the rapids, from whence the Indians propelled our canoe along the eddies by the use of long poles, which they used standing, handling them as dextrously as they did paddles.

A half dozen Indians in their semi-dress, standing in the front of a canoe, gracefully poling in exact cadence on both sides, the tall steersman in the stern, looking sharply ahead, forms a very picturesque scene, reminding one of the old fashioned pictures of the Sunday school books illustrating a fleet of cannibal savages attacking a visiting or stranded ship.

The water becomes clearer and though the current is

greater we get along more rapidly than when paddling, as the long poles grinding on the gravelly bottom seems to give us greater propelling power than paddles.

In the early evening the Indians being tired I consented to an early stop at a point indicated by them as desirable for fishing. In looking for turtle eggs on the bar, we found tracks that showed it was the path of the large wild beasts who came down from the forest at night to drink. It was not exactly comforting to place one's bed across tigers' tracks, but as navigation was considered more dangerous at night than tigers' lairs, I submitted and slept quite peacefully. I heard tigers often but want to record that I never saw any. I did not want to see any. I was not hunting tigers or other big game. If desired we might have seen them, though the Indians say they are difficult to find as they run off at the approach of man.

Desiring to reach a relay point on another evening, where we were to get another canoe, the Indians poled hard against the current all day. I did not understand till afterwards that I had misplaced my sympathy, learning when ashore that the incentive was not so much a desire to please me as to reach a point where there was a distillery of the native rum of the country. Our supply had been exhausted for two days and they made me believe they were getting weak. They can get on without bananas or fish, but a supply of "cassy" or aguadiente is a prime necessity.

We stopped close to a bunch of thatch covered huts which resembled the usual Indian village near which would be found the casa of the Spanish or half breed Don as the manager and boss. Strolling up the

gravelly beach, sunburnt, tired and partly ragged, expecting to find only the usual surroundings of an Amazon gin mill, I was quite taken aback by the appearance of a couple of young *senoritas*, neatly attired in white gowns, lounging in hammocks on the porch of a large straggling *casa* facing the water, the cabins in the rear forming quite a little settlement. Though it was a surprise to me, we had evidently been expected, there being some methods of communication amongst Indians in the forest, that is quite as effective as wireless telegraphy, the approach of a stranger being always known, no matter how carefully it may be guarded.

Approaching the house, tipping a fifty cent straw hat, an exposing uncombed hair, with an embarrassed grin spread over an unshaven face and some nervousness about mud stains on my white trousers, I was welcomed in Spanish by the Don, Arievalo, and the Donna Mercedes, his wife, and introduced to the two charming daughters, Dolores and Hercilar, as the "*Consul Americano*," which designation they certainly did not learn from me. I have given the proper names of all I have mentioned in this narrative with a view to reference as well as to acknowledge my obligations for courtesies and kindly hospitality.

I had intended going on three hours beyond and though it was early in the afternoon, I suddenly succumbed to exhaustion and meekly asked permission to camp on their bar. All joined in a vigorous protest, the Don commanding that I make his house my own for the time being, the donna and *senoritas* uniting in their happy way of offering hospitality.

As it was a distillery famed for good eachasa the Indians were glad to see I had dropped into their trap and prepared for a night of jollification. I did the honors for them by buying a liberal quantity of rum which they at once drank, becoming gloriously drunk. I was afraid they might go off with my canoe and valuables, but the Don assured me there was no danger as the drunken Indian is an honest Indian, and though acting very wild when full of rum, they do not disturb property in their care.

The Indians associated with those of the place and had a jolly good time to themselves on the bar, without at all disturbing a delightful evening on the porch in the society of the ladies and the Don. The younger senorita Dolores had but recently returned to this her home, from a school in Para, and was cheerfully occupying the dull hours in teaching the numerous half naked children of her father's twenty-five families of peons the rudiments from the Spanish text books. The elder sister busied herself in instructing the older women in weaving and the making of clothing.

Nearly the entire village was engaged during certain hours in the work connected with the gin mill, a crude affair roughly constructed for pressing the juice from the cane that grows wild in that land. The operation of the mill required the use of considerable water and as there was no higher source of supply convenient, and no pipes or means of forcing it, the supply was obtained by making a line of children from the river to the mill which passed water in gourds in a constant stream from the river up several hundred feet to the mill. Some of the young girls who carried water on their

heads in the earthen jars were quite pretty and all were graceful and well formed.

We enjoyed a comfortable dinner of fish and game, seated around the table with the family, waited upon by young half breed girls who were too well bred to exhibit any curiosity about the guest, a white face they had never seen before, accepting gracefully the little trinkets offered them. Later in the evening the two sisters sang for us to the guitar accompaniment a sweet good-bye song, with their black eyes adding expression to the music.

We were urged to stay for a fortnight, the donna promising to accompany us at that time, with Dolores, as far as the donna's former home in the village of Moyabamba, several days' travel whence we were bound. In early morning I reluctantly bade them adios, hoping to meet them later in Moyabamba, our Indians none the less active after their jamboree were ready to proceed at daylight as usual.

We took our coffee on the fifth day at Quillocaca, the relay point, where there is another extensive hacienda and a large distillery, the property of Don Delgado, of Yurrimaguas, from whom I had letters of introduction addressed to "Donna Maria," requesting a renewal of canoes and Indians with supplies for a continuance of our journey; also an endorsement of myself to the hospitalities of her establishment. From the business tone of this letter I had pictured Donna Maria as of the regulation Spanish type of the donna, a robust woman of fifty or sixty in a shiny black dress, an imposing personage, who would be bristling with interrogation points as to what I was after in this part

of her country anyway, and who would in a strictly business like way charge me liberally for all she gave up.

The casa or house of Quillocaca is situate on a bluff in a grove of tropical trees, the vines from the undergrowth reaching down over the bank to the edge of the clear fast running water of the Huallagua, so close to the mountain that we can feel the coolness from the shadows when the sun gets over to the west. Winding indifferently up the crooked path toward the house, determining in my own mind to hurry up the old donna that I might get started further on my way without delay perhaps with a lingering regret at having left Dolores so soon, I approached the boss Indian of the place giving him my letters for the donna, with a demand to hurry up. Sitting down resignedly to await the usual delay which every one must experience in the Land of To-Morrow, I had opportunity to observe that of the numerous haciendas I had visited, this one appeared to be the cleanest and best and looked as if managed with order and system. The Napo interpreter who always insisted on accompanying me on these visits of inspection, but whose presence I sometimes resented, was at my side and not feeling kindly I was expressing my views in a loud voice to the effect that the principal business or product of the country was cachsa and babies.

At every stopping place I found the gin mill, and clustered around chewing on the refuse or pressed cane were the dozens of nude copper colored youngsters. The interpreter with that exasperating grin, that always made me feel like throwing something at him,

signified that there was someone listening. On glancing around I was astonished to see an apparition in black standing in the doorway in the form of a pretty lady smiling at my embarrassment, as I rose stammering that I hoped to have the pleasure of seeing her mother the Donno Maria. The stupid interpreter failed to read my mind and had not thought it worth while to say that this was "Donna Maria" until he had heard me address the young looking lady as the daughter. The incident was an unintentional compliment to the hostess which she enjoyed with a laugh at my expense putting us all on good footing at once.

I found the little donna to be an accomplished lady of the land, the wife of a wealthy gentleman who happened to be at the time in Yurrimaguas, and hearing of our trip had kindly offered the hospitality of his place, which was being managed by his wife. She was not at all business like, but moved about in a quiet lady-like way accomplishing the difficult task of managing the Indian laborers and their numerous children like a little queen, with a pleasant smile for every one, seldom speaking to any of the numerous peons who went about their tasks mechanically.

In a short time coffee was served under the trees, and later in the day an elegant breakfast of fried chicken, jellies and a homemade wine, made from the cane juice, not so strong as rum, mildly flavored with oranges, a most insidious decoction of which I partook rather freely, with the charming donna at my side.

The Indians who had brought me thus far returned to Yurrimaguas, old Lucas showing considerable feeling at parting, embracing me vigorously to the great

amusement of the donna, and groups of Indians who had gathered to see us depart, one party going down while we started up, in the early eve of the same day of arrival, the donna having arranged everything for our comfort in the way of supplies of chickens, etc., for which nothing would be accepted because I had made some trifling gifts of linens, clothing and ribbons from the abundance in my trunk.

CHAPTER XII.



THE river above Quillocaca to Chasuta, the head of all canoe navigation, a distance measured by two days' canoeing up stream and five hours down, pours its great volume of water through a deep gorge, like the Pongo Mansierriche, which the rushing torrents of the ages have worn in or through the mountains.

In the way of wild and picturesque beauty, this section of the Land of To-Morrow probably surpasses anything we have in the way of scenery on exhibition in the canyons of the Colorado or mayhap of the Yellowstone. The mountain tops are usually as high and the sides as precipitous, the canyon frequently so narrow and tortuous that a foot trail for even an Indian to leap over the rocks and boulders along the shores, has been found impracticable, except with the aid of well manned canoes and the use of ropes that are necessary for protection as well as to overcome the current and rapids at some points.

In addition to the overreaching height the mountains of this region are surpassingly beautiful in their dressing of rich foliage, much unlike the ashy heaps and barren rocks of some parts of the Rocky Mountains or the desolate heights of the Andes on the west coast of Peru.

The sides of the hills seem to be covered with the

growth of all zones, from that of the tropics in the valleys up the hillsides through a temperate zone, beyond a line of vegetation almost to the snow capped peaks where underneath the tall trees is a mass of luxuriant undergrowth, completely covering the rocky hillsides, which with the vines show clusters of rich colored trumpet shaped flowers the dense growth seeming to aid the rushing water in making the pass difficult.

For two days our relay of canoeists perseveringly poled the canoe along the shore under the shadow of these mountains, not daring to venture into the middle of the stream. In the portage over what they considered dangerous places, two of the paddlers were sent ashore with a strong wide rope some forty or fifty feet long, by hanging to which they managed to tow their little canoe over the rapids or around rocky whirlpools that were impassible in the ordinary way, and dangerous without this safeguard. At places the canoe would not advance its own length for half an hour at a time the strong current resisting fiercely the vigorous efforts of both poles, paddles and tow line to forge ahead. As may be assumed, I did not repose contentedly in the rameda while the rushing water fairly foamed with rage in an apparent effort to keep us back, but was compelled to kneel on the bottom clutching the sides of the trembling canoe in dread anticipation of the current swinging us around, when we would have been dashed on the rocky rapids. To add to the terror of the hour, the waters made so much of a roar that even shouts of the Indian steersman were fairly drowned, but the Indians bravely hang to

it and almost exhausted, drop on the shore to rest, after a bad piece had been passed. Though all seem to get through safely, it is an experience the white man does not care to repeat, though it is said the dash down stream in the middle of the river, with a competent Indian pilot, is a glorious five hours' running of rapids and cascades.

At a point in the gorge or canyon, we halted under the lee of some tremendous boulders, the Indians pantomimically calling attention to the cascade of foaming water dashing over the rocky hillside, apparently coming from a considerable height in volume and appearance resembling somewhat the falls in the Yosemite. On approaching I discovered to my astonishment that the considerable body of water being discharged into a rocky basin was quite hot. I have seen a number of so-called hot springs, where luke warm water in limited quantities ekes from a muddy level at the base of a barren mountain, the environment of hot springs being usually desolate, but here was a stream of real hot water tumbling over a mountain side through dense tropical foliage in a succession of cascades, emptying into a rocky basin on the level of the river, the waters of which were cool as the ordinary mountain stream.

The water in the basin or rocky eddy is made comfortably warm for bathing by the river water affording an excellent natural hot and cold water bathing pool in which the Indians and white men washed comfortably—the white flesh of the padrone seeming to be a never ending source of interest to the copper skinned compodres.

This water has never been properly analyzed, but it

is well known as a sure cure for all sorts of sores, or skin affections and it is claimed to cure cancers of the stomach.

My hands and wrists that had been made sore by the troublesome fly and mosquito bites were bathed in the hot water before it mixed, the immediate effect being somewhat like that of thrusting the hand into a pot of hot brine or vinegar. Though it was rather severe I can bear truthful testimony to efficacy of the cure. On the following morning nearly every trace of the poison that had so persistently held on, had disappeared.

This hot water falls is located at a point called "Puco" or as near as I could get the Indian sound "Yaquillo." Just beyond, a stream of very clear cool water is reached, so pure and crystal like that it clarifies even the clear water of the main river. It is known as "Curiyaca," a stream that heads in the tall sugar loaf shaped mountain some distance beyond of the same name, on the head waters of which it is said are unusually rich gold deposits. The Indians desired to impress me with their story, that it was the home of the devil, that no person who went there ever returned, which I knew to be one of their little fictions to keep white men away from a good thing.

I had no desire to venture alone, but should like very much to lead a party of men with Winchester rifles to make a call on this devil. On a tremendous boulder near by are some curious hieroglyphics which the Indians say have always been there. I failed to get a correct photo of them because of the position of the rock, that may only be moved by dynamite. The

Indians look upon these carved picture writings as a posted notice from the devil against trespassing on his domain. They believe implicitly in a personal devil, and if any white man ventures up this stream it will be without an Indian guide.

In the canyon are also located the celebrated salt mines of Peru, which is in reality a mountain of salt, to which the natives have for centuries journeyed from all over the upper Amazon, even to upper Ecuador, requiring almost a year for the voyage both ways, to obtain their supply of salt. We passed numerous "balsa's," as the rafts are called, floating down stream laden with salt. One of the striking and weird experiences of this lonely voyage is created by the plaintive calls or signals exchanged between the Indians passing at some distance in canoes, the curious sounds of their words and highly pitched voices being echoed and re-echoed from the walls of rocky covered forest on either side of the canyon.

On every descending canoe or balsa laden with salt there was conspicuously displayed a rude cross. The sight of the emblem floating down the rapid river in the twilight or shadow of silent hills, served to heighten the solemnity of the surroundings. When asked if I were not afraid to be alone amongst savages in the solitude of the forests, I recall these scenes of the cross, which in effect serves to allay any apprehension from those who held my life entirely at their mercy.

We halted at the salt mines long enough to observe their method of working. The rock salt in the hill-side or mountain crops out like an immense sand stone quarry, the salt being taken out in blocks as stone is

quarried, in any shape or size as happens to come to their hands. It is hard and crystal like as at first obtained.

Though they may obtain modern implements for cutting out the blocks of salt, these people Indian like adhere to the original method of using running water instead of iron tools. I regret I failed to preserve the name applied to this process. The squaws and men, big and little, form a line to the river or nearest water, conveying in their earthen vessels water which is poured by an expert in a way that leads the stream in the little channels they have outlined, the constant running water wears the channels deep enough to admit of their being split or broken off on blocks, which are loaded on the balsas and floated to the entire country below. This method is not as much practiced as formerly as the advance of commerce has brought with it the supplies of salt, etc.

While still in the shadow of this canyon, we came across the camps of some fishermen comprising men, women and children of a tribe that had come down from the mountains to lay in their annual supply. Their method of fishing would not be tolerated in any other land. The Moyabamba and Tarapota Indians cultivate a plant in their gardens which is called the "deadly Liana Timpaca," the Peruvian officials know of it, and collect a tax on it. The root of this plant is pounded between stones and thrown into the pools of still water or eddies where fish are known to collect, giving the water a creamy appearance. In a few moments the fish begin to appear on the surface in a helpless condition from the effects of the poison. They are hastily

gathered in baskets and nets and thrown on the shore where the women at once clean them, to prevent the poison saturating the flesh, when they are packed and salted in the baskets, ready to be carried on the backs of the women and children to the interiors for use or for trade. Of course this poisoning of the pools has the effect of destroying all the young fish and spawn in order that a comparatively few fish are obtained for the present use of some reckless Indians.

Subsequently when pressed by the Peruvian officials at Moyabamba for some impressions of my trip I availed myself of the opportunity to show that the food fish of the entire region was being destroyed by a few Indians who unfortunately were able to operate in one of the main sources of supply and thereby able to do much injury to all the region below. Then I explained to the Prefect, that in our country the government and laws not only prohibited such destruction but spent much money in studying the best methods of protection and of keeping up the supply of food fish or restocking the head waters or breeding places. The discussion disclosed that the poisonous shrub was being largely cultivated, but I had the satisfaction of hearing that my voluntary missionary efforts would bear fruit of not only placing a ban against poisoning fish, but also prohibit the growing of the poison.

In this land of everlasting summer and occasional hurricanes the atmospheric changes are oftentimes suddenly appalling. During the evening of the last day in the canyon we were afforded an exhibition of fireworks in the way of lightning accompanied by thunder that in its suddenness and fierceness resembled an earthquake

and hurricane combined with a cloudburst. The paddlers had detected its approach from the lowering clouds which made it almost dark in the canyon. Chattering among themselves, they pulled the canoe inshore behind a big rock and immediately began undressing as if for a bath, motioning for me to get inside the rameda, pointing significantly at the sky. As each took off his shirt and apology for trousers they rolled them into bundles deliberately sitting on them as if intended for cushions on which to smoke previous to a plunge bath. While wondering and watching to see what they were going to do next (as they were always a curiosity to me) the big drops admonished me that it was going to rain and I had scarcely scrambled inside the rameda when the storm broke loose and rain fell in torrents, half filling my rameda and drenching me through the palm thatch. At a favorable opportunity I crawled out like a drowning rat, wondering if the blast had carried the Indians off, but they were each sitting complacently on the rock, on their clothing, each having enjoyed a shower bath instead of a plunge, and all had dry clothes to put on, which was the object of disrobing and sitting on them during a rain as is the custom, another evidence of the superior intelligence of the Indian.

We have passed through thousands of miles of the Brazils where only Portuguese is spoken, and an equal distance through the montana of Peru, where Spanish is the language. Now we have reached a region where neither is understood, and the natives "go a fishing" in the dialect of the different tribes.

Chasuta is an ugly Indian village situated on the

only bit of level ground there is in the canyon, between the two big mountains through which we have passed. Fishing and canoeing are the only objects in the life of this tribe, who are scattered along the banks of the river. They are famous canoeists, known far and wide for their skill, acquired through constant practice amongst the rocks and rapids. When the Peruvian government officials at Lima undertake explorations on the numerous rivers of the region known as "Fluvial Amazonas" they send to Chasuta for Indian canoeists. Such is their reputation all over the land.

The old steersman who brought me safely up over the lower rapids was a wrinkled specimen who might have been a hundred years old, yet with a glance at a dangerous place his wicked eye would brighten savagely, as he wielded the paddle dextrously, guiding the canoe as deftly as a dude would punch a billiard ball in a comfortable room. The Indian women are almost as skillful as the men in the handling of canoes, which may be called the "cradle" of the Chasuta, the young of both sexes being literally rocked in the cradle of the canoe. The climate being mild, but little clothing is required, usually comprising one home spun garment for the grown, while with the younger it is a case of nature unadorned.

These river Indians have one point of attraction greater than those of the interior. They are usually clean, which they can't help, as the plunge bath is their sole exercise. The young of both sexes disport in the clear water, indiscriminately, and recklessly exposing nude figures of which they would be vain, if they were more civilized. The symmetrical figures, grace of bear-

ing, due to their untrammelled dressing, amply compensate for the lack of facial beauty.

The inevitable delay at Chasuta is compensated for by the entertainment afforded by the Indian performances in the water. A favorite bathing place for the more exclusive Indian girls is a part of the gravelly shore shaded by the tall mountains, located a little below the town. While fishing from a little canoe, using a pole and line instead of the paddle, the boat unconsciously drifted toward the bathing resort. The bathers were not disposed to resent our intrusion. We were welcomed with shouts of laughter and hilarious gestures, exhibiting a rollicking disregard of conventionalities that would have entertained an Atlantic City crowd. Our canoe was surrounded, the young imps diving like porpoises, rising with mouths full of water which they would squirt over us like young whales. We were entirely at their mercy, and glad to get away without being upset, and treated to a ducking, for our temerity.

There not being sufficient level ground in their country to do much farming, the principal diet of this tribe is fish, which they take in large quantities by the use of poison, or the crude appliances for netting and spearing. There is also an abundance of game which the young Indians secure, the principal dependency being the wild hog or boars which roam over the steep mountain sides with the wild goats and bears. Wild turkeys and smaller game helps to make a plentiful supply of meat, while the wild growth of the Yucca, and the plantain furnish the substitute for bread.

As is the custom on arrival at a new village, I

reported at once to the Gobernador or Spanish Alcalde, Senor Sandoval, to whom I was endorsed and who welcomed the stranger courteously, as is the habit, insisting on my making his house my own during my stay in his village. His wife and son with two charming daughters united in their efforts to make an agreeable stay in a disagreeable town. The eldest senorita, Adalina Auroro Sandoval, whose pretty name I copy from her own graceful handwriting in my note book, which I cherish with that of Senorita Dolores Arievalo and many others, was a tall slender and graceful senorita of fifteen.

The reader who might see the writing in my note book of the several young girls and men would be surprised to know that so much intelligence pervaded the wilds of that far off land. It became a fad with me to have a number of these people write their own names in my note book, and while I write out these notes in widely different surroundings, I am glad to be able to bear testimony to their goodness and the fact that though living among savages they are not contaminated by contact.

One of the pleasant features about the ugly town is that the altitude (though in the tropics) is so great that mosquitoes are not numerous at night and sand flies are not known in day time. It is satisfactory to note that after leaving the river at this point, the tourist will not again be troubled with the pests until he reaches civilization on the Pacific coast, but there are others to contend with in the interiors.

Strolling through the Indian village with the Napo as an interpreter, with a view of learning something of their life, and a newspaper explorer's nose for novelty,

I put on my eye glasses and gloves and with bated breath, as if inspecting a small-pox camp, peered into their huts, but at sight of my eye glasses, every young Indian would scamper out of a hole in the hut, hiding themselves in the thick brush as completely as young quail or chickens from a hawk. After some diplomacy we prevailed on a couple of old men and women to talk with us. Soon there gathered about us in a cautious way a number of the younger men and women. The Indian in his hut is a different animal from the same in his canoe, liable to be suspicious and disagreeable, in more than one way. Instead of a vinaigrette I carried in my pocket a bottle of rum. The old kid gloves I wore for protection from fly bites excited the curiosity of an old fellow who took my hand and pulled down the glove from my wrist, exposing some skin, considerably whiter than my sun-burned hands and face. With a grunt he called attention to it, the whole crowd coming closer than I desired, to gratify their curiosity. The removal of the glove was as much of an amusement as would have been the peeling of the skin from my hands.

To amuse them one of the gloves was taken off and passed around among them with as much curiosity as if it were a part of my anatomy. The youngsters becoming more confident approached close enough to pull up my sleeves to see if the skin was really white all the way, some of the younger urchins had the audacity to turn up my trousers looking for white skin in that direction.

Noticing a young girl with a baby strapped to her back, I made a motion toward caressing it, at which

the cute little bit of humanity looked into my face and laughed, which put the entire crowd in great good humor with me. Babies are very discriminating and I am glad to know they always laugh at me.

The incident served to bring to the front its father, quite a young looking boy, who was thrust before me as a hero. It was my turn to be surprised. I supposed the little girl carrying the baby was its nurse and could scarcely believe she was the mother and this cub of a boy the father, but it was so. Noticing a number of other young girls in the crowd (the entire village having come around us) I selected the best looking of the lot, and putting my hand in my pocket for a small silver coin, indicated to her mother that I wanted to buy the girl, the old woman taking up the joke at once, took the money at which the girl disappeared as quickly as if she had fallen through the earth.

There was a bamboo Catholic church in the village and the usual Spanish or native Priest, who as the principal citizen of the town was invited to dine with the stranger at the Gobernador's. We sat down to an ample spread, comprising wild hog, turkey, fish, with the vegetables of the country and delightful water cress.

The presence of the charming senorita, Adelina, and her younger sister, did not deter the jolly old Padre from relating some spicy gossip and pungent stories that one would hardly expect to hear from a clergyman, though it may have been more appreciated because of its apparent authenticity.

CHAPTER XIII.



HOUGH we are at the head of canoeing on the Huallagua it is possible to ascend an affluent called the Mayo, which leads through the canyon to the valley of Tarapota and Moyabamba, to which we are bound. The Alcalde Sandoval rather preferred that route to the tramp over the mountain, but as I had enough canoeing, especially in canyons, I decided to climb the mountains to Tarapota, a distance of seven leagues as it is reckoned in Spanish, equivalent to fifteen or twenty miles; but on account of the road leading directly over the mountain it required two days' time. In the entire trip across the continent from this point, this is the only part of the mountain trails that must be done afoot. In many other sections, the mountain mules will climb steeps where one would suppose a human being would not venture, but on the trail at the start and for two days, not even a goat can find footing on the almost precipitous sides of the mountain, some places having to be gained by climbing the ladders made from the hanging vines.

In reply to inquiries of officials and reference to the books published regarding travel in those lands, one will be told that certain journeys can be accomplished in so many days. It is always best to double on this time given by the Spaniard, but on the other hand the Indians will always exaggerate time and distance,

their conception of both being in the nature of the unknown quantity. As a rule no allowance is made for the inevitable delays all along the route.

As is the custom, I applied to the Alcalde Sandoval for the quota of Indians to convey myself and interpreter with bed and baggage over the tops of the mountain to Tarapota. He in turn must select from his village or district those he desires to act as the escort, the choice being in the nature of a conscription to which there can be no refusal, but the Indian will be sure to demand time to prepare food for the journey, which usually takes more time than the travelling. I found this to be the case not only in the first, but in every stop or relay I made across the continent, in this instance the Alcalde making the delay agreeable by his hospitality.

An outfit of four Indians was provided at a cost of one sole, or fifty cents each, to Tarapota, including the carrying of the luggage, bed and provisions necessary for camping.

In the matter of luggage the least the best, care being taken to make packages of leather bags, each holding seventy-five to one hundred pounds, arranged that they may be put across the mule's back and carried as saddlebags.

An Indian or a mule will carry from one hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds, the amount being regulated on the same principal as that of a loaded wagon, depending on the condition of the roads or the grades that have to be overcome.

It is a mere matter of personal preference, whether one selects an Indian or a mule, both carry about the

same burdens and on general principles are treated alike. Perhaps the mule gets a little more consideration than the Indian because he will kick while the Indian is quite docile, unless he gets drunk, which is one point in favor of the mule.

The Indians will pack a cargo comprising camp beds, cooking utensils, photograph outfits, provisions and all sorts of goods, in a package adapted to his back, in a quiet manner that cannot be equalled by the noisy, swearing mule driver, and will trot off cheerfully under a load that almost conceals them, giving an appearance of the ants that carry burdens three times larger than themselves.

I had brought with me thus far the zinc covered box which was quite full of goods and unwieldy, weighing over one hundred and fifty pounds, which I intended to abandon and divide the contents into two packages, but at the urgent remonstrance of the Alcalde and the willingness of the boss Indian to "tote" it I consented to take it as far as it would go, expecting to have a break down and a division of load any day. I may say at the start, that that large unwieldy trunk was carried over three ranges of the Andes on the backs of Indians and mules and deposited in the hotel in Lima in more perfect order than if it had been handled by American railroad baggage smashers for a short day's trip.

From the start to the finish the traveller over the Andes must depend entirely on his own resources for provisions and shelter as well as transportation. There are a number of small villages en route at which sup-

plies may be obtained, but even these are usually five to ten days apart.

On the established camino or trail, there are occasionally houses or huts known as "tambos" which are intended to shelter at night for the travellers over the camino, who plan their journeys to reach them early in the evenings. The tambo in the valleys is only a thatched roof supported by bamboo poles. I slept in a number of such places, but if I were making the trip again, I'd carry along a small well oiled dog tent or as we called them in the army "pup tent," used only for shelter.

The Indians loaded with the baggage left a few hours ahead of us, leaving one to act as guide. Before making our adios to the Alcalde's family, senorita presented me with an Indian basket in which she had put a nicely roasted chicken, with some of the water cress, in return for which I gave her a red silk handkerchief and a mouth organ, the latter I had previously confiscated from the Napo interpreter as a means of relieving myself of a nuisance.

The Alcalde accompanied us to the edge of the village. As I walked away from the group waving their adios, the pang of parting was increased by the apprehension that my white trousers might have become soiled, which is one reason for walking backwards while we shouted adios.

At the edge of the village we reached a stream of rushing water that formed our first obstacle. Here the Alcalde embraced me at parting and I embraced a big Indian by getting on his back that he might ferry me over the stream. The interpreter wanted to be

carried too, but the Chasutas would not demean themselves by carrying a Napo of Ecuador and he had to pull off his shoes and apologies for trousers and wade to the waist to the great amusement of the Chasutas on both banks.

The ascent of the mountain began immediately. There was no semblance of a road; scarcely a pathway through the dense growth of underbrush and rocks, through which our guide led. At several places we had to climb up rocky precipices assisted by the hanging ladders made from the vines that nature seems to provide so abundantly at the right places.

After the several days' rest at Chasuta, I was feeling quite refreshed and rather enjoyed an occasional race with our guide to the discomfiture of the big Napo who could not keep up, but came along behind puffing like a porpoise. But this spurting resulted disastrously to me. After several hours of climbing, when near the top of one peak, we were suddenly enveloped in a drenching rain, from which I was compelled to seek shelter under the broad leaves of some palms. The exertion in that altitude and heat of the midday sun had warmed me up and the cold rain which I was obliged to stand and take like a cold shower bath had the effect of causing a severe chill, which I endeavored to wear off by rapid running down the other side. Early in the evening we were compelled to take shelter in one of the open tambos located in an elevated valley between the two mountains, which our pack Indians had reached ahead of us and already made a fire, upon which coffee was being prepared. I sat down in my wet clothes and drank coffee and devoured the best

of the chicken Adalina had given wishing that I were back to enjoy a comfortable bed, instead of having to go and lie down wet to sleep with a lot of bad smelling Indians.

A squad of belated Indians coming from the opposite direction and going towards Tarapota, strayed into the tambo, the hospitalities being extended to them by their companions of our outfit, which I confess I did not share as it rather crowded our accommodations. I turned in early in order to become dried and warmed under blankets, watching the different moods of the Indians, comprising men, women and children, amongst whom I was practically alone, flanked on one side by the slumbering embers of a dying fire, and on the other by the soundly sleeping and snoring Napo, whose presence the Chasutas did not like, but put up with on account of the white faced man.

While on my back looking upward I noticed a little loft or balcony under the roof, which I thought might be a more exclusive berth for me, but I abandoned the idea, after our guide made me understand that this upper berth was only intended for solitary travellers who were compelled to seek its seclusion as protection from straying tigers, he assuring me by his pantomimic gestures that there was no danger to be apprehended where there were so many together. I gathered further comfort from the reflection that they would have to take the interpreter before they reached my bunk.

There were in the tambo also a rubber gatherer and his young wife, who were returning to the interior of Peru, from the rubber forests, with the accumulation

of their labor, in silver coin, which everybody in the tambo knew they possessed in large quantities, the safety of which was unquestioned in these wilds with only savages for companions, and to whom we send missionaries.

The young wife was quite kind to me, realizing that I should suffer from the exposure and chill. She was very solicitous about my condition, offering remedies from her supply, the use of which she no-doubt learned from her season in the rubber swamps. While the Napo slept she volunteered to rub me with cachasa, an attention which it is not considered improper for a married woman to extend to a stranger, who requires it.

The squaw of one of my Indians accompanied our party, carrying on her back a large basket filled with unique pottery they make in Chasuta, which she was taking to Tarapota to trade. Though her load was as heavy as any of the rest, she came into camp briskly and after relieving herself of the burden, at once began to prepare food for the rest.

After dark the men, women and children turned in together literally all under the same blanket, the sexes huddled as indiscriminately as animals. A young girl of five or six, a boy of seven and a baby were under one blanket outside of the tambo, and though it rained, their rest was not disturbed. I slept very little, putting in the dreary hours meditating on the future.

In the early morning the Indians were around, stretching themselves, rubbing their eyes and growling, just like white men, poking up the fire with their fingers as only Indians do, the women prepare coffee while the bucks gather up the packs for a start.

On attempting to get from under my warm blanket, I was painfully reminded of one of my several war relics I carry around in my anatomy, in the nature of rheumatic complaint in the knee, which asserts itself when exposed to cold and dampness.

My limb was so swollen and stiff with the familiar old trouble that I could scarcely dress. Hardly able to stand and realizing the danger of delay in such surroundings I made a feint of a start to walk, hoping that, like an old war horse, the stiffened joints would limber up after a little exercise. I limped along for a couple of hours, but being unable to bend the knee, it was impossible to climb over the rocky places that were like steps and in encountering an obstruction in my path I was unable to surmount it, but compelled to swing my leg around. My persistence excited the admiration of the Indians and the sympathy of the squaws, but my only desire was to get out of the woods. I was compelled to succumb, and accepted the challenge of our boss Indian, that he would carry me, but the Napo must take his load into town.

I climbed on the willing Indian's back, folding my arms across his breast, while he grabbed my limbs, trotted off with his load, his body leaning forward at an angle of forty-five, carrying me for hours without a rest, up the steep hills and down through luxuriant valleys, as tenderly as a papoose on a squaw's back.

The first sight of the beautiful valley as seen from the back of a bad smelling Indian, stretching like a panorama of exquisite freshness, was indeed the sight of fields elysian.

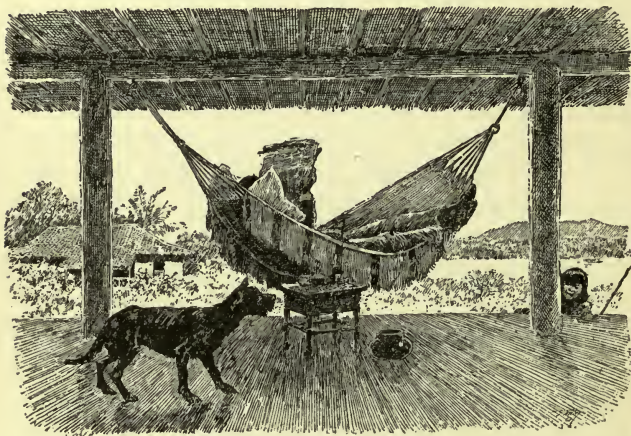
At noon of the second day we crossed the "Aguesha"

river, a clear cool stream of water rushing down in torrents from the mountains. As the big Indian waded across with the load, I could not help but think, Yankee like, that there was power enough wasted in the fall of that stream to operate a narrow gauge electric railway across the mountain, connecting this wonderful valley with the world by uniting the thousands of miles of river navigation with the interior, which is the one thing needful for the advancement of that locked-up region. There is not only power sufficient in these rivers to operate railways, but more than enough is wasted every hour to run acres of machinery to manufacture the immense products of the wonderful valley.

An hour later we reached the river "Hoocayack," which is as near as I could get the phonetic sound from the Indians, the red water from which flows by the edge of the town of Tarapota. The big Indian with myself on his back, jumped from one of the slippery stones to another in an indifferent way that was calculated to make a well man nervous, but we got over easier than the lubberly Napo who had not sand to carry his own bundle over. Climbing the steep bank we were in our haven of rest, Tarapota. Going at once to the house of Don Delgado, the father of Donna Maria, of Quillocaca, from whom I brought letters, we were made welcome. A convenient room was found, a hammock hastily strung into which the big Indian placed me as if I were a baby, muttering something that I knew was prompted by sympathy, I gave him my hand and a present, as I said good bye, turning to

seek ease, realizing that I was a very sick man in a strange land.

The officials of the village to whose care I had been entrusted, evidently thought the stranger was going to die on their hands. I suffered intensely from pains of rheumatism which with the nervous prostration from over exertion and my rambling talk caused them to send at once for the Padre, who is also the village



SICK IN THE TARAPOTA HAMMOCK

physician that ministers alike to the spiritual and mortal body.

A benevolent faced old man in cassocks, soon appeared at the side of the hammock and taking the hot hand of the stranger looked up as he muttered a prayer in Latin, which I interpreted "Lord receive this departing spirit." His gentle manner served to soothe

me, as he spoke in Spanish in a pleasant and encouraging tone, all the while feeling my pulse. Turning to a patriarchal looking old man with long white beard who had accompanied him, who I thought was a friar or monk, they discussed or consulted in an undertone not intended for me to hear, but that I knew related to my condition.

To my amazement the patriarchal looking monk, coming closer to my side, addressed me in English in a kind and fatherly tone that by its sudden familiarity dazed me for a moment staring about wildly as if just awakened from a troubled dream, by a voice I recognized but could not see the speaker.

I had not heard my own tongue spoken except in the broken English of the interpreter for many many days and weeks rolling into months. Upon realizing the situation, I was so delighted that I attempted to rise that I could embrace him. The old man laid me back tenderly, taking my hand in his while he assured me that I was amongst friends and would be cared for.

The visit had a most salutary effect, seeming to bring to mind the kindly words of a father to a prodigal son, whose love had followed to the under side of the earth, recalling home, the weary hearted, wandering, tired boy.

After some inquiries about myself, such as would be addressed to a dying stranger, this old man feeble and tremulous with age told me his name was "Adolpho Page," the son of an Americano, who long since came to Peru, as he said "from Columbus in Massachusetts or Massachusetts in Ohio, it being so long ago, he could not remember which."

Subsequently he told me something of his own sad life, which I am sure may interest the reader someday, because of its strange truthfulness, the correct names being given, it is quite easy to investigate the facts. This son had been educated in England and subsequently became the Minister from Peru to the Argentines, living in the gay society of Buenos Ayres, but for some years had exiled himself in this inaccessible and beautiful valley, where he had earned the love and respect of all the people by his kindly and generous disposition, being the right hand man of the Padre in all missionary work.

While chatting with the old patriarch, the Padre had sent for some old woman to whom he gave directions about myself. I was required to take a medicine which the Padre ordered the woman to prepare. Though there are no drug shops in that part of the land of to-morrow, all out of doors is in a sense, a great apothecary's garden, where prescriptions may be filled from the best of the materia medica, ingredients gathered fresh from the leaves and roots of the forest.

The old Jesuit missionaries obtained from the Indian medicinemen during the centuries they have been among them the secrets of the natives' same wonderful remedies, which the present Padres practice and preserve. The principal article or that which we hear most about is "cinchona," the plant from which Peruvian bark is obtained from which quinine is made, known all over the world as the remedy for malaria. There are other wonderful remedies which we do not perhaps give proper credit to the forests of the land of to-morrow for producing, in addition to the balsams, sarsaparilla,

copaiba, coco, from which cocaine is produced. In this case the treatment was for inflammatory rheumatism, the details of which I give without any expectation of return, but simply in acknowledgment of the benefit afforded to myself, with perhaps the effect of saving my life.

The Padre ordered the woman to go to the adjacent forest to collect some of the bark of a certain tree, the name of which I did not record but the bark is generally known as "chu-chu-wassa" as it is spelled and pronounced, being recognized as an article of commerce in the villages. I could not obtain any definition of the name, but I found that every place I went from Atlantic to Pacific, chu-chu-wassa was known and valued as highly as the "Quinia-quinia" or bark of barks.

The attendants peeled the inner bark off in strips or chips, which were put into the pure rum of the sugar cane in proper quantities to secure a strong solution. In that land where rum and bark are so plentiful, no provision is made for extracting by pressure, it is sufficient for their needs to have the rum reach a deep red color.

This is taken in gulps or swallows of a gill as often as the patient desires, but his wants are not urgent as it is about as bitter a dose as can be concocted. As a regular morning toddy or bitters chu-chu-wassa would delight an old toper, and I imagine cause a cowboy to jump four feet high, clap his heels and yell with delight.

Further on I was compelled to take the "Andes cocktail" in the early morning as a preventive of fevers, which is composed of quinine bark in gin, considered

hard to take as it is both bitter and nasty, but the chu-chu-wassa has a bitter taste peculiarly its own and once tasted is never forgotten. Any one who sips the Indian rheumatic cure has drained their cup of bitterness to the bitter dregs, but they are surely relieved of the rheumatism. I drank deeply of the stuff in a reckless way to get relief from pain. I told the Padre the rum went to my head and the red stuff to my feet, and certainly reached the right spot.

I was cured of the inflammatory rheumatism so quickly as to be surprised, and in a short time so thoroughly built up that I was ready to proceed with the journey before the Padre thought advisable. The remedy is also a tonic, while the leaves are used as poultices or applications for sores caused by poison vines or bites of snakes.

CHAPTER XIV.



N official passport is not at all a necessity; a stranger may travel in perfect security throughout the land of to-morrow even as a tramp, without a letter and be well treated everywhere. A simple letter of introduction, however, written on a large sheet of stiff paper, with display letter head and a red seal at the bottom addressed to an official, will secure more consideration than a letter of credit, or a treasury bond, a statement of fact that is not as much a reflection upon these people as on our civilization. It is not to be inferred, however, that the people do not want money. They all do, but the business part of a visit is always an after consideration, settled to the satisfaction of the guest.

I had been well supplied with letters which a number of Spanish friends along the route volunteered to give me to others at the next stop. These became so numerous that the little hand grip I carried for toilet articles, became a mail bag. On arrival at a stopping place I simply handed over my bag of mail for the officials to pick out their own. As they handled some fat letters addressed to officials in Lima, the mail bag became of itself a strong endorsement.

Amongst my mail for Tarapota was a letter addressed to a young business man or planter in the nature of a letter of credit, or an order from his correspondent in

Yurrimaguas to supply me with mules and provisions to continue the journey. I thought this the most important of the lot, but so little attention was paid to it by the recipient that I thought my endorser was discredited.

The principal obstacle to travel, the hustler will encounter, is not the bad trails or lack of facilities but the apparent indifference towards matters that we may consider pressing business. The officials retain the old Spanish feeling of dignity, which is always coupled with kindly courtesy, and the natives have learned the lesson by contact and are never in a hurry about anything, absolutely never. It is a delicate matter to press the officials and maybe dangerous to crowd the Indians.

I had intended going through Tarapota in a day but the illness disconcerted my plans. When able to walk about the town I felt it was time to move on to the next stop, at Lamas, a day's ride, and gave the necessary order for the Napo to interpret. But the Napo had the Spanish laziness and the native stupidity, and during my illness was having a good time, posing as an "interpreter" amongst the other Indians and was in no hurry to leave. I learned also that the officials had concluded that my illness would result in my abandoning the trip over the Andes, in this they reckoned without their host.

In order to add to his own dignity and importance, the Napo abused the privileges given him as interpreter, by exaggerating to the natives the position of the "Americano." I had no means of knowing the nature of the yarns he told in his Indian dialect, but I could see from the curiosity and actions of the Indians and

his behavior toward them that I was being represented as a character entitled to as much consideration as the President. There was certainly a different bearing when we were together in the company of those to whom I was able to make myself understood.

The Indians do not often speak Spanish, each tribe using a separate dialect, but all seem to know the Indian universal tongue called the "Keecha" as it is pronounced, but sometimes spelled "Quincha," learned from the Inca, to which I have referred and may have occasion to mention again as we reach the land of the Inca. Though the Spaniards conquered and made Christians of them, he has failed to make Spaniards of them.

Tarapota may be described as representing in reality one of those hidden valleys of rare loveliness that one sometimes reads about in the novels as the abode of the fanciful characters depicted by romantic writers. It is only one of the many beautiful valleys that may be found in the Land of To-Morrow. The traveller wearied and sore from the tiresome toiling over the mountains, who may be carried into its restful shades, as I was, would be excused for imagining that this region, near the centre of the earth may have been part of the original Garden of Eden.

The valleys are doubly secluded, in the sense that they are in the very heart of the South American continent, being hemmed in from the outside world by immense mountain barriers rising on all sides like rugged, precipitous stone walls, covered by a prickly cacti hedge, forming natural obstacles that may only be

overcome by perilous climbing or the creeping around and cutting a path through the bush.

The valley immediately around Tarapota in outline is crescent shaped, probably three leagues across and in length as far as the eye reaches, toward Moyabamba valley. On either side are the mountains, spurs of the Andes, known as the "Cordilleras" or foot hills, their sides covered with the luxuriant foliage of the tropics. Through the valley the beautiful Mayo river flows toward the Huallagua by a long tortuous course through mountain gorges, and rapids almost impassible for even a Chasuta canoeist to navigate in safety. Few go down and none attempt to ascend the rapids. The Mayo receives a number of smaller streams from the mountains of clear cold water, tumbling down over the rocks in sufficient volume to drive machinery to consume the innumerable products of the rich soil.

While I cannot give the exact altitude, in figures, it will probably be sufficient to explain that it is the first step or terrace up into the garden of the Gods as it were, that are formed by the many valleys of the Equator where everything grows in luxurious abundance. The last or highest step into valleys beyond reaching an elevation of two to four miles and above the line of vegetation, where the only animal life that exists is that of the solitary condor. The reader will note that though the narrative practically follows the line of the Equator westward, the changing altitudes (since leaving the rivers) gives the varying climates of the necessarily widely separated sections of our land. It is possible to find three or four climates in these Equatorial valleys and mountains all within the same

latitude and longitude the deep valleys blooming eternally with the rich growth of the tropics, while the table lands near the base of the mountains approach our temperate zone, reaching to the limit of vegetation and over all the snow-capped peaks. There are no uncertain changes in climate in this latitude from day to day or month to month, all the days being alike near the Equator.

In the rich soil of Tarapota pine apples grow wild. I have seen them in the cultivated gardens of the natives reaching ten pounds in weight and have heard of them weighing twenty pounds. When allowed to ripen on the plant, they furnish a fruit that for luciousness may not be equalled anywhere else on the earth's surface. They become mellow and rich and are eaten with a wooden spoon or cut in two and held to the mouth while the juice is pressed out furnishing a delicious drink of cool nectar fit for the gods.

It is not only famous for the pine apples, or "pee-neys," as they are called, but every miserable mud hovel may be surrounded by groves of orange and lemon trees, the delightful fragrance from which serves to make life endurable, even in an Indian village, and that is saying a good deal for the climate.

Tobacco of a very strong quality and fine flavor is grown in Tarapota and if cultivated might excel in reputation that from certain districts of Cuba. They have a peculiar way of preparing tobacco for market by wrapping the natural leaf tightly with split bamboo similar to the withes we see tea boxes wrapped with. These take the form of cigars four, five or six feet long and about three inches in circumference, a form that

seems to preserve the weed and make it handy for market, the tobacco being sold by the foot or yard.

Cotton grows wild all the year round, the plants becoming young trees upon which the young Indians climb to pick the boll which the women spin and weave into a coarse cloth used for clothing.

Practically everything may be grown on one farm or hacinda of this wonderful valley, fruits of the tropics in the valley, cotton and sugar and tobacco on the low lands as also coffee, with potatoes, corn and wheat on the foot hills of the mountains, while the everlasting snow-capped peaks supply cold water, and if desired cold storage and power from the overflow to make use of products that cannot be consumed.

Yet practically nothing is cultivated except the few articles necessary to sustain the straggling natives. Though they could raise in this valley sufficient to supply the lower Amazon with bread stuffs as well as mutton and beef, it is not attempted because of the inaccessibility and difficulty of getting over the mountains to the river, a day's portage to reach navigation and the market beyond.

There is sufficient water power wasted every hour, in the numerous mountain torrents, to generate electricity sufficient to operate double track systems of narrow gauge railways to carry all produce to navigation in a couple of hours.

The town of Tarapota is a dilapidated, deserted village nearly all the available male population having gone to the rubber forests where they find profitable employment for a few months, abandoning their healthful homes because of the temptation offered for making

a little money rapidly in the unhealthy rubber swamps. They are generally disappointed in the realization of their hopes, though the earnings are considerable they are induced to part with it readily for cachasa or rum. Instead of sudden wealth and independence, they become the slaves of the traders by reason of their debts brought on by riotous living. Many of them perish from the fevers always prevailing in the low lands, which are fatal to the native who comes down from his mountain home.

There has probably been an army of five thousand of the bone and sinew, of the young men out of this vicinity of the valley of Tarapota alone who have gone to the forests, armed with their matchettes, becoming enemies of their country, ruthless invaders and destroyers of the caucho tree of Peruvian forests.

The caucho, though a species of the rubber, is different from that which is found on the lower part of the rivers, known as Para or Hevea, which is more gregarious in habit usually found in groups enabling the gatherer to collect the milk at certain seasons. The Brazilian gatherers pursue a method which does not destroy the rubber tree. The Peruvian native treats alike the rubber and the caucho.

The caucho being widely separated in the forest, the trees when found are felled, from the bleeding trunk of which its blood or milk is drained into pools in the earth prepared for it, where it is allowed to coagulate by evaporation, or it may be facilitated by adding alum or common soap, which makes a vile smelling compound worth about fifty cents which represents the value of a tree. There is a refuse or dripping mixed with an

earth, leaves or other foreign matter that is called Sernamby (pronounced "Surnam-bee") which is a third grade of rubber. There is a sernamby of both rubber and caucho. Crude caucho is formed in slabs resembling in appearance thick black hides from which the fur has been taken. Sernamby is usually in the shape of strippings formed by the gutters or channels carrying the milk from the tree to the pools.

The Peruvian government which is paternal in its character, claiming to exercise authority over the individual in all relations of life has been singularly remiss in its want of care and foresight in permitting the destruction of caucho, which was one source of future wealth, by these armies of half breeds who go into the forests, leaving their old men and women at home to cultivate a poison to destroy another great source of wealth in the supply of fish foods.

As this subject was fully outlined in Consular reports and personally brought to the attention of the Peruvian authorities, it is perhaps unnecessary to burden the narrative with it.

In a romantic vein, I would say to any enquiring friend as to the opportunities for immigration or the inauguration of business enterprises, that in extensive travel all over South America, I have not seen a more inviting field than is afforded in the delightful valleys of the upper Amazon provided always that the emigrant makes up his mind to be content with practical isolation from the world. Being hemmed in the interior by three ranges of the Andes on one side and five thousand miles of Amazonian forests on the other, is worse than being isolated on an island of the Pacific.



CAUCHO GATHERERS IN PERU.

A party of young farmers and mechanics might follow the route of this narrative and if well provided with implements and energy, take up large tracts of land, which may be had for the asking, upon which they could live comfortably in a glorious climate while awaiting the development of the land of to-morrow, which must come.

I might add parenthetically, that American boys—blondes preferred—if possessed of blue eyes and a vigorous constitution, will have no difficulty in finding helpmates from among the many beautiful *senoritas* who have been left alone in that paradise by reason of the exodus of the male population to the rubber forests. (It will be noticed I do not recommend the Anglo-Saxon to stop in the rubber forests.)

There are *senoritas* and *senoritas*, even in that out of the way region, and the American accustomed to good society at home might be surprised to find some families in this remote land who are quite exclusive and aristocratic in bearing and as exacting in their intercourse as are some of our own people who probably have not as much to stand on.

The settler need not be a pioneer woodsman compelled to fell trees, he will find miles upon miles of the richest pampa or prairie soil in the valleys waiting for the agricultural machinery to replace the ridiculously crude implements of the natives, which have been used for centuries to good advantage, but the increase would be doubled by modern appliance with the expenditure of less labor.

There are no frosts, no droughts, no grasshopper and other insect plagues at that altitude, and no uncertainty

as to returns, because there are two and sometimes three crops in a year. The settler will grow his own corn and potatoes and while resting from his daily toil, he may literally, smoke in his pipe of peace, his own tobacco, and sip delicious coffee made fresh from the berries grown on the plants in his own yard. Or if he prefers, his dark-eyed senorita will serve her lord with a cup of the richest cocoa grown on his own land, and sweetened with sugar crystalized from the cane which grows so wildly abundant, that it is not cultivated or gathered except for the manufacture of the pure rum of the country.

Milk, which does not seem to be used much in those lands, may be obtained from the herds of goats, or cows could be bred for milk, as with us.

There are disadvantages, aside from isolation, that are in a way as great obstacles to American colonization and as difficult to overcome as are the mountains themselves.

The Peruvian government is most liberal in its concessions or grants of land and homes to actual settlers from all countries, Americans being especially welcomed, ostensibly, without regard to race, color or creed. Yet it would be impolitic to attempt to locate anywhere in that country, a class of people who desired to be recognized as antagonistic to the established religion of that country, which is that of the Roman Catholic. Neither should foreigners go there, and insist upon the natives adopting their manners and customs, nor to criticize and reverse conditions that have existed for the centuries. Substantially the church and the state are one and the same in Peru. As the exis-

tence of each depends upon the other, they may be relied upon to stand firmly together, not only in Peru, but in all that land. The state officials are not at all zealous in defence of their church, in fact I do not recall overhearing an official express an opinion on the subject, beyond an admission of his Catholicism, when questioned.

The Padres or priests are seldom bigoted but as a rule are most courteous to travellers offering without question the hospitalities of their houses, and as they are of the best and well stocked for good living, I made it a point to look up the Padre at every stopping place. The masses of some of the interior villages are fanatical and disposed to excesses but are easily controlled by the Padres.

It should not be inferred that one reared a Protestant is inclined to eulogize the Catholic religion, especially the practice as I have seen it in the lives of some of the priests of those countries, but, as a disinterested journalist, who has enjoyed their hospitality and lived safely amongst these once savage cannibal Indians, I am glad of an opportunity to record my testimony to the facts, that to the missionary efforts of these Padres, during the centuries, has resulted in the redeeming of this beautiful land and the people from barbarism to a condition of civilization which may be incomplete but in many respects equals that of our own boasted civilization.

In discussions of this subject, I have frequently been reminded by friends, that the teachings of the Catholic church does not develop or advance a country remaining under its influence; perhaps this is more largely a

question of latitude or climate and of previous race conditions, than of religious influence. The Spanish people will answer that if the Anglo-Saxon had occupied this southern continent and they the north the conditions would be in their favor, they claim that we do not give our superior climate the proper credit for its influence on our lives. These people claim that they have done better for the Indians of this continent than we have; that they were not killed off to make room for our advancing civilization. They say the Jesuits did not kill, but through centuries of patient self sacrificing toil, unassisted by home missionary societies, they have labored successfully and disinterestedly for the improvement of the Indians. Under the circumstances, liberal Christians of other sects, can scarcely censure these people for protesting against the importing of over-zealous missionaries who tell the Indian that their previous religious training has been false.

During my illness I was visited by a number of the good people of the village. In looking over my notebook, which I sometimes used as an autograph album, I find among the names inscribed that of the good old curate or the Padre of Tarapota, who was also the kind physician to minister to the body, in clear characters remarkably well done for his great age, Jose Eusobie Cuipal, Cura de Tarapota, and also that of a colleague from a neighboring village, whom he brought in to see the sick Americano, Amadeo Chumbo, Cura, Pachiza.

A frequent caller was the sub-Prefect of the district, middle aged Spanish Don, well posted on the doings of the outside world whom I found most congenial. He

supplied me with a good bit of valuable information about the mineral wealth of the surrounding mountains. But this not being in sight, like the natural products of the forests and the agricultural possibilities, I can only recite the testimony of these gentlemen of repute, who insist that the gold and copper ores, which they exhibited, are more valuable than can be estimated, and the location possesses the advantage of being easily accessible with good natural drainage and abundant water power to operate. It is certainly an extra bonanza to find gold in a country that supplies everything else that is needed to make life happy. I record the sub-Prefect's note from my note book, in his own hand writing, referring to the location: "Sinami Pampa situada ol Cerro de Santa Domingo." Also the names and addresses of two Spanish miners, in their own writing namely, Elias Linares and Luis Felipe Del Castello Cerro de Francona.

During the pleasant evenings, while recuperating, it was my habit to sit on a bench outside of my door, with note book in hand at times, or a pad of paper whiling away the tedious waiting hours writing out matters just as they occurred, which are reproduced in this narrative in the same spirit in which they were set down at the time.

The Indians were always curious about my writing and frequently came close enough to look at the pencil marks; to amuse them I would make rough sketches, which they could understand well enough to laugh. They called me "The white man who talks with his hands." They could not be made to comprehend how

it was possible for any one to read out loud what I would put on paper.

The Napo afforded me a good bit of amusement by his absurd attempts at imitating the Americano. When I would take a seat on the bench to fill up my journal, he would squat on the ground on the other side of the doorway, with a piece of soiled paper and a pencil, he begged from me, which he kept most of the time between his lips wetting it so it would make a blacker mark on his paper. He could not form a letter but he made the Indians think he could. It afforded me lots of fun to see him scratch his head, look wise at the gaping Indians standing around and with a sigh as if something was hurting him, begin to make pot hooks on the paper.

I humored his conceit by pretending that he should keep an account of the change he got to buy supplies, from which I think he was making enough percent to buy his rum besides.

He could not make the figures, but had a system of markings that I think lied as easily as himself. It will seem incredible to even a small school boy or girl that a big Indian, man in statue and strength cannot count beyond five. They all do their transactions in copper coins of one cent denomination, and it sometimes requires a shopkeeper to use barrels for money drawers.

CHAPTER XV.



BECOMING impatient at the indifference shown about preparations for continuing the journey, I ventured to intimate to the young business man, to whom I was endorsed for an outfit, that I wanted to go forward, to which he replied smilingly, "Oh, no, no, senor, we cannot allow you to leave us for some weeks yet." To my look of surprise he continued, "You must first ride with me over the valley, as there are many people who desire to see the *Americano*." I protested and insisted that I must go west, he bowed himself off, jumped on his pony, leaving me standing there in distressing uncertainty. His neglect of business was explained by the sub-Prefect, as resulting from his being in love with the prettiest and richest *senorita* in the valley. He closed his shop every morning, riding off to visit the lady, returning late at night.

The Napo also confided to me the gossip that the people would like to have me remain among them indefinitely, intimating that I could have a choice of *senoritas*, which I think was a lie, in his own interest. The Padre and other friends thought I might not be able to stand the hardships of the trip until I should recuperate, and some of the friends thought it would be better for me to return from that point to the Amazon. These contingencies did not occur to me, I concluded that neither a love-sick Don, or a genuinely

sick American, should deter me from going forward, as intended.

On making known to the sub-Prefect my determination and the business delays, he at once arranged for my departure, the experience proving the statement made previously, that it is always best to make arrangements for progress with an official duly authorized. Any plans looking to dependence upon private contracts with individuals however reliable in themselves, are almost sure to cause trouble and embarrassment. Contracts of every kind should have the approval of an official.

It happened that the sub-Prefect's Indians, of the Tarapota tribe, were at the time "in festa," that means they were celebrating one of the numerous "feasts" known as San Christoval. On these occasions all take part. The women for days in advance occupy their time in preparations, especially in making the curious cakes that are baked in queer ovens, located in palm tree groves, where they assemble to do this work. For the week or during these "festas" it is out of the question to get one of the tribe to do any work. The Peruvian officials wisely avoid interfering with these customs, making no attempt to coerce, but rather humor the practices.

It became necessary, therefore, for the Prefect of Tarapota to send ahead to the village of Lamas for a draft of the Indians of that tribe to come to Tarapota to carry my luggage out of Tarapota to their town, which was not "in festa."

The morning after the interview with the Prefect I was awakened from a troubled dream early by the

Napo, announcing that a party of Indians were outside "demanding" as he interpreted "eager" to see me. I opened my sleepy eyes in a half frightened way, on seeing a half dozen bare headed and bare legged Indians, staring in their stolid way, not one making any effort to speak or by gesture indicate their wants. The Napo explained that they had come to "carry me away," which I found meant that they were there in obedience to the Prefect's order to take myself and belongings on to Lamas. They asked me but one question, "How much cargo?" or "show the carga" as the load is called. They don't contract by weight, but rather on the convenience of handling. My stuff was scattered over the earthen floor of the room and looked as if it would take a good bit of packing, but in a short time everything was in bundles on their backs with which they trotted off as silently as if they were stealing.

The Indians of one tribe do not care to remain long in the country of another, especially when a festa is in progress, therefore the festa of Tarapota, instead of delaying, served to facilitate my departure, because the Lamas Indians were anxious to give their neighbor's festa a wide berth.

After morning coffee, I mounted a saddle mule in front of the casa, which a rich senora had kindly loaned for my use and a pack mule was supplied for the Napo. The sub-Prefect, Don Delgado, and the citizens generally, came around to have a farewell "salute senior" and to express their well wishes over a parting cup of "chu-chu-wassa," I rode out of the old town gaily, for a sick man, followed by the grinning Napo.

The "camino" as the trail is called, and the only

highway of all that land, is nothing more than a path, such as a line of mules at single file will make. The mules and the files of Indians that are constantly using it, are the only road builders, there being scarcely any work done on the camino by the authorities, beyond the necessity of keeping down the rapid growth of underbrush, that would conceal the trail in a few days, if not used constantly.

Our camino led through the upper part of the valley, a mere swath cut through a thick growth of immense cane and bamboo so tall that I could not touch the top with my riding stick. About noon we forded the river Mayo, resting in a grove on the other bank for the coffee and mutton breakfast that had been prepared in advance. My note book says the afternoon was intensely hot because of our route being through this dense thicket of cane and bamboo that excluded the air. We met a family comprising husband, wife, boy, girl and a baby en route to Chasuta, with whom we exchanged the usual greetings, taking the opportunity to send regards to Senor Sandoval and Adelina. Toward evening we cross the divide by the rocky trail into another valley. Along the edge of one of the hillsides were a group of Indians in camp along the trail, comprising old and young men, women and numerous children. The males stare indifferently at our approach, while some of the old women offer gourds, containing a drink, which the Napo recognizes as "guirapa," a decoction of half fermented cane juice, that for pungent, delicate flavor nearly approaches champagne and equals Jersey cider. On his urgent representation that it was not real rum, but only the juice fresh from the

press, I first tasted sparingly and then drank all there was in the gourd. I advise any travellers through that wilderness to make a note of the name "guirapa" that they may avoid this insidious, devilish, Indian compound or fire water which caused the first trouble I had on the camino.

Soon after we separated ourselves from the hospitalities of the Indians, the Napo and his mule began to have trouble, causing me some apprehension and delay because they did not seem to know the road as the rest of us. He was violently drunk, and of all drunken persons that I have seen in many lands, this half wild Napo on a mule on the Andes made the greatest exhibition of himself and the effects of guirapa. We were in a narrow defile, and perhaps the altitude increased the light headedness, the rum bringing the worst nature of the Indian out. Luckily for me perhaps, the rum exaggerated his respect for the "Americano," his admiration being increased to an offensive absurdity. He insisted on making speeches, demonstrating the greatness and glory of America, of which he was really proud when sober. I could do nothing with him, and as the Indians from the camp were attracted by his ferocious bellowing I anticipated trouble and rode off with my escort of Lamas.

A little way ahead I unconsciously ran into another scene, an Amazonian forest fire, that for terrific and superlative fierceness and surpassing grandeur in destructive effects cannot be portrayed by pen, and scarcely excelled by Dore in his conception of the inferno. While yet some distance from the scene, we saw great volumes of smoke, with occasional spits of flame

darting from behind the hills. My Indians hesitated, but being anxious to investigate I rode ahead alone, when I was halted suddenly by a blast of hot air that caused the mules to swing around so quickly as to almost unseat me into what seemed like the crater of an active volcano.

We could see through the dense smoke of burning green leaves, the half naked forms of a lot of Indians, their copper bodies blackened, running about yelling like imps of the hell they had made of that part of the earth. The great flames fanned by the drafts passing through the narrow defile attacked tall green trees causing them to blaze up as suddenly as if they had been paper, the green leaves crackling from the heat and the flame like fireworks or continuous musketry fire.

Riding back hastily, I found my Napo in a heated controversy with a lot of the Indians who were following him up. I realized at that moment that I was literally between two fires and figuratively on the very edge of hell.

The Napo, wholly indifferent to the fire in our front, turned to meet me, his wild eyes actually fiery and red with insane rage, declared in a loud voice that "these Indian dogs had insulted you and America, and he would kill them and die himself for me," for which I should have been profoundly grateful at that moment. But on the principle of taking the bull by the horns, I rode up to him and in plain English, in a loud voice, mixed with disgust, anger and guirapa, gave him to understand we had other business on hand and he must shut up.

The Indians who had collected evidently concluded from my animated conversation that I did not appreciate the Napo's efforts to boom America, and passed the matter off, as the effect of too much fire water, and turned in to fight the fire in our path, while the Napo slunk to the rear completely cowed.

The fire was caused by a squad of Indians who had been sent out to clear the trail, through the thicket, and in burning a swath, the flames had gotten beyond their control.

After the fire had burned itself out we rode safely over the blackened earth and before the day's sun had set, arrived in the town of Lamas, the destination for that convoy.

We slept in the "Government House" in Lamas, which is considered the best house in the town, which in severe plainness resembles an adobe prison, or a dug-out to protect cattle or sheep from wolves at night. The four walls covering some twenty feet square, are constructed of the mud or dark clay blocks, molded into the shape of immense bricks, composed of a mixture of clay and dark earth, giving them the same uniformly dark color throughout the country. Straws or the tough fibre of some kinds of grass, are mixed in the clay along with pebbles and sometimes quite large stones. There is said to be a remarkable similarity to the material used for building in Egypt. There does not appear to be any cement or lime required to give it adhesive properties, yet these buildings have withstood the weather for hundreds of years, in all this land, due in part to the fact that there are

no frosts and but few changes in the weather, except to the wet and dry seasons.

The material is mixed on the ground near the proposed buildings, as we do for mortar. The blocks are moulded separately on the walls, the pressure necessary to exude the moisture being applied by the stamping of the Indians' feet or the blunt end of a stick of wood. They are altogether sun-dried, the rapid evaporation in those altitudes facilitating the work.

As each brick or layer on the wall must be hardened before the next course can be added, the problem of the construction of a building of several rooms, always of a single story in height, becomes as much a question of time, as that of some of our tall government buildings of granite blocks. The work only progresses when the sun shines; when the rainy season comes all building operations cease. There are, however, no labor unions or strikes to interfere with progress. The roofs of even the mud huts are always of the palm thatch, which is woven in graceful outline on rustic rafters extending three or four feet over the walls, forming a style of well balanced irregularity in crude architecture that the modern builders do not seem to approach in lines of beauty.

The capping or topping off of the roofs seem to compensate largely for the uniform ugliness of four square walls of mud. If any fire is required the smoke must find its way out through the roof, which also preserves the thatch and answers to prevent the numerous insects from making it their homes.

For light and incidentally ventilation, a hole in the wall of the dimensions of a prison window, is left, in

the shape of a peep hole, long and narrow, so that neither a man's head may be put inside, nor a woman's look out.

The adobe is usually occupied by the Spaniard or descendant who settles in the towns and constructs blocks or rows of these adobe walls, usually in the form of a hollow square, all opening into the court or plaza. This formation gives better protection, as well as more sociability. The Spaniards separate casa or house is always constructed on the same lines, opening into the "patio" or inner court.

The Indians' bamboo and thatch is more picturesque and for that climate more comfortable than the heavy walled adobe that is liable to be damp in the rainy season.

There are none of the annoyances that our house-keepers experience from broken or soiled window panes. In all that interior of the land of to-morrow the use of window glass is unknown, and I may add, unnecessary. The weather is usually so balmy that an open window is a daily comfort. Neither are there any doors such as we know. The plan of each house provides for a single entrance. As there are no boards or lumber in all the hundreds of miles of forests of mahogany and cedar, except perhaps some short lengths that have been brought on mules or the backs of Indians from the coast, for making of rude table tops or shelves.

The door space of the Government House was a wicket, made of a number of heavy sticks of bamboo held together by withes of vine-like fibre as tough and flexible as wire. Though pliable it was strong, the

uprights of bamboo added to the prison-like appearance of the house. At night it was closed with a cross bar, a necessary protection from any straying wild animals that might have been attracted to the place by the scent of the provisions.

A sad incident occurred at this place which will illustrate the need of missionary enterprise that will introduce some practical appliances with their teachings. The reader will recall the young girl dying with consumption who started with us on the "Sabia," and whom we afterwards met and saluted in the canoe. In walking about the village of Lamas in the early morning I was surprised and gratified to meet her brother, the courteous young Spaniard, who had brought her over the mountains, strapped to a chair carried gently on the backs of the Indians to this sanitarium in hopes of prolonging her life.

To my cordial greeting and inquiries as to his sister's condition, he responded in the Spanish, which seems to express more fully than the English, the spirit of devotion and love existing between brother and sister. He said "every pulsation of his heart was a pang of grief and regret that he had so long delayed the coming to Lamas." He could not give further expression to his feelings, but one could see through the film of the tear down into the solemn depths of his large black eyes, that he realized that he must soon go with his sister to the world beyond. His words emphasized by the deep hectic flush on his dark cheek, indicating that the grim monster had touched him with his pink brush.

Feeling sure of his sister's death, he was at that moment making the preliminary preparations, express-

ing his distress to me that in all that land, he could not find enough plain boards to make a rude casket for the reception of her body.

Lamas is a well-known sanitarium, where the afflicted from all over Peru are in the habit of isolating themselves, and to arrest dissolution from consumption. That but few deaths occur at Lamas, may account for the lack of facilities for caring for the dead. It is a town where there are but few burials, but which may be called a living grave yard. Perhaps the peculiar location has something to do with the remarkable sanitary conditions. The town or camp is built on the point of an isolated bench of land, which juts out from the mountain, like a peninsula, into a valley of waving green foliage. The point is of reddish clay, entirely destitute of vegetation, several miles in area.

From the earliest recollection the place has maintained a remarkable reputation, as being the one place on earth where consumptives may live to old age, which probably accounts for the name given by the people as "The consumptives' paradise or heaven." It is not denied that they do die here sometimes, but only such as come to the place in a dying condition, the only claim of the Peruvian physicians is that the progress of the disease is arrested by a residence. The altitude is considerable above that of Tarapota, but not so great as Moyabamba, the temperature uniformly the same every day of the entire year. The nights are cool and pleasant, the air dry and warm, permitting the people to move about in the sunshine of the days, that are unusually dry, as but little rain falls, which fact accounts for the barrenness of the knoll. On all sides throughout the

valley a species of palm is indigenous not unlike some of our pines, through which the breezes come tempered and perfumed.

As Lamas was not a particularly attractive stopping place for me, and desiring to get away as soon as possible, I enlisted the Napo's aid through exciting his dull comprehension into a scare of contagion from consumption, which I made him believe was as infectious as small-pox, one thing of which every Indian entertains a holy horror, and at an appearance of which he will abandon wife, child and all he has.

On account of the escapade on the trail, the day previous, I had, by way of disciplining him, assumed a severe attitude towards him, the dignified silence and uncertainty of my action had a more subduing effect than the threats of turning him over to the Gobernador. He considered it a privilege to eat his rations alongside of or with me, to deny him this or to withhold recognition of himself as "interpreter" humiliated him before the other Indians. After breakfasting alone in sullen silence, he approached with his old hat in hand, in supplicating voice, ridiculous by his absurd words and manner, began his apology: "I salute you, Major?" Then followed an awkward pause, as I declined to notice him. He continued abjectly, as he twirled his sombrero in his hands hesitatingly, muttering, "I am ashamed of you, Major," he meant "ashamed of himself," or ashamed on my account, which break in the interpreter's English caused me to part with my assumed dignity and laugh, which served to re-establish the entente cordial. He gave me his hand, promising faithfully never to touch another drop of "guirapa,"

which I think he meant at the time, but we will see what happened the next day. I made good use of his penitence for the time by enlisting his interest in whooping up the departure, sending him out on the trail to deliver letters to the Gobernador, and to make representations on his own account, of the necessity for haste.

The next relay covered a journey of seven or eight days over the principal range of the Andes chain, to Moyabamba, and it was necessary that we should be well equipped at Lamas. As usual, we encountered the Gobernador's plea for a few days' delay, in order that the Indians might prepare their food, etc.

I took the Gobernador to one side, tendering him a fee in the way of a few silver soles, explaining my anxiety to get to Lima on official business, but really nervous to get out of the consumptives' heaven, no matter where or how we got away. The Napo assisted in this, urged by the same motive, telling the Gobernador a number of lies about the exalted character of the Consul Americano for whom he was interpreter and guide. I think that old Gobernador believed I was an Ambassador from the President of the United States to the President of Peru, and feared that I would make complaint about his unpreparedness. I assured him that I should speak a good word for him to the President on reaching Lima. I volunteered to buy provisions for the Indians to avoid the delay of preparation, all of which served to clear the way for our departure the next morning.

The Gobernador kindly offered the loan of his own horse and saddle for my use, for the first stage of the journey, a small Indian pony being also provided for

the big Napo, though it is the custom for Indians to walk and carry carga, while the traveller rides, the Napo provided for himself as my "interpreter" entitled to consideration over the ordinary Indian.

Four peons or Indians of the Lamas brand were detailed as my escort through to Moyabamba, some six days' journey afoot, at the usual rate of less than one sole or half dollar per day for each Indian or pony, both being rated the same as beasts of burden. All agreements are scrupulously carried out by the Indians, there being in my experience no cause for complaint, except from over indulgence towards the peons, who, however hard it may seem to put on paper, should be treated with the same consideration and kindness an owner shows to an animal who serves him faithfully. As a rule they do not resent what may seem like harshness and some of them seem to show as little sense of appreciation as a mule. There are, however, many exceptions.

In general the tribes look alike though each have some distinguishing characteristics, in the way of their make up, that marks their tribe.

The Lamas do not wear hats or shoes, and have a peculiar daub of paint or tatoo, as well as of dialect. One of my escorts of Lamas was a stalwart young fellow, whose sinewy well knit frame shown by the half-nude dress, his body inclining forward under the burden on his back constantly reminded me of the pictures or statuettes representing Atlas carrying the world around on his shoulders.

In conveying the heavy packs and bulky burdens on their backs, the Indian inclines the upper part of the

body forward at an angle of about forty-five, that he may more easily maintain the centre of gravity. If the load is cumbersome, or bulky, he may guy it by passing straps around his forehead to help hold in place. However weighty or bulky the loaded Indian trots along the rough camino all day cheerfully, and lays down his burden in camp and goes off fishing or hunting half the night.

CHAPTER XVI.



ONLY three Indians reporting in the morning, the Governador ascertaining that the fourth was too drunk to travel, settled the impending delay by deciding that the three assume the burden of four, offering to divide the pay of the four amongst the three.

After lifting, to test the weight of the carga, it was agreed to and the bundles assorted and strapped to suit themselves were quickly gathered up, they started off, leaving the fourth to be dealt with by the Governador.

The chief of our squad was an elder brother of Atlas, rather short in stature but quite muscular, who had brought along on his own account his two boys, bright little fellows of eight and ten years, each of whom carried on their backs packs, composed principally of the provisions of the Indians. As soon as the papoose begins to walk their training begins by putting packs on them. There was also an old grandfather Indian, who joined the party, probably as a means of keeping his joints loosened by a tramp of eight days, with his two sons and grandsons. He was considered too feeble to pack anything but a gun.

As usual, the entire village, including the Governador and the squaws of the escorts, assembled to see us off. The gayly caparisoned horse of the Governador, recognizing a stranger on his back, began to cut capers on the village square to the entertainment of the crowd.

My early training in Western Texas and later experience as a rough rider with Custer as an officer of the Second Cavalry, easily gave me the victory. The performance, however, seemed to add to my importance in the estimation of the Indians. With many adios to the Gobernador and the crowd, we rode gladly away from the consumptives' heaven over the hill and down into a valley that came near to being an Indians' hell.

We followed the Indians along the trail or camino westward through a narrow valley for several hours before reaching our first halt for rest, and the noonday breakfast. Here the first and only serious trouble I had with Indians was fermented, I may say, by my own indiscretion. I had given the Napo some money to distribute among our quota, as a further inducement to hasten our departure, intending that the money would be used to buy provisions. But they had spent the money instead for rum, one having succumbed ingloriously before we started, but the rest had cunningly concealed their supply till they got beyond the reach of the Gobernador. At this the first stop gourds and skin bottles were produced from hidden recesses that would have puzzled an old soldier accustomed to smuggling whiskey into camp.

It was no use to threaten and order them to stop drinking. The Napo, speaking from experience, said the only thing was to let them finish their supply, and then wait till they should sleep or fight its effects off.

I was rather alarmed to see they did not have enough to cause them to become stupid and sleepy. After a lot of parleying and pow-wowing they started off. Atlas, with my box on his back, staggered along yelling

like a wild man on the war path, though the road was rough and in some places dangerous, he never hesitated in his dog trot. To my expressed apprehensions about my trunk he would go faster as if to convince me of its safety, and reaching a defile or ditch, leap nimbly over or recklessly skip from rock to rock across rushing streams that of themselves made me dizzy.

For some reason, not easily explained, the Indians as a rule treated me with more consideration than they usually gave to a stranger. They really disliked the Napo, because he was of another nation and disposed to to put on airs, on account of his association with the white man, as interpreter. They always addressed me respectfully, as "padrone" or patron, as they sound it, which means father or superior. In my protests to Atlas, he would stop his chatter, and in a drunken guttural try to let me see it was all right and no harm would come to my box or to me, and in an humble appeal beg for more "cassy" padrone, "More cassy, padrone." The only English word he knew was "cassy," for rum. His brother was less sedate in his drunkenness, occupying himself in absurd antics for the amusement of his two young boys. They had also tasted of the cup, and capered around like a pair of Peck's bad boys. The old grandfather was a boy again.

The other fellow was inclined to be sullen, and wanted to sleep, which exasperated the Napo, who had imbibed enough to make him ugly, notwithstanding his promise of the day previous.

The maudling lot of drunken Indians disgusted me so that I rode ahead, leaving the Napo to bring them up. I had probably gotten only half a mile ahead,

when I was halted by hearing a terrific yelling followed by a gunshot. On the spur of the moment I wheeled suddenly, intuitively drawing my revolver, galloped back without stopping to consider what would be best. On the top of the hill were clustered the Indians shouting and gesticulating threateningly at the Napo, who sat trembling on his pony, bare headed and cowed, or begging for mercy. The old grandad, with gun cocked, and pointed towards the Napo, on seeing me rushing towards them, turned and pointed threateningly at me.

In moments of sudden danger or excitement I have been fortunately able to remain cooler than when anticipating trouble. My good luck served me in this emergency. I did not attempt to check my horse, but in pure desperation, whipped up to a charge, feeling that it was safer at close range, rode my horse right over the old man, knocking the staggering fool over. Realizing that I was the only one armed, the gun not having been reloaded after the shot that had called me back. But I also realized that five barrels of a small revolver against six drunken and frenzied savages would not avail me alone on the top of the Andes. Some good angel whispered into my ear as I hesitated for a moment, "It's your fault; rum and the Napo is the cause of the trouble." Turning to the Napo, pointing my pistol in his face, with an anger born of desperation, demanded that he make amends or I would sacrifice him.

I could not talk to the Indians, but they saw from my action that I was not of the same mind as the Napo. The old man had gathered himself up and with reloaded gun at a support, wildly savage towards me, would have

fired but Atlas, who had thrown off his load, seeing his father's fury, sprang towards him, snatching the gun from his hands and fired into the air the load intended for me.

I owe my life to the Indian Atlas. Though this is described as only a row with drunken Indians, who were harmless when sober, it was an experience that I would go a long ways around to avoid.

The balance of the day I rode behind the Indians, the better to protect myself by a retreat if necessary. The old grandad who was hard to appease, carried all afternoon in a threatening way, the matchette, or long sword knife. Realizing that he was being driven as a disarmed prisoner to the next town, he attempted once or twice to slip back to Lamas, but for reasons of policy I preferred to take him along. The Napo was so completely cowed that he would have been of no use to me in a fight.

This affair served to detain us on the trail until after dark, when we groped our way down the side of a mountain and entered the village of Chenoa, located in a little valley alongside of the river Mayo. Here we again reported to a Gobernador, simply requesting shelter for the night. I felt apprehensive about our safety during the night, if the treacherous old Indian could get at enough cassy to make him ugly or induce others to help him to seek revenge, and was careful to have the Gobernador give me a house in which we could secure ourselves.

We spread our blankets on some rude benches of a large room used as a house for meetings or festas. The Gobernador did all he could for our comfort, but I con-

fess to a feeling of nervousness lest the entire village might be fired by rum to rise against us. Though we laid down to sleep lulled by the peaceful ripple of the river that tumbled over the rocks, we passed a night of horror never to be forgotten.

Though rolled in blankets above the floor, the discomfort was increased by the knowledge of dampness by the foul air of the place; to some observation about its unhealthfulness, the Governador indifferently observed that a recent freshet in the river had made all the level ground thereabout alike swampy, and he could do no better for us. The nervousness was increased by the bats, darting about the light, which we put out as a matter of protection, but the silence broken by the crawling or running of lizzards over the walls, was increased. They are small objects, but able to impress themselves very forcibly on one's presence even in the dark when on the walls or ceilings imagining they move their heads about as if to see whether it would be safe to jump on the object below.

The river's overflow had also the effect of driving the snakes from the lower levels to the higher points, on one of which the hut we occupied was located. I was aroused from a restless half doze by feeling something cold on my forehead, which I thought was a bat of the vampire sort, that bite the sleeping animals, sometimes causing death from the exhaustion of the blood of the victim. Covering my head with the blanket for protection was equal to slow suffocation. In despair I determined to sit up the balance of the night. Groping about in my bare feet on the damp earthen floor in search of a match and candle from our luggage which

was piled on the floor, I imagined I frightened some rats that had been attracted to our provisions. They scampered off, as I accidentally upset some of the luggage. I found the match, after the usual hunt for such things, and striking it on the box with a crackling noise, the sudden light revealed to my already strained nervousness the horrible fact that there were snakes on our bed room floor.

I had not been drinking any guirapa, not even chu-chu-wassa. The snakes I saw were genuine, crawling, wiggling, lively squirming objects of terror. The light had the effect of scattering them and me too. I dropped the burning match as if it were a bomb, and in my frantic efforts to reach the bench I fell over the sleeping Napo. Gathering myself up I jumped on his bench, wakening him rather suddenly. But he did not seem to mind snakes or my kicks, declaring reassuringly that they would not hurt me—wanted to lie down to sleep again—but on the principle that misery loves company, I insisted upon his sitting up with me. I was afraid to get down on the floor myself, so made him bring me my riding boots, which I only ventured to draw on after being assured by the grinning Napo that there were no snakes in them. I spent the balance of the night standing on the bench, striking matches to the amusement of the Napo, and the astonishment of snakes, to which I “said things” in English that would not look well in cold type.

The grey light of early dawn revealed the ugly Indian village of Chenoa, located like Chasuta, in the mud. It is a “balsa” or ferrying point over the river

Mayo at a point above a natural dam of rocks which makes a pool suited for ferrying.

The Gobernador at the head of an Indian file procession, came to our hut, I wondered what was going to happen next. I listened to a long harangue, not one word of which I understood, but inferred from the supplicating attitude of the Indians that they meant to apologize for their conduct of the previous day. I pretended to be reluctant to grant the favor—though really most eager to make any terms at all—as they had the advantage of possession and resources. Atlas advanced with extended hand muttering over and over the salutation, “Patron,” or *padrone*, expressing also his “thankfulness” as the interpreter put it, “because you did not shoot his father.” I gave each a gloved hand, adding later a trifling present to the two little boys.

The balsa or ferriage considered to be dangerous at this point was made more hazardous because of the recent high water. Like everything else ferrying becomes a matter of contract with a Gobernador. I paid in advance for putting two head of horses and six head of Indians and myself on the other bank. The Indians were piled into one canoe, which it was arranged should make the first attempt, leading the swimming horses by ropes. The Napo stood on the bank finding fault with the Gobernador’s plans, declaring the attempt to swim two horses together would result in drowning both. It looked a little that way to me, and as better securing their safety, I told the Napo to get in the canoe and give them the benefit of his Ecuadorian skill, he demurred with the observation, “No, sir, it is dangerous

to die," meaning that it was dangerous and might result in the drowning of himself. I let him off with a laugh at his interpretation.

In obedience to the orders and threats of the Gobernador, the canoe load of chattering Indians was shoved out, and caught in the rushing current before they were ready, the two horses plunging wildly in the water over the rocky bottoms were liable to injure themselves or upset the canoe. The current took them down so rapidly that scarcely any headway was being made across though the Indians paddled vigorously. We followed them down the bank shouting and perhaps saying things in English they did not understand, urging them to keep the horses' heads above water, one of the Chenoas, thinking the canoe was going over the falls below, jumped and swam to shore. After a struggle which took them almost out of sight I was glad to see that my horse's feet had touched bottom and he was staggering to the other shore. The other horse had completely collapsed, lodging on the rocks some distance below, no effort being made to revive him. The Gobernador, with myself and the Napo, crossed without adventure in a separate canoe that the Napo skillfully managed.

With a correct sense of justice and fair play, the Gobernador deducted a proportion of the ferriage on account of the drowned horse, that had not been delivered on the far bank, according to the contract.

This left the Napo afoot with the Lamas, which I did not regret, feeling that it was his lubberly body and rough riding that had so exhausted the pony that he easily succumbed to the fording. Believing that a

merciful man should be merciful to his beast, and realizing that my pony too had been roughly handled in the ferriage, when we reached a steep hill with a rocky trail I dismounted to lead him. The effort was not appreciated, perhaps because he had never before experienced such consideration. He resisted viciously, tried to jump on me, upsetting my dignity and the saddle packs, and breaking a bottle of chu-chu-wassa.

While the Indians and the Napo stopped to rest and make coffee I rode ahead on the well defined trail through a fertile valley leading to the larger village of Tabalosa, which we should have reached the previous night, except for the fracas that landed us in Chenoa.

The town of Tabalosa, like all the Spanish or half-civilized native villages, is situated on a barren hill top. In its architectural appearance and filthiness it resembles all the rest, my observation seeming to prove true the statement that a Spaniard hates a tree and succeeds in making the natives feel likewise, as none are cultivated near their dwellings.

On reaching the outskirts of this town I became demoralized on seeing that the inhabitants were wildly celebrating one of their festas. The usual procession with the holy emblems, and Peruvian flags and loud tom tom music was emerging from the church, causing me to rein up as suddenly as if I had run into a detachment of the enemies we used to be always on the lookout for when we had rides through Virginia a few years ago. In this instance if I had been leading an invasion I should not have been more disturbed, if I had encountered an armed force instead of this religious procession. If one wants to get through that land pleasantly

they should cultivate first the clergy and after that the army officials.

Though some distance from the crowd, I hastily doffed my sombrero, as is required of every one who wears a hat, when one of these priestly marshals are on exhibition.

Realizing that it was of no use to attempt to pass through the village until the tedious ceremonies were over, and fearful that the break-up or aftermath would so demoralize the Indians of the town, that we would have trouble in getting our Indians through, there being always some ill feeling and jealousy between the different tribes. I waited till my procession came up, intending to try and create a good impression by making a grand entree into the village, to take part in the festa, as distinguished visitors or travellers, which I knew would have the effect of pleasing the officials and the Indians.

It was arranged that the Napo as an interpreter should do all the lying to the Governador, while I'd play the role of Poo-bah, or that of a distinguished Ambassador en route to Lima to see the President of Peru. The Napo entered heartily into the plans, I impressed on him the necessity of first securing the local Governador's influence to enable us to pass through the village without allowing our Indians to come in contact with theirs.

When all ready, I took the head of the column, the only mounted personage, the interpreter following at my side, while the half dozen of ragged and dirty Indians and the two boys followed in single file, making the grand entree in a style not excelled by

Coxey's army into Washington. When I deigned to address the Napo, or he would venture to speak to me, he would take off his excuse for a hat, and bow obsequiously. As the rest did not wear hats they were excused from this formality. We solemnly marched up the street, without noticing the gaping villagers, halting in front of the Governador's hut, where the principal beggars of the place were having some sort of a powwow that always follows a festa. This gathering was to our advantage.

As previously stated, a passport is not at all a necessity and seldom offered in any of these lands, except perhaps for the identification of an official.

Before starting on this overland trip I had communicated with the Brazilian government at Rio de Janeiro and Lima stating my desire of travelling alone through the interiors of their country, asking a passport. A pleasant reply was sent stating that "My exequator as a United States Consul, in their country, was recognized all over Brazil and Peru, and it was only necessary to make myself known to ensure consideration."

I had been supplied, some years previous, with the "special passport" from our Department of State, given to each Consul with his appointment. I never had occasion to present it. It was a large official document on parchment, with the usual spread eagle heading, the text in copper plate chirography, endorsing me by name to the care of the officials of the countries to which I was accredited or visited en route to my post of duty, stating that I was entitled to the courtesies and safe conduct that would be extended to citizens of their countries who were travelling in the United

States. A large red seal emphasized the signature of the Secretary of State, James G. Blaine.

I prized the document as an autograph as I do that of my army commission bearing the signatures of Lincoln and Stanton.

Happily it occurred to me that I should take this official parchment along on this trip, with a view of having it vised by each official as I passed through the different states and countries, which I thought would make an interesting collection of autographs, but would serve also to preserve in an official way, with stamped seal and dates, the evidence that I had really visited the places named first.

On the reverse side of this parchment I had obtained the official signature of Deodora Fonseca, First President of Brazil, with that of Justo Chermont, the Governor of the State of Para, and Roberto, Governor of the State of Amazonas, (all in Brazil), the sub-Prefect of the provinces of Peru, at Iquitos, Yurrimaguas, Tarpota, each of whom had placed their official seal upon the paper up to that time. Subsequently the list was increased as we advanced to Moyabamba, Chachapoyas and Cajamarca on this route, and finally by the United States Minister at Lima.

An official passport is probably printed on stiffer paper and perhaps worded a little stronger than the ordinary document, enclosed in a large blue envelope, covered with addresses and several ounces of red sealing wax. This was handed to the Napo to present to the Governador, which part of the trick he played with considerable style and dignity, and an Indian can be dignified, handing it in before the assembled natives,

and at request of the Gobernador, translating that part I had indicated about safe conduct. It had the desired effect. The Gobernador came out to meet me, courteously offering to do all he could for me. Subsequently I had the Napo emphasize the translating of other papers which secured us all we required. So it happened that the passport was useful amongst a lot of drunken fanatics.

The Napo, as usual, got in his little work on the Indians by relating the incident of the old grandad shooting over his head. He made out, as I afterwards learned, that the old Indian had attempted to kill me, and as the passport had magnified my importance, the Gobernador had the old man carried off to the town jail. The Napo explained that it would not hurt the old man but would scare the sons and the rest of the Indians who would get to know of it. On this plea I let it pass, but before leaving made peace and friends with all by interceding for the release of the old man, on condition that he return to Lamas.

My horse was to be returned to Lamas from this point, it being understood that I would get a remount at Tabalosa, to Moyabamba, but we were told no horses could be obtained for some days, and rather than stay over night in the village, I determined to go ahead on foot, a tramp of five or six days over the first real Andes to the valley and town of Moyabamba.

The Gobernador kindly sent as escort out of town one of his "judges," as the old men are called, who carry staffs as a mace of authority, who took us beyond the town, not, however, without a most bewailing appeal to me from Atlas—to be allowed to take one—just

one drink from a tempter in the form of a girl that followed us out of the village.

CHAPTER XVII.



THE natives of certain portions of fluvial Amazonas, better known as the Montana or wooded country of Peru, do not know the immense blue mountains eternally in their sight, by our familiar geographical name of the Andes.

In reply to numerous inquiries as to the Andes, the better informed of all the people gave the same answer, as they pointed toward the distant, snow-capped peaks, "Cordilleras," pronouncing the word with a reverential emphasis of astonishment at my ignorance—"Cor-de-lay-ras"—with the accent on the syllable "lay." This, I believe, means "The place where the snow comes," and does not refer to the "foothills of the Andes," as is popularly supposed.

Each of the innumerable points, or round tops, have distinct Indian names, significantly descriptive of their appearance, but a knowledge of phonetics would not enable one to get them down in a shorthand notebook.

There are three distinct great mountain ranges paralleling this portion of South America nearest to the Pacific, similar to our Sierra Nevada or Coast Range, and the Rocky Mountains, which figuratively speaking, seem to have been gathered in at the Isthmus like a string tied to the centre of several bags that spread themselves out again at both ends, forming three immense chains of high peaks, each range being separated

by great valleys or plateaus, which are miles upon miles, or weeks of travel, distant from mountain to mountain.

The ranges are farthest apart nearest to the Equator, along on the latitude or line of our journey across the continent, which it will be observed, was undertaken at the widest part.

All the climates of the earth are to be found in this Land of To-Morrow, with the modifying influences of latitude and difference in elevation from the Montana to the Sierra, 4,000 to 9,000 feet above the sea, and to the Puna between the Central and Eastern Cordilleras, at an altitude of 10,000 to 14,000 feet, too high and cold for any dense vegetation, a dreary region with a cheerless atmosphere. The Sierra, on the contrary, possesses a charming climate.

The first evening of the tramp from Tabalosa we found our camp on a tangled, wooded hillside, overlooking a stream of water running at the base of the first of the three Andes.

At the time it was felt to be a misfortune that we were unable to secure a relay or remount of horses or mules at Tabalosa, but in the sense of looking backward, it turned out for the best, as the walk afforded an experience and opportunity for observation during a five days' tramp over the first range, that we would not have appreciated so highly from the backs of mules.

The trail across the continent is divided into the several sections suitable for tramping, riding on the back of an Indian or mule, and in some few places nearer the Pacific, mountain ponies or native horses may be used.

After an experience with all of these, the conclusion was that one could make as good time on the rough trail on foot as when mounted. The Indians never ride, and with immense packs on their backs, will keep pace all day with riding mules. Horses are a little quicker, perhaps, but not so reliable and sure of foot as are Indians and mules.

After the affair of the first day, and the scare at Tabalosa, my quota of Indians improved every day of our acquaintance. But the heavy, lubberly guide on foot, became a drag. He had loafed so much in civilized towns, without exercise, that he became fat and lazy as well as saucy.

The two little boys, each with a pack on his back like their father, got along lively, chattering and laughing as they ran like a couple of school boys out for a day's picnicking in the woods. They kept close by me during the day's tramp, probably because the "padrone" entered with boyish zest into their fun.

Their company was a pleasant relief, and to entertain them it was my habit to fire my revolver at a mark which they would indicate, and being a fair shot, they would jump with delight at the execution. One boy usually walked ahead and one behind, so that every movement attracted their attention. One day the larger boy, by his pantomimic gestures, directed my gaze to a hanging nest resembling that of a large bird. Whipping out my pistol, I fired into the nest to gratify them. They laughed and shouted with delight on seeing from the commotion that I had made a hit; but in a moment both of them, with wild gesticulations, urged me to shoot some more. We had stirred up a hornet's

nest and the boys expected my pistol balls to kill each one of the pestiferous things. On refusing to waste my ammunition on hundreds of individual hornets, each little Indian threw a blanket over his head, and motioning for me to do likewise, they started to run. Although very tired, we three hooded boys ran up the hill as lively as if just starting out.

We were received into camp by the father of the little fellows, who, while swearing at me in Indian, used a brush of leaves to drive off our pursuers, and then—while his hand was in—vigorously thrashed the boys with the same twigs. Being half-naked, they suffered from the escapade more than I did, but the affair made lots of fun for the boys—and me too—when it was over.

While the father and brother prepared supper the Indian boys gathered wood for the all-night fire necessary for comfort in that altitude, and also for protection against lurking wild beasts.

The odor of the baked or roasted chicken—which we had been carrying for a few days—indicated that it was spoiling. Instead of throwing it away, the Indians insisted upon stewing the tainted chicken with onions, or sa-bo-lios, as they are called, which absorbed the bad flavor, and the stew was served hot with the appetizing fragrance of the onions.

While enjoying, in a retired place, a bath in the cool water of a stream running below the hill—so grateful to the tired tramp—the curious boys, discovering my retreat unceremoniously joined me. They were so amazed at beholding my white skin that they seemed to forget their own brown-skinned nakedness and

showed an irresistible inclination to get close enough to see and feel if it were really flesh and blood. One would poke me in the ribs with his fingers and then rub his hands over my skin. Being very ticklish, and as ridiculously sensitive in a bath as a girl—and perhaps somewhat modest for a veteran—I nervously attempted to defend myself from their exaggerated curiosity, but this exhibition of nervousness on my part caused them to laugh hilariously and excited them to even greater interest in my appearance. The face and hands being the only parts of my body previously exposed, they had become quite as tanned or sunburned as their own, and the Indians no doubt supposed that all of my body would be similarly reddened.

As usual, the location for our camp had been cleared of any underbrush that might afford concealment for snakes or other creeping things, attracted to such spots by the scent of provisions. The place was also burnt over to destroy insects.

My camp bed had been made up a little apart from the rest, a compliment which I did not appreciate, but I easily prevailed upon the Indian boys to lie on the ground on each side of me, feeling that under such conditions misery loves company, and incidentally protection.

On account of the yellow tropical moonlight I slept little until morning. All was quiet, so oppressively quiet the odor of the forest was heavy as we lay wrapped in our blankets, dreaming of home on the other side of the world or gazing into the starry sky, phosphorescently lighted by the moon, its beams—as it sailed along—seemed to fairly rustle the leaves of the

trees as if in an effort to peer through the dense foliage in search of us.

Next morning, bright and early, finding that I slept, the Indians were around piling on more fuel, and I therefore enjoyed a final "forty winks." These logs burned down and left the glowing coals on which our coffee was made. The Indian will sit alongside of a smoking fire, with his head between his knees, and at once drop into a sound sleep, remaining in a sitting posture until the cold awakens him to renewed exertion.

We began the ascent of the mountain, which was a continuous climb over a narrow, rocky camino or trail; up one hill and down another, into valleys at the bottom of which were running streams so large as to be forded with difficulty.

Although it was pleasantly cool at night, we found it quite hot at mid-day, even on the mountains.

As we reached the tops of several spurs we expected to look beyond into the valley, into which we would descend; but each of these smaller summits when reached became a sore disappointment, for we realized that our climb had only been one step toward gaining the grand summit.

With a feeling of discouragement we pressed forward, each descent being a little less, and then crossing another stream, we would begin another almost perpendicular climb of the adjoining hills.

Atlas, who carried the trunk, was usually in the lead of our caravan. Laboriously reaching a summit, I would find my trunk on the ground and Atlas lying somewhere near fast asleep; but he was always willing to start off cheerfully when the others were ready.

During the first day's ascent we did not reach an elevation sufficiently high to admit of our obtaining the grand views that we had had before and that so generously compensated us for our exhaustion by the corresponding elevation of our drooping spirits.

The Indian boys stuck to my heels like affectionate hunting dogs. When we would stop under the shade for a rest they would disappear into the thickets, returning in a short time with gourds filled with cold water. One of the pleasant features of that country is the great abundance of clear, pure water that one may find almost everywhere.

The little fellows seemed to think that the white man was always tired and needed a drink of water every time he sat down and they invariably scampered away to bring it.

When very warm from exertion it was my custom to bare my arms and pour cold water over the wrists before drinking. They would look on in surprise, the sight of blue veins throbbing through the white skin of my wrists seemed to fascinate them.

In going down the camino through one of the numerous valleys, we had a little fun with a party of six or eight Indians, accompanied by women, whom we encountered coming from the opposite direction. This trail was simply a cow path scarcely a foot in width, with a mountain on one side and a precipice on the other. A long discussion as to which party should have the right of way ended in both companies sitting down to hold their own.

The party of Indians was preceded by a mule almost concealed beneath a pack that would have

crowded anyone attempting to dispute his passage over the precipice.

The Indian boys proposed a settlement of the difficulty by pantomiming to me to shoot the mule. This, of course, I would not dare do, and I soon found out from their grinning and comical gesticulations that they meant for me merely to frighten the Indians by firing the gun. Entering into their humor, and not intending to do any damage, I stood close by the mule's ears and fired into the air. If I had bored a hole through his big ear I could not have caused a more successful stampede. He jumped and ran straight up a bank that I could not possibly have climbed, scattering his pack through the thicket as he ran and closely followed by the whole party of badly scared Indians.

We at once took advantage of the excitement and the clear track and hurried along, the young scamps laughing uproariously at the success of their idea, which also met with the smiling approval of the big Indians.

Toward evening we reached the smouldering fires of the deserted camp of this same band. Our Indians wanted to stop, but if there is anything an old veteran cordially dislikes it is to be compelled to occupy a deserted camp; and when it comes to an Indian camp, the objections increase a thousand fold. I therefore insisted on going forward until nightfall, when, we camped alongside of a roaring stream of water, to the music of which we all slept so soundly that the moon could not disturb our slumbers.

The morning sun revealed a lovely valley, blooming in purple and orange. We had unconsciously slept in a garden of the most beautiful wild flowers.

During these days of toilsome tramping I saw but little of the Napo, who invariably brought up the rear, while I was in advance with the boys.

Atlas, who carried the heaviest burdens, never seemed to tire. Indians bend their bodies forward at an angle that seems to balance the load on their backs. To steady themselves they use a stick like an Alpine stock. I cut one for myself, but after using it just one day my hand was so blistered by the perspiration and the friction that I was compelled to dress it with a handkerchief for protection.

We reached at last a summit so elevated that we could look backward over the tops of the smaller spurs over which we had been climbing, and forward to those we knew we must cross before we could reach the great valley that lay just beyond.

From this point there is a wonderful backbone—as it were—that connected the mountain top we were on with another peak and it was not necessary to make a long descent into the valley and ascend the other side.

The hunchback is in appearance quite like an immense fill of earth, such as would have been made by a good railway to cross a great valley. The roadway, a trail on the top, is quite level but somewhat tortuous, being several miles in length. We could see far ahead of us the trail outlined through the rather sparse growth of pines and palms of this altitude.

On reaching this summit of the first of the three Andes, tired, footsore and almost exhausted from the tedious tramp, I became so exhilarated with the grandeur and magnitude of the scene spread out before my tired eyes, and so invigorated with the ozone in

the pure air, that my inclination was to shout or yell like an Indian on the war path. An occasional exhibition of pent-up enthusiasm reached the ears of Atlas and the two boys, who came running towards me as though they thought I needed help. I could not explain to them my feelings, but contented myself with pointing in the direction of the lovely green valleys in the distance to which we were bound. But they, poor, dense, stolid souls could not appreciate the beautiful picture, the sight of which in its grandeur would have inspired any sensitive being with admiration and rapture.

Perhaps the rarefied atmosphere may exert an influence in this direction upon the human temperament, but certain it is, that if a man with a soul almost deadened were placed amid such surroundings and breathed this, the very purest air, while feasting his eyes upon the glories of nature as seen here, he would be brought back to the point where he would again take a lively interest in life.

Under such influences and amid such environments one does not care to speak, neither can the feelings of awe be described, but reverently lifting my hat in acknowledgment of the great Creator, I breathed a silent prayer of gratitude and moved forward greatly revived and strengthened.

(Turning to my notebook, I find these words under date of September 9th: "What a wonderful picture on all sides. The Yosemite, the Yellowstone, and the Alps combined! The traveller should come to the Andes to get proof of the existence of a great Creator,

instead of going to the Holy Land. Great God! what a view!")

On these mountain tops the vegetation assumes a different form to that of the tropical valleys or lower altitudes. We passed quantities of small pineapples growing on their cactas like plants. As we got higher the palm gave way to a species of pine tree; but we did not get above vegetation on this range. There are points or peaks still higher than this trail that are inaccessible. On these higher places there is no vegetation, and snow lies perpetually in the deep valleys. It is the melting of this snow that supplies the abundance of clear, cold water always found on the adjoining mountains.

After crossing the switchback we looked beyond and saw, apparently at the foot of the mountain, the wonderfully beautiful Moyabamba valley.

It was yet over a day's travel in distance. If we might have taken wings we could have dropped down into its welcoming loveliness in an hour, but it was necessary to suffer another day's penance and a night at the gates before we could enter the sequestered city.

We descended gradually into a small valley and crossed on a foot-log a babbling brook of clear water. There were speckled trout beauties in the brook that were not afraid to be seen by man. We bathed our swollen feet, and in the exuberance of our gratitude and joy that we were so soon to rest at Moyabamba, gave each of the Indians a grog of cachasa. They told us we must go faster if we wished to reach the village the day following.

We accordingly started off at a good gait through

the valleys, traversing a narrow, sandy path cut like a swath in a corn field, through miles and miles of bamboo and cane. We had suddenly come upon an entire change of scene.

From the tops of the Easterly Andes—from which we apparently had had a view of a large portion of the earth's surface—surrounded by palms and pine trees, and invigorated by the cool breezes, we had dropped suddenly into a valley where our path lay through a thicket of bamboo so dense that scarcely a breath of air could penetrate to relieve the oppressiveness. Our only view was upward toward the clear blue sky, from which the sun sent its intense heat straight down upon our heads.

When we reached the further foothill, like a step down on the western side of the Andes, we were so exhausted that we were all glad enough to make an early and last camp before reaching our relay.

As usual, the camp was located near a stream of water. Preferring to sleep out of doors in a perfectly safe, but what might be called an isolated or independent location somewhat removed from the snoring Indians, I selected a knoll so close to the edge of a cliff overhanging the running water that the Indian boys made my bed reluctantly, gesticulating their apprehension that the "padrone" would roll into the water below.

This trip across the continent, though laborious and rough, was—in respect to travel in that land—first-class. The Indians did all the work, making and carrying the beds, and even serving me with coffee before I would rise.

The Indians are in effect peons or slaves to their Spanish Peruvian military masters. In their attentions to me they were simply complying with their training and early instruction. All was done willingly and with apparent enjoyment on their part, that made it pleasant for me.

This fact will bear repeating—that the Indian of South America is docile and submissive to a degree bordering on servility. He is also stupid, and perhaps treacherous, respecting the person he serves as his master or superior, because he fears him.

Experience has proven that all missionary attempts to lift him to an equality, or even beyond a certain degree of intelligence, has always resulted unsuccessfully.

It is a rough comparison, but a most expressive one, to liken the lower class Indian to a hog. He is supremely indifferent to any feeling of sentiment. If you give him food he will eat it like a hog under the acorn tree, who swallows the acorns but never looks up to see where they come from. The Indian, however, will always divide his last meal with another, not possessing the civilized “virtue” of ingratitude.

If you kick him he will only grunt, and lick the hand that strikes him. I did not entertain any philanthropic ideas on the subject, my association with those who travelled with me being successful on the general principle that they respected me because they feared me. I always treated them kindly but sternly, as I would an animal that served me faithfully, not as a pet dog, but as the horse, man’s best friend. As companions, I sincerely became fond of some of them, believing that in adversity they could be better relied

upon, perhaps, than some of our missionary friends with whose doctrines we might not agree conscientiously and who would probably abandon their dearest friends from principle or a sense of religious duty.

An Indian, or a dog, or a horse will stick close to his master when all are hungry or in distress, without any regard to principle, or whether it is right or wrong.

Being very tired I lay down on my cot and was asleep before it was dark, but early in the night I was awakened as from a dream by some cries in the forest that sounded so like human voices that I awakened the Indians, thinking perhaps that the two boys were lost and crying for assistance. My apprehensions were relieved, however, by the two little fellows suddenly bobbing upright in their blankets, reminding me forcibly of "Jacks in a box."

At the sound of my voice the noises had ceased, so that it was with difficulty that I accounted for the cause of my alarm. The Indians finally got the Napo wide enough awake to explain to me that I had simply heard the cry of a leopard or wild cat of the tiger species. Being thus pleasantly reassured, we lay down again to wakeful dreams, while the bright moon of the early morning shed its refulgent beams through the rich foliage, making shadowy pictures resembling wild beasts crouching among the trees. This prevented my sleeping until nearly morning, when one of the Indians getting cold, crawled out to stir up the fire. He finished his nap in the warmth of the blazing logs, and I then felt secure, and closing my eyes, I took another "forty winks."

The Sunday morning of our last day's tramp opened

up bright and beautiful. The path lay over a small spur of the mountain; the air was invigorating, the surroundings picturesque, the trees rich in tropical loveliness, and the early birds seemed to note and join in our happiness.

In tropical countries the birds do not sing much, but in the Land of To-Morrow they sing both day and night.

Perhaps weirdly beautiful and genuinely operatic effects might be obtained by lovers of music, or those who have souls for the beautiful, by the portrayal of a moonlight scene on the Andes: the solemn stillness of the entrancing situation being disturbed only by the pretty, plaintive songs of the night birds, as they sing their notes of love to each other from the waving palms, the bass voices of large animals serving as a sort of accompaniment.

It goes without saying in this Land of To-Morrow that the rough travelling and hardships of every day's journey are made endurable by the always present and ever grateful sight of myriads of lovely flowers, and rare birds and butterflies. Almost every breeze is laden with the delicious perfume of the flowers, which bring to the tired and sometimes almost exhausted traveller, not only cheers and encourages, but invigorates like a stimulant.

It is a land to which naturalists—especially botanists—are sent by the Scientific Societies of Germany, France and England to collect specimens and to pursue their studies. It has been a surprise to meet foreigners of the scientific class, who spend years in the forests in search of special prizes in their lines.

Cultured gentlemen come out from England and France fully equipped for the collection of orchids alone, which they prepare and ship to those countries at great expense, but one never meets with an American scientist. Professor Orton, whose bones rest near Lake Titicaca, and whose excellent book has so long been out of print, and like the author, it is almost forgotten by his own countrymen, was the only American scientist ever heard of in those regions.

When I have talked to my American friends on the subject of American enterprise or the pursuit of scientific knowledge, the first question propounded was, "Is there any money in it?" and if the subject be pursued they will demand to know what I "am after." When I explain my research for rubber insulation for this electric age, they usually add the comforting assurance that "There is no use writing books about it, as there is no money to be made out of books."

I mention these things to indicate that in scientific research, as well as scientific business enterprise, the Frenchman, the German, or the Englishman is in advance of the American in the industries of gathering the rich harvest to be found in the tropical forests for use in *materia medica*.

It is a business fact, that French and English florists are making a great deal of money from the collection of rare and beautiful orchids—anything that is beautiful being useful.

These tropical valleys are the home of the orchids, the varieties of the upper forests being superior to those of the swamps, and much better adapted for transplanting in our climate.



A BIRD OF PARADISE

One with knowledge and experience and tactful with the Indians could collect specimens that would bring probably thousands of dollars; but without knowledge an amateur might duplicate at great expense a common variety of the numerous parasites (or as they say it, "para-see-tees") that grow profusely in this land.

Only the edges of the great forests have been explored. What lies in the hundreds of miles of dense

growth beyond, no white man knows—but is a rich harvest of orchids alone, without mentioning its other and greater wealth of medicinal wonders, woods, dyes, etc.

The birds also are a study for the scientist. They are of various kinds and as prolific as may be imagined in a land of eternal summer, where migration is not essential and where the sportsman's cruel work is unknown. The plumage of many of them seems to take on the varied coloring of the tropical flowers in the tangled thickets. Under the deep shadows one will see birds that resemble flowers, swinging on the end of a twig, and also flowers that resemble the feathers of birds.

Numerous varieties of large butterflies lazily spread their wings as if to proudly exhibit their gorgeous coloring. One is tempted to chase the butterflies, but the undergrowth is so dense that without protection, it would be unsafe to wander far from the narrow trail.

On the affluents of the lower Amazon I met two brothers from North Carolina, who lived in their canoes and who made a business of shooting the white heron from which the rare aigrette feathers are obtained. These are worth, literally, their weight in gold, being valued at from thirty to forty dollars an ounce. This statement may seem like an exaggeration, but I am giving facts obtained from shipments of sworn valuation to Consular invoices that passed through my hands, after the brothers had been detected in smuggling aigrette feathers through the mails.

I mailed tufts of the aigrette feathers to lady friends, some of whom would have preferred a parrot or a monkey, which are as common as cats or chickens in our country.

On the last walk the first part of the trail led through a dense forest covering the last of the mountain spurs. Our camino was the usual narrow swath through the underbrush, worn by the continuous tramping of the barefooted natives travelling for decades between Moyabamba and Lamas or Tarapota. If it were not constantly used it would soon become obscured by the tropical growth of shrubbery.

Crossing our path at almost right angles I saw another trail, smaller, but even more distinctly and clearly defined, though scarcely four inches in width. It was made by ants, who travelled it in such numbers that not

even a blade of grass could grow on the trail. The line of their march extended as far as the eye could reach, in gracefully curved lines that would be the envy of engineers locating for a railway. What prompts the ants to make and maintain these long roads through the forests I leave to the scientists. The Indians do not know, but they realize that it is of no more use to attempt to break up their line of communication than it would be to stop the flow of a river. They simply let them alone severely. In that country, where customs are so generally reversed, the sluggard does not go to the ant—the ant comes to him, in great numbers—if he attempts to molest them.

On this day I saw the largest snake of the trip, and if it was not quite as large as a telegraph pole, it was ugly and big enough to be called a boa.

My attention was first called to a little animal like a squirrel, chirruping at the base of a tree. In cautiously approaching, with cocked revolver, to get a closer shot at it, I almost put my foot on the tail of the immense snake, the greater part of whose body was in a coil. It was nearly the color of the shrubbery, and as we were both attracted by the antics of the squirrel, neither of us had seen the other.

I made a good jump backward to the trail, only stopping to fire recklessly at the horrible thing, but did not wait to see whether the shot took effect on his "snakeship," but it at least broke the spell, for the squirrel which seemed to have been paralyzed or hopelessly charmed by the snake, now darted up the tree out of sight.

The boys, hearing the report, were soon at my side



THE BATHING POOL AT MOYABAMBA

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and rushed into the thicket after the boa, which I was glad they did not get. They saw it, however, the larger of the boys comparing its size in diameter to his bare leg.

Soon after this adventure we heard a dog bark and knew that we were approaching Indian civilization.

From the summit of a little hill we saw Moyabamba, our "promised haven" yet a long ways off, nestling in the midst of the finest, loveliest valley on the earth's surface. One unconsciously thought of the Garden of Eden, and after a residence in the city or village, amongst a population of 5,000, three-fourths of whom were women and a number of them beautiful Chola senioritas, this impression becomes strengthened.

The descent into the picturesque valley became the "hop, skip and a jump" of the school boy nearing home. We approached the valley alongside of a river, but not yet out of the woods by a league. We emerged suddenly into a clearing and were startled by the apparition of the whole population, apparently, bathing in the stream under the overhanging trees and clothed in the dress worn by Mother Eve. There were some pretty girls among the ugly, old women, but all of them appeared entirely unconscious and certainly indifferent to our intrusion.

This incident did not cause us to hesitate upon the threshold of the Arcadian Moyabamba, but rather served to hasten our steps forward.

CHAPTER XVIII.



THE town of Moyabamba occupies perhaps the most strikingly picturesque location of any settlement on the continent, in the rich valley, which has the appearance of a depression, similar in many respects to that of the Yosemite, but as great in extent as the Yellowstone.

It is not, however, a depression, but a large, isolated and somewhat elevated plateau hemmed in on all sides by high mountains covered with vegetation.

In the centre of the vast valley a spur of foothills of lower elevation like a bunch of mountains extends several miles, forming a narrower plateau resembling an immense fortress situated in the midst of a sea of waving foliage and similar to Lamas, the clay sides of the formation presenting the appearance of irregular, precipitous, terra-cotta walls, on the top of which is Moyabamba. This town can only be entered by winding paths in certain directions. Our ascent of the plateau was somewhat hastened as we observed a dark cloud in our rear which threatened a heavy storm.

Our first impressions of the town itself were not favorable, one, perhaps, expecting too much by comparing man's work with the beautiful, natural surroundings; but as we approached nearer it seemed picturesque if not pretty.

The streets are narrow and the adobe houses are

small and of the monotonous Spanish Indian character that one sees all through these mountains.

We straggled along the narrow streets, tired and foot-sore, but without attracting any particular attention, as the curiosity of the people is not nearly so great as that of our own rural population. Though some of them had not, perhaps, seen a white man or a stranger for years and many of them never before, they passed us by without even a glance of interest. If they had any curiosity they were certainly able to conceal it. It was only when we intercepted a *senor*, who was out walking with his two daughters, and made some inquiries as to the casa of *Senor San Martine*, to whom I was endorsed that anything was said to us. Even then, though most courteously directed, not a question was asked in regard to ourselves and no suggestions were volunteered.

We found *Senor Martine*—the principal merchant of the town—to be a very polite Spanish gentleman, who received us most cordially into his own home until he could arrange for our comfort in a house specially prepared for us.

As is the custom in that land, travellers are provided with a residence of their own during their stay, but all are expected to bring their beds and provisions. Hospitality is, however, not at all limited.

I was provided with what might be called “a suite of apartments” in an upstairs section of one of the best houses on the main street of the town.

Moyabamba streets and houses as seen from the outside, do not properly represent the character of their

interior. Usually the streets are as narrow and ill-looking as some of the alleys of our towns.

The early Spanish builders seemed to entertain ideas practically the opposite of our own. For instance, we attempt to make the best appearance by ornamenting or beautifying the outside of our buildings, or the part fronting on the streets, paying little regard to the architecture in the rear. In the same way our back yards do not get the attention which we give our little front yards.

The Spanish American house has its worst side out, as if to avoid attracting notice, and there are no back yards, the house surrounding the garden or patio.

The better class of houses in Moyabamba, as well as those in Lima and other cities, are generally constructed to admit of an inner court or garden in the centre of the lot, around which are the galleries or hallways upon which the rooms open. On the front, the lower part usually opens on the street and is used for business purposes. The entrance to the residence part is always through an archway into the court, the saloons, or parlors, being ordinarily on the first floor in the rear.

There does not seem to be such a thing as a kitchen, at least I never got into one. The cooking is done out of doors.

In the patio, or large court, there were a number of old trees laden with oranges of a most delicious flavor. Under these trees the Indians who had accompanied me rested. They remained with me a day or two as my guests. The little boys enjoyed their outing in the streets of the town fully as much as our country boys do when visiting in our cities. I supplied them with a

few trinkets, the possession of which gave unbounded delight to the youngsters. I presented my soiled, ragged, travel worn clothes to the Indians, and after a bath in cachasa to relieve the stings of the moqueen and other insects, I astonished them by appearing in a fresh costume, with white shirt, stiff collar and flaming red necktie. Using an umbrella as a cane and wearing gloves for the sake of appearances, I took the Napo guide as an interpreter and sauntered out to pay my respects to the Prefect, this being the custom of all strangers on arriving in a town.

Moyabamba, the capital city of the large department of Loretto, which includes several states, each about the size of Pennsylvania or Ohio, covers that portion of Peru known as fluvial Amazonia, meaning "where the water is plenty."

The Prefect is distinguished from the sub-Prefect, several states reporting to him instead of to the President.

In mentioning to friends that in extensive travels in out of the way places, I had never yet found a point where the English language was not spoken, it was said that at Moyabamba no one would be found who could speak English. This induced me to take the Napo guide along as interpreter in case I should need one when interviewing that august personage, the Prefect.

While passing through one of the streets my attention was attracted to a tall, distinguished looking Spaniard, who was lounging in his doorway.

I ventured to ask in very bad Spanish to be shown the way to the casa of the Prefect. To my astonishment

and delight, he replied in English, without a touch of foreign accent:

“Certainly, if you will be kind enough to step inside I shall be pleased to accompany you to the Prefect.”

Extending his hand, he then courteously welcomed us to his own house, introducing himself as the sub-Prefect. We sat down at his request, and had English talk and three bottles of Dublin stout in the centre of the South American continent.

I beg to introduce to the readers—especially the ladies—my new-found and yet constant Spanish friend, Colonel Estaban Lasurteque, of the Peruvian army. (Pronounce the name, Es-ta-bann, the accent on the last syllable, La-soor-ta-kee, accenting the soor.)

The Colonel, certainly one of the handsomest and most gracious gentlemen whom I met in my travels, may be described as tall and erect, with dark eyes, short Spanish whiskers, and a decidedly military bearing, which is strikingly different to that of the natives. He was educated at the military schools in France and Belgium, having spent some ten years of his early life abroad.

My housekeeping arrangements not being complete, Senor San Martine insisted that Col. Lasurteque and myself should dine with him at his house; after which we all called upon the Prefect, quite a venerable old gentleman, who received us very kindly. We were also joined by Dr. Herreira, a personal friend of Colonel Lasurteque, and appointed by the Lima administration as a judge of the district, which office was quite an important one.

Soon after dark the military band at the Plaza bar-

racks came around and gave a serenade in our honor. It seemed as if all the town, in bare feet, had gathered on the narrow streets to hear the noisy music. Probably none enjoyed the affair so much as my two Indian boys, who seemed to think that their "padrone" was indeed some person from another world, whose presence could call forth noises such as they had never heard before.

After a pleasant evening I slept soundly on my camp bed made up in my new quarters until awakened in the early morning by a messenger from the Prefect, who had politely sent to inquire how we had rested during the night.

In connection with the picturesque adobe and thatched roof Acadia of the Land of To-Morrow, there are romantic stories and ancient history, as numerous as are the stones or bricks in the walls of its antiquated houses.

Perhaps some of these are quite as interesting as Longfellow's "A Village," of which the traveller is reminded. The story of this village, however, has never been told, and it must be read by the visitor within its walls. Though picturesque, it is not a pretty town. Probably because of its location in the finest of valleys, amid so much natural beauty, the rude handiwork of the natives becomes ugly by comparison.

It is one of the first and most important settlements of the early Spanish Jesuit missionaries, who, perhaps, may have been led to this remote and beautiful valley as a haven of refuge with the Incas, who were compelled to flee over the Central Andes to these fortresses to escape the cruelties of the Spanish conquerers of Pizarro's time. There is very scant record of any

Spanish conquerers having attempted to cross this central range, except that of the hazardous undertaking of Orellano from Quito, in Ecuador, down the Napo to the Amazon.

Reclining in a woven hammock swung between a big orange and a little lemon tree in a garden containing lovely and fragrant flowers, his tired gaze resting upon distant mountains with foliage that resembles clouds on the horizon, the weary traveller will probably be aroused from his day-dreams by the apparition of a mantled, brown senorita, with wicked black eyes and a smiling mouth with rows of pearly teeth, who gracefully hands to him a cup of delicious coffee—famous Moyabamba coffee—made from berries grown in the garden. Served in a delicate little gourd of clear amber, this fragrant beverage, with its foaming bead, is a nectar fit for—a veteran.

Amid these entrancing surroundings, the blonde, who, it is said, is more sensitive (or susceptible) than the brunette, may be pardoned for persisting in the observation that this was a part of the original Garden of Eden.

There were numerous descendents of Eve, who would tempt the young or old Adam, not only with the apples, oranges and other fruits of the garden, but also with coffee, which is a weakness of veterans, and always opens a way to hearts that refuse to grow old.

Of the population of about 7,000, it is probably safe to say that more than 5,000 are senoras and senoritas. As at Tarapota, the best of the male inhabitants have gone off to the forests in search of rubber, hoping to get suddenly wealthy.



EARLY COFFEE—Siesta

—Karl Sjöstrand (Copyright)

Moyabamba has its disadvantages, its principal one being its inaccessibility, for it is cut off from the outside world by the immense easterly range of the Andes, which separates it from the Amazon, while beyond or west are two other ranges that must be scaled in order to reach the Pacific.

The active young men succeed in getting away, either to the coast as soldiers, or to the forests as rubber gatherers, and but few of them return.

The girls not having any prospects beyond to justify them in attempting the rough journey, are obliged to remain in the valley, which fact accounts probably for the excess in the female population. This is, in one sense, a disadvantage, yet, in the way of encouraging immigration, it becomes a decided inducement for young men who may desire to find willing and trusty helpmates. While the *senoritas* are not all pretty, they seem to possess in an usual degree the charm of natural grace.

The Spanish officials and *senors* in these wilds extend many delicate attentions to strangers, and this is done in such a kindly manner that it rather puts some of the methods of our bustling civilization to the blush.

My friend, Col. Lasurteque (and the sub-Prefect also) sent a message of inquiry as to our comfort, with the observation that he had ordered four women to report to me, and out of this quartette I was to select one to be my cook and housekeeper while I remained in the village.

During the morning, not only four, but eight or ten women came to see about my work. At one time there

were five of them sitting on a bench in my court yard, chatting and laughing amongst themselves in a manner quite different to the rather sullen aspect with which a number of applicants for one place regard each other in our country. They were mostly stout and old and ugly, so that I was not interested in the selection. One woman had brought her niece with her, and stipulated that if she was to do my cooking, her niece must also be provided for. The providing for another, or even for half a dozen extra mouths in that land of plenty is of so slight a consideration that no account is taken of it.

Being unable to decide amongst so many ugly women, I left the matter to the Napo guide, who selected a buxom young woman with a jolly disposition, who was duly installed as housekeeper and who proceeded to throw away our provisions.

The cook does all the buying, and as the markets of Moyabamba are well supplied in the way of vegetables, we enjoyed a variety of Spanish cooking which was a relief from the two or three dishes we had been living upon.

These restful and happy days at Moyabamba, almost unconsciously rolled into weeks of quiet enjoyment, making the month of September pass so agreeably in this ideal life at the Equator, that looking backward at this time, it all seems like a pleasant dream.

There are inconveniences, however, connected with this living in these Amazonian valleys, that, to the minds of the majority of Americans, would form obstacles to their enjoyment, as great perhaps, as the mountains which encompass the town. They arise from

the habits and customs of these happy people which are as fixed as the everlasting hills themselves. It would not only be a waste of time, but dangerous as well, for the outsider to attempt to reform or change their customs. It is largely a question of climate and blood, and one might as well try to "bulldoze" the climate as the natives.

It is difficult to make some of our rather aggressive, American, liberty-talking element comprehend that, in their way, these people really enjoy as much freedom, relatively, as the same class of citizens do with us. True, they are all subjects of the military officials of the administration in power, but it is to the interest of these officials to treat their subjects well, as upon their own good behavior they must depend for continuance in office.

If the rule of a Prefect becomes unpopular or tyrannical and unjust, the people "remove" him quietly at night, and the government sends another who is likely to profit by his predecessor's fate.

In our papers, the accounts of their revolutions are greatly exaggerated. A revolution in South America may fittingly be compared to an ordinary election in our land, during which there is not so much disorder, rioting or bloodshed as occurs during the majority of our elections.

The Latin American idea of civil service is that when one official has been in power long enough to enrich himself and become independent, he should give way and permit others to have the same chance, but instead of cutting off official heads with a tomahawk, they take a gun and create a vacancy.

While I was at Moyabamba my gallant friend, Colonel Estaban, had some trouble with a settlement in the mountains near by, because the quota of Indians was not sent out to help clear out the trail. It is the custom for the sub-Prefect to detail men to keep the dense growth from covering up the caminos.

Col. Estaban rode to my quarters one evening, with boots and spurs and gay trappings, the very impersonation of a handsome Spanish cavalier. After courteous greeting he invited me to dinner at his house that night, and saying he had some business on the road, he declined to dismount and dashed gayly off.

I learned subsequently, though he did not mention it himself, that he had that morning faced an insurrection single handed, and cowed the mob by shooting two of their number. In this affair he was sustained by the better element of the people against the turbulent mountaineers.

The dinner in the evening at the colonel's bamboo and thatched cottage was served on a deal table in the centre of the room, with a cordial hospitality and rude elegance befitting the host and his four gentlemen guests.

To my astonishment, the first course was oyster soup, prepared expressly in honor of the Americano, from canned spiced oysters, which luxury was enjoyed by the other guests more than by myself. Chesapeake oysters transported to the Andes is one of the luxuries of our climate that can willingly be dispensed with while living at the Equator.

After the soup, we had wine from Bordeaux; trout from the rivers of the mountains, and a young shoat, or

wild hog, roasted and served entire, with yams and all the vegetables and fruits of the country, and closing with the delicious Moyabamba coffee.

Gorgeously beautiful flowers and vining plants decorated the room and table so profusely that the ragged walls of adobe became conspicuous as an artistic background.

Among the best remembered guests were Judge Jonare Herreira and his friend, the leading physician of the village. I failed to note his name at the time, and cannot now venture to put in on paper, but like the rest, he had been exiled to this paradise, and in consequence became a jolly good fellow. Altogether it was a rare evening of pleasurable communion of sympathetic hearts and souls (as well as of stomachs)—men from widely separated parts of the world—an occasion ever to be remembered; one of those star events in a roving life, that makes one believe that “all the world is kin.”

We separated at a late hour, after somewhat recklessly accepting an invitation from the judge to arise at daybreak and ride with him and the doctor to the foot of the mountain, where the celebrated hot springs of the valley are located.

The colonel, who could not accompany us, tendered me the use of his fine horse and saddle and also detailed an escort of soldiers who were to act as a sort of guard of honor, and at the same time perform servants' duties.

The next morning I was awakened from sound sleep by the judge coming to my bedside and saluting me with “Buenos dias, Senor!” (By the way, there are

no locks to the doors in Moyabamba, the latch strings being always on the outside.)

Hastily dressing, I walked with the judge to his house, where we were served with coffee—standing. It is one of the “costumbres” of this people to take their early coffee standing, just as we do our American cocktail.

The horses being already saddled, we were soon mounted, and after descending the plateau and leaving the town, we galloped across the lovely valley.

The ride in the cool morning air across Moyabamba valley, sometimes in a swath or path through the dense growth of tropical shrubbery growing from the rich soil of what seemed like an immense prairie, was indeed invigorating. Near the base of the mountain we entered the shadows of a bit of beautiful “forest primeval.” The tall trees were so clustered with foliage at the top that the shade prevented the undergrowth from becoming very thick, affording us quite a clear footing on the velvety soil. Our approach stirred up the small animals and the birds that are always on the wing in the early morning, startled at our appearance, voiced their surprise in notes of protest against the intrusion.

The springs being located in a secluded glen some little distance up the mountainside, the washings from the overflow as it coursed down the slope marked the upward path, which was quite rough because the large stones were left loose and uncovered.

Unlike the hot cascades of the Huallagua, the water here seemed to boil or bubble in chaldrons formed in

the sand, the overflow from which was gathered into deep pools for bathing.

The soldiers preceding us had cleaned out the pools for our special benefit, and hastily preparing, with only a sheet for a covering, while still warm from the exercise, we plunged into the water.

I do not know as to its medicinal qualities except in the general way that the baths of Moyabamba are famed for their curative properties, but I can testify to its wonderfully invigorating effects. The pleasant intercourse with friends at the banquet the preceding night, followed by the early morning ride and the exhilarating bath, made me feel that I had, perhaps, found the fabled fountain of youth in this Garden of Eden.

Subsequently the judge gave a dinner at his quarters which equalled in its appointments that given by the colonel.

In appearance Judge Herreira was a complete contrast to his intimate friend, Estaban, being of a quiet, studious nature, with a mild, intellectual face the sparkle of his dark eyes being somewhat obscured by his glasses.

The furniture of his room was principally desks and book-cases, instead of saddles, swords, pistols and pictures of French actresses, such as ornamented the colonel's bachelor apartments.

His dinner partook of a more formal and dignified style of the Spanish don, and was none the less enjoyable because of the presence of the venerable Prefect and his secretary, who, with the Padre of the village as guests, were the jolliest members of the party.

The routine of each day began with a sudden waking caused by the bells calling to early mass. The church of the town, with its convent or annex, occupies in all towns an entire side of the square or plaza. On the other side is the government house, flanked by a barracks for soldiers. The market is also here.

The churches are always well attended by the *senoras* and *senoritas*. The music is generally by the best talent of the country, comprising violins, mandolins and even drums and brass horns are often pressed into the choir service for special occasions.

The church doors are never closed, and it is safe to say that the altar candles constantly shed their dim, religious light on some devotee, kneeling on the earthen floor. It is the custom of all who pass the open door of the church to lift their *sombreros* in respectful salutation to the altar. In my desire to follow this custom of the country I once made the mistake of taking off my hat as I passed a market house, supposing it to be a church. Architectually, there is not much difference outside between the markets and the churches.

Everybody in Moyabamba goes to early market, as they do to early mass, probably for the same reason, to see the pretty *senoritas*. As it is known all over the land that Moyabamba will turn out a greater number of these pretty girls—to market—than any other city of its size in South America.

Sometimes they are seated alongside of their mats or rugs, on which are spread vegetables of all sorts as well as flowers, shrubs, eggs and chickens, or perhaps they will promenade with baskets of fruit or flowers nicely balanced on their heads. The older and uglier

senoras sell the curious cuts of mutton and beef and strings of fish. The buyers are usually the better class of the native population, and are the prettiest of the attendants at the market. Comparatively speaking, there is not in all our land more natural beauty in form and grace than may be found among the señoritas of this valley.

Nothing in the way of groceries or produce is sold at the town shops or stores; their business is confined entirely to dry goods and notions. Everything for the day's sustenance must be purchased at the early morning market, or one must go hungry during the day.

Though our marketing had been left to the cook, I became a regular attendant, and the presence of the stranger furnished a subject for market gossip. I bought only flowers from the prettiest flower girls, but as an American journalist I felt it to be my duty to ascertain the prices of the many good things which the country produced, and which were so numerous that I cannot recall anything in the way of desirable fruits and vegetables that are not grown in this valley. Perhaps there is no land known to our civilization with all that skill and cultivation can accomplish in conservatories that can produce such beautiful forms and coloring in flowers as grow here in the open in wildest luxuriance. And when we remember that there is no market beyond for these varied products, one can understand that the best may be had at a merely nominal price.

The only medium of exchange or currency recognized in Moyabamba are the copper coins of Peru. The silver sole, which is equivalent to fifty or sixty

cents of our money, the authorized coin of the government of Peru, is not used among the masses of Moyabamba and vicinity.

These people persist in their adherence to the use of the two or three forms of copper coins, so that in marketing or in other similar transactions, one must be supplied with coppers. The store or shop keepers usually have barrels of them, which they are glad to exchange for silver.

The town of Moyabamba being built upon an isolated knoll or plateau, the entire water supply is obtained from the valley beneath, for though there are mountain torrents of the purest, cold water running to waste on all sides, no attempt has yet been made to convey it through the city.

While the market is going on—before coffee—those of the *senoritas* not otherwise engaged are busy in carrying the water supply necessary for the day. It may have been previously explained that all water is carried in peculiar shaped flattened jars of crockery, balanced on the heads of the young girls.

There are a number of large springs just below the hill, around which the girls gather every morning in clusters, to chatter and gossip while filling their jars, Rebecca-like, at the wells.

There are also a number of *senors* who lie in ambush along the path of the water carriers, and who twist their mustaches as the girls pass by. While the *senoritas* are not averse to flirting with their eyes it is not safe for a *senor* to approach them too familiarly. A lively *senorita*, with laughing eyes, to whom I appealed beseechingly for a drink of water, observing that I was

very warm, advised me to go to the river and cool off in a bath.

This habit of carrying water, almost from infancy, gives the girls of the country an erect, graceful carriage, serving also to develop their figures with those curving outlines of beauty so attractive in the human form divine.

The young girls bathe in the overflow of the cold spring water, almost every time they go to the pools. They wear blue mantuas over their heads and shoulders, and with the one loose garment covering their bodies, their feet and lower limbs always bare, they seem to glide along wholly unconscious or indifferent to their appearance and surroundings.

After the morning duties the entire population seems to disappear, giving the old town a decidedly deserted look during the long, warm days.

Some of our abundant leisure was occupied in extended walks, or in occasional hunts for the wild boar, or in boating and fishing in the beautiful placid river that flows through the valley, the exercise giving an appetite for the noonday breakfast. We then enjoyed a siesta on the balcony.

In the construction of the houses few boards are to be seen. Some doors and window frames are used, but a species of insect attacks any smooth or planed wooden surface. Perhaps the entire absence of paint, oil or varnish may account for this, in part. The walls are usually of saplings or split logs, the roofs being of palm thatch, or terra-cotta tile laid on rustic rafters; the doors and windows are framed in the same rustic way. No glass is used in the windows. If there are two



MOYABAMBA GIRLS CARRYING WATER

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stories, the floor is laid in logs or rafters close together, and on top of these a cement or clay is spread. No nails, or hardware of any kind are used, and iron implements are very scarce. Just how an American carpenter would go about building a city, without the aid of any of these prime requisites for the work, is a conundrum which I leave to the "wood butchers."

The balcony at the corner of my room afforded me a shady nook from which I had a splendid view over the tops of Senor San Martine's orange trees, to the blue mountains beyond. This was also a favorite position to note all that passed on the street within my range of vision.

The opposite corner was a conspicuous loafing place for the young men of the town, several of whom, in short jackets and Panama hats, and always with naked feet, lounged about, smoking cigarettes.

It is noticeable that every person, great or small, old or young, male or female, in Moyabamba, wears the one kind of hat, which we call "Panama," which is made extensively in the town. The senoritas wear hats that seem much too large for them.

The "Americano" usually appeared on the street in a white or cream serge suit, with negligee shirt and red necktie, and a forty-nine cent straw hat of the summer previous, which I had not discarded because I found it preferable to their panama, as it was lighter and afforded more ventilation.

The entire business of the town consists in the making of Panama hats. The palm from which the narrow fibres are stripped, grows, or is cultivated thereabouts in the greatest abundance. The hats of Moya-

bamba were at one time traded extensively on the Pacific coast, and via Panama reached all portions of the civilized globe. This trade afforded the people quite comfortable incomes, but the advent of machines which could make a few thousand hats in less time than they could make one, deprived them of their occupation.

It is one of the peculiarities of these people never to change their customs, and though there is little demand for their hats at prices ridiculously low, they go on making them just the same, being content to dispose of them for a few coppers each.

Almost the entire female population, old and young, ugly and pretty, spend their lives with meshes of these palm straws in their laps, their fingers deftly weaving the numerous threads into proper shape, without any apparent attention on their part to the work. A peep into the cabins or huts of the poorest, or into the adobe dwellings of the best class will be sure to develop a couple of girls weaving hats. Satan could not "find mischief for idle hands to do" here, for they are busy all day long. It is only in the evening, just after dark, at precisely the same hour every day of the year, that all the girls of Moyabamba come out of the seclusion of their cabins, and, chattering like blackbirds, flock toward the stores or bazaars, to offer their hats for sale.

The buyers usually sit in an open room which is lighted with only one candle. The poor working girl hands him the labor of two or three days; he quickly passes his fingers over it, as if to test the strength of the mesh, and hands it back to her, with an offer so low, that he assumes she will not accept. Sometimes, she does not, and then tries another customer, but the deal

is usually made without the exchange of a single word.

As my dinner, occurring at the hat-selling time, was not partaken of for several evenings, the cook arranged the hour to suit the sombrero connection, as I explained that under the cover of evening, I had better opportunity for studying character among the *senoritas* than when they were burdened with their water jars in the early morning.

Considerable entertainment was afforded me when I pretended to offer my forty-nine cent straw hat in exchange for one of their make, as it excited as much curiosity and interest as one of their relics would in a company of our ladies. The hat girls looked it over carefully, passing it from one to another, with laughing comments.

They usually move in groups of three or four, a formation of defensive tactics which gave more freedom in their intercourse with the stranger, or the enemy. After preliminaries, a bargain was made with a pretty little girl to buy a hat from her, which she would make to order, taking my measure by trying her hat on my head.

In the course of a few days I was waited upon and presented with one of their select hats, made from the very finest of straws, carefully chosen, and prepared without flaw in color or form. I have forgotten how many narrow threads are required for one of these choice hats, but there are probably two or three times as many as in the ordinary sort. It was a very fine, pliable hat, of good shape, and as soft and flexible as a French felt travelling hat. I could roll it into a small space for my pocket, wash it, and make a bonnet shape

of it, as if it were a piece of cloth. Such a hat is valued there at fifteen soles, and would sell in our country for \$40.00. I wore it over the Andes, with the gayly colored pouch and wild goat horn drinking cup shown in cut.

From my balcony porch in the corner of my casa, I noticed a young girl of rather frail and delicate physique and neat appearance. She glanced up with a curious smile as she passed, and when she saw that my attention was attracted, she ran off with a pleasant laugh. This bit of innocent flirtation was repeated on several days. One day, as she passed directly beneath my window, I dropped her a necklace with a pendant cross of brass, costing me ten cents in Iquitos, and worth about one cent at home. This cross was the hook, and the beads were the snare that caught the little girl's attention.

With the cheap trophy held admiringly in her small brown hand, she turned her face, and in a sweet voice with the rising inflection peculiar to their interrogation, asked, "Para me?" (meaning, for me?)

I thought at the time, and I think yet, that I never saw a prettier picture than this little senorita made at that moment with her dainty figure and bronzed happy face, and with the sunlight reflected in her dark brown eyes, which were beaming with most expressive gratitude.

When I laughingly intimated that the token was of slight value, she bowed her head, smiling bewitchingly, and quietly observed: "Gracias, Senor," and then quickly ran off to her home to exhibit her jewelry.

That evening the Napo guide, whom I had allowed to

amuse himself in his own way, told me that the whole town had heard that I had presented a certain girl with some jewelry, laughingly assuring me that these people had concluded that from this little incident that I was well stocked with jewelry, and as a consequence I would be besieged by young girls under my windows anxious to gain my favor in this line. I therefore immediately laid in a large stock of necklaces, rings, red handkerchiefs, perfumeries, etc., and prepared to defend myself.

CHAPTER XIX.



S the proper names of persons associated with the traveller, or connected with this narrative, have been used, it being understood that the American newspaper correspondent proposed making public acknowledgment to American readers, of their kindness to the solitary horseman, there will be no strain upon the proprieties, but rather a feeling of gratification on their part on seeing that they were remembered.

These pages may reach these people, and perhaps some of them may be deemed worthy of translation into the Spanish in the interest of friends, and the cuts will amuse and interest the Indians who do not read anything, but understand picture-writing. It is the best method of supplying an object or picture lesson to the natives, who will quickly identify the sketches of the "Americano," who, as they express it, "talks in a book."

There are many disadvantages connected with life in these valleys, as compared with that in other lands. There are no newspapers, books or pictures. There is not a railroad within a thousand miles, and not even a wagon wheel in all that region, and happily the trolley is unknown. Everything goes and comes over the mountains on mules or carried on the backs of Indians, and the supply is necessarily limited.

Of course there is no telegraph, telephone or electric

light; no gas, and no coal to make heat. It is never cold or hot, and scant clothing is all sufficient the year around. One's early repose is not disturbed by the screechings of newsboys or the rattling of milk carts and bakers' wagons. Morning coffee is not interrupted by the reading of bulletins or the head-lines of the great dailies whose reputation rests upon boasted circulation, and stock quotations do not affect the digestion of our Moyabamba breakfast.

The mails come at such long intervals that one loses interest in the delayed correspondence. As it is packed or "toted" on the backs of Indians, the pouches are "limited" to letters, papers being thrown out as useless and too cumbersome. The people here do not have the benefit of the instruction of great statesmen and politicians, of lecturers and sensational preachers, reformers and philanthropists.

There is no drunkenness, except among the Indians, though all who can afford it use claret at meals. Dyspepsia is unknown, and malaria is prevented by the use of a bitters made of a decoction of Peruvian bark in the rum from the sugar cane. As there is but little sickness, there are no doctors, and Christian Science is unknown. There are no lawyers, all differences being settled by reference to the officials. Neither are there any Women's Christian Temperance Societies, Salvation Army people, or typewriters. There are no jails or large prisons, and no poorhouses or asylums as are necessary in our land. No one ever starved to death, and none even go hungry in the Land of To-Morrow, where people practice the Golden Rule and share with their neighbors.

There are no great manufacturing monopolies, sugar trusts or other combines of capital against labor, or vice versa, and these people are blissfully ignorant of the many blessings of civilization that great enterprises bring. Money is not the only object of life in this land where there is an abundance of everything—but money.

Comparisons are odious, but I venture to add that the great difference between the two civilizations may be found in the fact that these quiet people have not learned to practice the characteristic American vice of over-eagerness to accumulate wealth at any cost; and they certainly exemplify the Golden Rule, and are not conspicuously guilty of the sin of ingratitude.

In this Land of To-Morrow money will not purchase happiness; gold coins will not buy the smiles of the poorest, bare-footed senoritas of Utopia, all of whom must be approached cavalierly by lovers to obtain their favors. We all have the weaknesses inherent to humanity, but these so-called “ignorant people” are in many respects stronger than we.

They certainly get more pleasure out of their lives, with all their limitations, than we do with every advantage in our favor. In this hidden valley, the saying, “Where ignorance is bliss, ’twere folly to be wise,” becomes a practical reality.

A conception of an ideal life would be a home on one of the beautiful knolls at the foot of the mountains, overlooking the valley of Moyabamba, where one could build a model house from the numerous stones to be gathered from the ground. Hammer or chisel should not break the varied surfaces of these mossy rocks of which the outside walls would be laid with cement, to be made

also from the ground. There should be many rustic porches and verandas, with deep windows, framed from the beautiful natural woods of that country. On the porches could be grown varieties of orchids, making picturesque hanging gardens under which to swing hammocks. Perhaps such a house would present an appearance of all roof and gables from the outside, but within there would be a comfortably furnished home, adapted to the tastes of the most cultured. One should be careful, however, to locate his little castle on an overhanging knoll of the mountain side, commanding a view of all the land, yet difficult of approach.

While arranging for blissful repose in this ideal home, in the society of congenial friends, one should have a soldier's eye to the defensive position from attacks of revolutionary mobs, that might result from the increasing civilization of the peaceful valley.

Though the people of this land may have been of common origin, the better classes preserve to a great extent the old world's practice and teachings, that family and blood are of more worth than numbers in immigration, and incongruous as it may appear, even in this far away lovely valley, locked in between the two Andes, there is quite a distinctly drawn line of caste. It is not, however, a moneyed aristocracy, but in every respect that of family and good breeding.

Our friends, Colonel Estaban and Judge Herreira, represent the aristocratic element from Lima to the coast, while Don San Martine is of a family widely and favorably known to the earliest Peruvian history.

There are but few ladies of caste amongst the Moya-bambians, but those that are here live quite exclusively.

They do not make hats, and would scorn to do any work or be seen even carrying a package in this wilderness. They are seldom seen on the streets, but when they appear, they may be recognized by their dress and bearing. They are the only ladies who wear shoes; so that, even in the dark, when the sound of a number of little shoes is heard tapping along on the narrow sidewalk, everybody instinctively makes way for the passing of the *senoras*.

Perhaps the Peruvian ladies of the upper class are not always as handsome as their barefooted sisters, who, if they may not talk to the stranger, can speak with their pretty eyes. Experiences in early life, coupled with close study and some observation in after years, leads to the confirmation of earlier impressions that all women are flirts, which perhaps accounts for the other fact that all men are liars when talking to women. The combination makes quite a deal of trouble, but in my travels in civilized lands and out of the way places, I have never been able to find a section where there are girls and no flirts. They are alike in all lands. Indian girls, on top of the Andes, who have never seen a white man, flirt just as demurely and desperately as the belles of our ball-rooms. Girls are born that way; they can't help it, or resist the disposition of the original Eve of this valley to get Adam into trouble; yet, "with all their faults, we love them still."

Nestling in the valley between the first two ranges of the Cordilleras, this Amazonian Utopia, which seems to have more than its proportion of the descendents of Mother Eve, gives other evidences that it may have been the original Paradise of the original Adam and

Eve—from the abundance and variety of serpents, generally of the harmless sort, to be found there. Probably, with the one thousand old men, and a few dons and cavaliers, or Peruvian gentlemen, there were five thousand women, and great numbers of snakes in the mountains. During the month of my stay I was the only blonde, far from home, and at the mercy of these five thousand brunettes, and the endless chain of snakes.

Of the number of pretty *senoritas*, probably none attracted more attention than the delicate little barefooted, bareheaded girl of the street, with whom I jokingly played Romeo from the balcony window, in the bright light of a tropical day, the positions being reversed, Romeo occupying the balcony and Juliet the garden.

She wore a loose gown with a colored, woven sash about the waist, characteristic of the young girls of Moyabamba, and which Miss Marlowe uses in the costume of Juliet.

By way of making my poor pen picture of this Amazonian Juliet more realistic, the reader is referred to photographs of Julia Marlowe in the costume of Juliet, which closely resembles the little girl Inez, but without Miss Marlowe's dimple. Inez had a prematurely old face, with that peculiarly sad expression of the dark eyes, and the quiet, indifferent manner of Miss Marlowe, as also the careless dressing of the hair and the graceful poise of the head.

Though she was but thirteen (*trece*) she was quite a matured woman in that land, where girls often become wives at ten and eleven years, and mothers at thirteen.

It is the current tradition that every sojourner in Moyabamba becomes the accepted lover of one of the belles, and when he takes his departure she accompanies him.

It is said with some truth that any of the girls are glad of an opportunity to escape from this pent-up Utica. They probably realize that there are no opportunities for marrying in their own land, where there are so many girls and so few men. It is also true, that as a rule the *senoritas* prefer suitors from beyond the narrow limits of their own world.

Those of the lower classes are not particular as to the antecedents of their blondes, nor solicitous regarding their financial standing. The prime qualification and only condition being that her suitor should love her. She takes all the rest on faith. If he loves her and she loves him, she is contented and happy, and will follow him faithfully to the ends of the earth, or until death—and after all, isn't that phase of civilization better than some, at least, of our mercenary, scheming sorts?

Of course, she and her friends stipulate for the marriage ceremony in the church, but if that is not practicable, some of them are willing to dispense with the services of a priest until a more convenient season.

With the view of avoiding any tangling alliances, and desiring to lead among these people the exemplary life becoming an American citizen, it seemed diplomatic that attentions to these *senoritas* should be promiscuous, admiring each new girl more than the other.

On account of her youth I thought Inez would be considered a mere child and out of the question;

that a stranger naturally would show some attention to the little "Juliet" who lived opposite, and was more in evidence because she was a pretty child. She spent much of her time sitting in the doorway, laughing and chatting with her companions, occasionally throwing wicked glances from her dark eyes toward my balcony.

A beautiful hand-made poncho of brilliant, well assorted colors peculiar to the Spanish taste, was hung as a screen or portierre before my window. It was of extra quality, fine in texture and quite gorgeous in its striped coloring. With a natural love for the beautiful, she expressed her admiration of the poncho, or rug.

She was jestingly told that it was for her to wear when she rode with the stranger to Lima. In that country the people are apt to take the free talking of an American too seriously. She asked at once, "Can I go to Lima with you?"

"Of course," I replied, jokingly.

She then said, "You must ask my madre."

We discussed the matter for awhile in a jesting way, just as I would have done with any young girl of my acquaintance, never for a moment thinking that the subject would be seriously considered.

I had almost forgotten the incident, when the madre (who, by the way, was her grandmother, her parents being dead), came to me to ascertain the terms upon which I should take her granddaughter into my care and keeping.

It is not at all an exaggeration, or even a stretch of the imagination to record that this grandmother was prepared to sell her granddaughter to me, the only consideration being the number of pieces of silver.

In all my readings of romance and fiction, and during all my extensive travels and encounterings of queer people, I had never yet come across anything in cold fact quite approaching this.

A beautiful, a really beautiful girl was offered for sale; that is, her grandmother's consent was given, which in effect and under Peruvian law is all that is required to make the girl an actual slave, for a trifling price to be paid to another. Of course, this would not stand without the consent of the third party, which in this case had been previously volunteered.

It was a revelation to me, but the Napo interpreter, who was present as a grinning witness of my astonishment, assured me that such a transaction was a common occurrence.

It is difficult for a stranger to these customs to reconcile this feature of their civilization with our own. But it must be understood that in these countries, though the marriage ceremonies are frequently dispensed with on account of the expense and other difficulties, it is a common practice for persons to live happily together all their lives, without reproach. They are true to their love.

I was assured that if I desired the girl to accompany me to Lima it was only necessary for me to secure the consent of this old guardian, and that the law would protect the transaction.

I modestly declined to negotiate, and desiring to confer with Col. Estaban and others, with a view of learning the facts, another interview was suggested for the following evening.

In looking the matter up, it was found that as an

abstract question of law, the government does not take any account of women; that is, they are not recognized in law, but are permitted to do as they please in disposing of themselves, no questions being asked of a girl, if her parents are satisfied.

According to Spanish law, a father's consent to a marriage must be had, until the girl is twenty-six years of age, but she can leave home at any time, and the parents cannot prevent it or compel her return, although the father can prevent her marriage.

Subsequently, the little girl herself visited me, probably at her madre's suggestion. In her serious, honest, and yet innocent manner, she implored me to take her away to Lima, or to America, or any place—she would go anywhere with me. When I attempted in a friendly way to advise her against going out in the wicked world, she insisted that she must go away, intimating that a worse fate would be hers if she remained. With hands clasped together, she stood beside me, the very picture of a determined little princess, and looking earnestly into my face, told me her story.

Her father had been a Spanish or Peruvian military officer, who was killed in the late war with Chili; her grandparents, who were descendents of the Inca, had also been military people; her mother, one of Moya-bamba's famous belles, had died when she was a child.

There were several in the family, all of them younger than herself and dependent upon the grandmother, who could not support them, and her remaining there was worse than death to her.

It was her desire to go to Lima, where she could meet some friends of her father's. Her voice became

tremulous with emotion, and she continued, sobbing, "If you do not take me, I will kill myself."

I consented that she should go, provided her grandmother would go with her as her protector, and my cook. I had previously agreed with Col. Estaban to allow two women to go in my party, on condition that they acted as cooks, by way of paying for their food, etc.

In travelling across the mountains, a cook is one of the chief requisites. It was the custom for women and children to attach themselves to parties going over the mountains, and for the safety thus afforded them and for their food, they did the cooking for the company.

My offer was to take Inez and her grandmother, in place of the two women who had been suggested to me. They could both ride upon the same mule, and the additional expense would be trifling. This was more than satisfactory, for the grandmother had intended going later, if an opportunity offered, taking the brother of Inez with her.

After Inez left me, I feared that I had undertaken too much, and told the guide to so inform the grandmother, but was assured that it was a matter of business and a real kindness, it was not at all an impracticable proposition. Not hearing from either the grandmother or the princess Inez (she said "Eness, at your service"), I gave it up as the end of a joke which I had carried on as an experiment.

CHAPTER XX.



OST reluctantly, we arranged to leave our Arcadia in the Land of To-Morrow, homeward bound by way of the Pacific and Panama, instead of the Amazon, the season of rains beginning in October making it advisable that we undertake the crossing of the further Andes while the trails were dry.

Through the friendly and business interest of my friend and protege, Don Carlos Mouraille, of Iquitos, I had been provided with letters of credit to his correspondent, Sr. Vincent Najar, a prominent merchant who was largely engaged in the business, and who had been over the route several times. He made all the arrangements and provided us with cooked provisions instead of cooks (the Indians to prepare the meals for us) and with three riding mules and three pack mules to carry us and our supplies.

On one of those perfect October mornings to be enjoyed on the Equator in the Andes, we made our final calls on the Prefect and other friends. Then, mounting the mules, and followed by the Napo guide, we were escorted to the edge of the settlement by the judge and some friends, where they gave us a sincere and last adios.

Our route continued through the valley for some distance, the path or camino having the appearance of a swath cut through a dense thicket of bamboo and

wild sugar cane. Toward noon we forded the river and began a wild ascent of one of the smaller foothills of the large mountain.

Inez and her grandmother had not been heard from during the previous day, and concluding that they had reconsidered the matter as I expected they would, I was more than astonished when the grandmother and some of her friends met us, unaccompanied by Inez. To my further consternation, I was informed that she was a mile or so ahead, waiting for us, the grandmother coolly explaining that she had brought her granddaughter thus far, and that she herself was returning to Moyabamba, to make some preparations to follow later; for which purpose she asked me for some money to pay her expenses.

I felt as if I were being held up by a bandit, and helplessly gave her all the money I had in my saddle bags, which was exactly ten pieces of silver—"soles" or dollars—feeling quite relieved to get off so easy.

Approaching a small village toward evening, we were halted again on the trail by two women, one of whom was Inez and the other the old cook. The unexpected appearance of the trusting little girl, smilingly handing her bundle up for me to carry, caused me to swallow my indignation at the cook's presence, the Napo adroitly observing that Inez was now under proper protection.

While in Moyabamba, the cunning fellow had been arranging matters to suit himself, though pretending to act as my interpreter. It was now too late to remedy the ridiculous situation in which the Napo had involved me in the wilds of Amazonia from his insane desire to

imitate me. When it was jokingly arranged for the girl's journey, he had concluded that he would take the old cook for his share, and had successfully planned to substitute her for the grandmother. It subsequently transpired that the whole town knew of the affair, but considered it a very proper matter of business. Though there are no newspapers, gossip and scandal circulate very widely.

Sr. Najar also seemed to have appreciated the situation, as he had slyly furnished an extra pack mule and some additional provisions. Some months afterwards, my friend Don Carlos laughingly informed me that the whole country, even down to Para, had heard of the episode which we imagined was being kept so quiet in the forests of Amazonia.

One of my friends, however, our genial Colonel Estaban, did not especially enjoy the episode.

The little Inez, who significantly asked me if the Prefect had escorted us out of town as was the custom, was amusingly relieved when I informed her that he was unfortunately absent. It subsequently developed that Inez, who was the little girl he was in love with and was disposed to claim as one of his special prerogatives, had "escaped" with the Don Consul; but alas, alas! there is no telling the ways and tricks to which even Indian girls may resort, to outwit the veterans of our boasted civilization.

As we emerge from the forests of fluvial Amazonia and ascend higher lands, the types, or physical characteristics of the natives are correspondingly improved with the scenery, it seeming to be the natural

law of the land, that intellectual attainment is developed in direct ratio with the altitudes.

In arranging for our complement of Indian guides beyond or west of Moyabamba, we were advised that it was best to leisurely await an opportunity to join the return of a convoy of Indians who would come from that direction with carga. It was explained that the Indians of the warm valley of Moyabamba could not be depended upon to cross the Central Andes where it was often so cold at night that they suffered because of their scant attire. Instead of sensibly providing fires, or warmer clothing, they would shiver awhile, and then run away from the "cold devil," leaving the traveller to starve or freeze on top of the mountains.

Our escort was composed of a party of three half-breeds and eight or ten mules, who had come out with a cargo of goods for the merchant, Vicent Najar, and were returning with comparatively little, except that one mule was loaded with silver coin sewed up in skins, which was going to the coast as a remittance or payment for the goods.

The proprietor or owner of the mules, Andreas Rimache, who accompanied the party with his sons or relatives, lived in the valley of Molina Pampas, near the top of the Central Andes, and was therefore accustomed to the climate and knew the country thoroughly. To his care, future travellers over the Andes are recommended.

I had intended that the Napo guide should leave here, but he had begged to accompany us from this point as a servant, piteously stipulating that he should not be

called upon to perform any menial duty while in the towns. This was brought about by an experience illustrating another of the odd characteristics of some of these people. Though wretchedly poor themselves, the half-breed class are proud, and however needy, they cannot be prevailed upon to wait upon other Indians or do that which would look like menial service, which is left to Indian servants, who are cheap and plenty.

One evening the Indian washerwoman returned our clothes—without ironing, as is the custom—and left the bundle in one of the rooms of my quarters. As the Napo's clothes were in my bundle, he was directed to separate them and bring those belonging to me to my room. He took his own out leisurely, and after some delay, I mildly inquired about mine. He replied, just as mildly, that he could not find a boy.

"Why don't you do it?" I asked in disgust.

"I will not," he said with calm emphasis.

"Then go to the devil or back to Iquitos!" I retorted, angrily. "I am not above carrying my own linen to the next house, and you are no better!"

I explained, emphatically, that I did not require his companionship any longer, but subsequently, he begged to be allowed to continue with me, as stipulated.

My friend, Col. Estaban, who spoke excellent English, had kindly cautioned me against the Napo half-breed, intimating that he was misrepresenting himself, and making use of the assumed relation for his own benefit.

The appearance of the old cook, along with the Inca, seemed to confirm these hints. It was evident

that the Napo had arranged to have the cook take the place of the grandmother.

When the little girl came running up to me with her bundle in her arms and smiling assuringly, I could not reject her, but felt somehow as if it were my duty to take care of her until the grandmother should join us, which she had said she would do, even though it involved the incubas of the cook and the Napo for a few days.

There was no provision for mules on the first day, and the women, in their bare feet, had started ahead. In reply to my suggestion that Inez should get on behind with me, she laughingly declined, saying that she preferred to walk.

As she tripped along gaily and happily by my side, she explained that her madre would join us with her brother, and all would go to Lima together, which struck me as rather more than bargained for. I mildly endeavored to tell her that I didn't want to run away with the whole family.

A dark cloud in the western horizon, that appears in the afternoons at that season, threatened to drench us before we could reach the proposed camp or shelter of the tambo. Inez urged me to ride ahead, leaving her and the cook to take the downpour. She was given one of my rubber ponchos, which she threw over her head, and with a glance of appreciation, ran on like a frightened deer.

In the evening, in a drenching rain, we again crossed the Mayo river in canoes, swimming the mules, and camped in the tambo on the other shore. The cook prepared coffee, while the Napo arranged the beds for



FERRY IN BALSA ON THE RIO MAYA
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the night. As soon as it became dark, all turned in; the cook and Inez under the same blanket.

A fire burned brightly on the outer edge of the tambo, around which the Indians sat, or rather crouched, and chatted long after I had gone to sleep, to dream of the many curious experiences to be enjoyed in out of the way places, and that are not to be obtained by the payment of money, so often required to insure the hospitalities of modern life.

The next morning, after the usual coffee, the cook and Inez prepared to start ahead of the party to the next town of Riajo, a couple of leagues distant on the other side of which they would again join us.

With a desire to add to the scant attire of the little princess that she would be more comfortable when reaching the cold places, I attempted to slip into her hands a few silver soles, or dollars, to enable her to purchase in the town what she needed. It was not a large sum, but probably more than had ever touched her palm before. Instead of eagerly grasping the coin, however, to my embarrassment she held it hesitatingly in her open hand, so that everybody could see, glancing with surprise at the tempting coin, and inquiringly toward me, as if doubting my sincerity.

The more practical cook relieved the situation by urging her to get ready to go to Riajo and buy a hat, which was just the one thing that she didn't need, but that all seem to think necessary, even if the body is half uncovered. The Indians of this region all wear hats, but no shoes.

The town of Riajo, in appearance like all the rest, is situated near the eastern or upper end of the valley,

about two days' travel from Moyabamba, which is in the centre.

We had breakfast with the Alcalde or Gobernador, to whom I was endorsed by Colonel Estaban. There were, in the house, two pretty daughters of this Gobernador, one nursing a bouncing baby and the other perched on a window shelf indifferently making hats.

The young mother being rather the prettiest of the two, I essayed to compliment her on her nice baby, when she asked me how many boys I had.

"Oh," I exclaimed, in affected surprise, "I am not married."

She did not seem to understand, but persisted, "Yes, but you have some boys."

"No, indeed," I replied, "but I would like to have a nice little boy like yours; but the trouble is, all the nice girls like you are married to somebody."

"But," she said demurely, "I am not married to anybody."

At the risk of the conversation becoming embarrassing, I continued: "I wonder if I can find as nice a girl as you in Lima, where I am going?"

"Oh," she said with a laugh, "you don't need to worry about that as long as you have one along."

We had supposed, as a matter of course, that no one knew about the princess and the cook, who had gone through ahead of us, but the Gobernador's daughters, as well as the father and mother thought it complimentary to the young girl that the Americano had consented to escort her.

In the evening we reached a beautiful location for our camp, on the grassy knoll around which a stream

of clear water coursed, in the upper end of the lovely valley, just at the base of the foothills of the Central Andes. Here we were again joined by Inez and the old cook, the latter looking quite fatigued, but the little Indian princess was laughing and looked fresh and bright as she ran along, a brand new Panama hat tipped back on her head, her long black hair flowing loosely, a red cotton handkerchief around her throat, and a sash binding her loose gown to her slender waist.

Advancing proudly to exhibit her purchases, the odor of perfumery was so noticeable that I could scarcely avoid showing my curiosity. As if lifting her hat in salute, she handed me her new Panama, which was worth about one sole, pointing to the handkerchief around her throat, which was worth a few pennies, as trophies of her skill in shopping. The cook supplemented the scene with the comment that the balance—some two-thirds of the allowance—had been expended in Florida water.

Greatly amused, I laughed hilariously, to Inez' confusion and astonishment. She was assured, however, that her efforts for improvement were fully appreciated, as I sniffed again and again, with pretended delight, the really nice perfume. She had fairly saturated her thick dark hair with the contents of a couple of bottles that were quite high-priced in that land. Florida water from New York, and beer from Germany, may be found on top of all the Andes.

There was something of the Indian in Inez, but it was of the Inca type of the mountains, whose blood

had descended through generations of the Spanish Peruvians into the people of the valleys.

The Inca, though conquered and almost annihilated by Pizarro's cruelties, never became a Spaniard. The Inca, conquering the Indian, made an Inca of him, but the Spaniard never made a Spaniard of the Inca, and, whatever may be the philosophy of the books, the facts are apparent in the blood of the Incas, as shown in their descendents.

While the Napo guide and the cook prepared supper for us, Inez, in her childish glee, tripped about the grassy knoll, her bright face reflecting the last rays of the crimson sun, which was sinking behind the western Andes. She was the living concentration of the ardent sunshine of fifteen consecutive summers, which warmed the blood which flowed through her veins, lending her beauty and animation and causing her to blossom into this orchid, or *La Flor de los Andes*.

The little Inca princess wore a necklace of the teeth of young monkeys, which are pure white and of a peculiar shape. They were strung on a fine tendril as tough as wire. Alternating each tooth was either a red shell or berry, some uncut Brazilian pebbles that resembled rough diamonds, and also some native opals such as are found in volcanic countries, with a string of alligator or tiger teeth pendant.

After dark the cook and Inez enjoyed a bath in the flowing river at the foot of the hill. Bathing in the rivers of this land is free to both sexes. There is something of that indifference to the conventionalities of dry land as may be found at our seaside resorts. The difference is not of style, but

rather of the necessity which compels the adoption of scant bathing costumes.

Under the thatched palm tambo were spread the blankets of our party, including those of a few Indians who had come in from an opposite course.

The carga, as it is called, including saddles, packs, provisions and coin, was piled on the edges as a sort of protection from draft, and for safety and convenience. It was altogether quite like a dormitory. The "lay-down" of Inez and the cook was placed in a secluded corner flanked by the saddles and baggage.

Awakened from a dream by the sound of suppressed sobbing almost smothered by the snores of the Indians, I glanced over the sleeping figures and saw, sitting by the dying embers of the camp fire, the crouching form of the Inca princess.

(Referring to my notebook, which contains the autograph of the small savage, written in good style, are these words, that express more forcibly than I can depict in these pages, the pathos of this scene: "A night's experience on the knoll never to be forgotten. The little Inca in tears.")

Rising quietly, with blanket thrown over my shoulders, I approached her, but was received with cool indifference. When asked to tell her trouble, assuring her of my sympathy, she seemed to feel more uncomfortable, and would only say in Spanish, "I don't want to go back."

It seemed that through some false interpretation of the Napo, who had been jealous of the girl, he had threatened her with a return to Moyabamba. He had exaggerated my indignation at his own conduct to mean

that if a favorable opportunity occurred, they should be sent back home, that I might be relieved of all responsibility.

Surrounded by sleeping Indians, in the quiet of a midnight, in the shadows of the Andes, I assured her of my protection, and that she should not be afraid of the Napo. Through glistening tears, she gave me thankful glances.

When urged to return to her bed with the cook, as the night air was chilling, she declined with that odd resistance characteristic of the blood, saying pettishly that she wanted coffee; and, perhaps to gratify a desire to be even with the Napo, she insisted upon making him get out of his blanket to wait upon her, by getting the coffee and sugar from the pack of provisions.

She would scarcely look at him, but sat by the fire, requiring that everything be laid at her feet, while she made such coffee as only a Moyabamba girl can make.

From my cot I watched with amused interest, her deft fingers, as she proceeded with the operation, shielding her eyes from the smoke with one hand, while she manipulated the fire and the coffee pot with the other.

After it had been prepared exactly to suit her taste she glided over to my cot, and kneeling down familiarly, served me with coffee. In the moonlight of the Andes, we drank together this cup of friendship.

"There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true lovers' knots, I ween.
The boy and the girl are bound by a kiss,
But there was never a bond, old friends, like this.
We drank (coffee) from the same canteen."

CHAPTER XXI.



It is while we sleep that the events of the days and nights spent on the edge of this paradise are forgotten. The mild southern moon looked down benignantly upon our wakefulness. It was only after it had dipped behind the towering Andes that we slept sweetly under the mantle of its deep shadows—shadows that induced repose as quiet and restful as the mountains themselves.

The red glare of the rising sun in our eastern horizon cast its penetrating beams beneath the roofs of our arbor of palm leaves, reflecting a crimson blush upon our indolence, causing us to rise and dress quickly.

The Indians had arisen early, as is their custom, the packs having gone ahead, leaving Andreas with the saddles to await our pleasure.

Each mule will carry over the Andes five or six arrobas of twenty-five pounds each. There were several mules going back partly loaded, and it was easily arranged with the thrifty Andreas to provide riding accommodations for Inez and the cook separately, on top of the lighter packs that had been divided to suit. As there were no extra saddles, this gave them more comfortable seats than the bare backs of frisky mules accustomed to packs only. There is a difference between pack and riding mules, as one will find out suddenly who tries to ride a pack mule.

It is the universal custom in that country for women to ride astride of their horses the same as men. At first sight this may not seem genteel, but after one becomes accustomed to it, you realize that it is another evidence that in their wildness, their civilization is as advanced as our own. It is better suited to the animal and is more comfortable and secure as well as more graceful for the lady riders.

The little Indian girl, like all the others, had been accustomed to ride ponies on the pampas, but was rather averse to getting on a mule, saying that she preferred to walk. Though poor and of humble associations, she was as proud and high spirited as a genuine princess. The argument that I rode a mule had no bearing on her case. It was only after Andreas had explained that horses could not climb the paths over the mountains that she consented to be lifted to the back of a mule.

I had given her the use of the fancy poncho, previously described, of fine wool colored in the stripes of the Spanish taste. A poncho is simply a fine travelling blanket or shawl, or as the English would call it, a rug. It is woven square, the only difference being that the poncho has an opening in the middle large enough to pass over the head. It rests on the shoulders loosely, permitting the folds to fall gracefully around the form, while the stripes running across, are not concealed in these folds as is the case with our draperies.

If it were possible to photograph or paint a combination of rich coloring surrounding the animated face and graceful bearing of a pretty girl, with a background of the tropical Andes towering to a sky forever

blue, this child of the forest as she sat on the mule, would present an unconscious living model for the artist.

Seated like a circus rider, her lithe form concealed under the gorgeous coloring of the poncho, the pensive but happy face and bright eyes looking rather defiantly through the mass of loose hair that, like little Lord Fauntleroy's, hung carelessly over her left eye, under the Panama hat, she was the living picture of a beautiful Italian boy of about ten years, such as one may see in art galleries.

Impressed with her boyish appearance under the hat, her form and dress being concealed by the flowing poncho, my admiration, and the thought of her convenience, prompted the playful suggestion that she should henceforth travel with me to Lima as a boy. She resented the proposition with a burst of indignation that surprised me, and before I could recover myself sufficiently to explain, she rode off disdainfully, with a command to the cook to follow her. She rode with an easy grace, indifferent to all the surroundings, and purposely prevented my getting alongside of her for an hour or two.

If in any way, this narrative may have created the impression that these Indian girls are tractable or easily influenced, it is proper to correct it. They have their own ideas of the eternal fitness of things, and of the proprieties; perhaps some of their peculiarities may seem absurd to us, yet they continue to entertain their own notions and adhere to and practice their convictions.

In a few hours we reached the base of the mountains, which seemed to precipitately cross our path like an

immense wall of loosely tumbled colossal rocks, through the crevices of which the tropical pine thorns and cactus plants persistently forced themselves.

The mules which had gone ahead were awaiting us here, and all were required to dismount while Andreas re-arranged the packs and examined the girths, preparatory to the ascent.

The trail or camino leading over the rocky surface could not be clearly outlined. It looked as if we were attempting the ascent of an avalanche of immense boulders. Andreas told me seriously that they were the steps to purgatory, and reassuringly observed, with unconscious humor, that we should "get there all right, if we could only stick to the mules."

The boss Indian hurried us on, as we must get over the mountains in the middle of the day and down into the other valley before the evening rains could overtake us and add a rush of water to the permanent obstacles. The pack mules went ahead, single file, the Indians on foot driving or poking them with sharp sticks when it was necessary for them to make extra exertion in order to surmount very difficult obstacles, stopping after each effort to recover breath.

Allowing the cook, the Napo guide and Inez to precede, I brought up the rear with Andreas afoot, that he might keep his eye on all that was in front. The upward path seemed to zig-zag in an aimless winding as if seeking to avoid boulders rather than to lead to any place in particular.

It is no exaggeration to say that the mules jump or leap abrupt places that a goat could scarcely climb. Sometimes these were on the ragged edge of the narrow

path of despair hewed out of the mountainsides, the upper part of which our legs rubbed against, the jutting, rocky hills towering far above us; on the other side of which was the deep, rocky valley from whence we had been laboriously ascending.

The slightest misstep of the mule, or the sliding of a loose stone, or a failure to gain a good foothold in a spring, must cause a stumble that could have no other result than to precipitate mule and rider into the awful abyss.

One wants to be nonchalant when suspended in a dangerous position, but this rocky experience on a mule was discouraging, and when approaching some especially bad looking places, I ingloriously dismounted, walking with Andreas and driving my mule ahead. Inez, from her perch on the pack, seemed to be in even greater danger, yet she bravely kept her eyes looking straight forward, remaining silent.

The Indians forcing the mules made peculiar cries, sounding to me at first like the cries of one who had gone over the bank.

"Mulas! Mulas!" they would shriek, as they prodded the panting beasts like steers driven to slaughter.

When Inez looked around during a rest and saw me on foot she laughed scornfully, and feeling ashamed of my position, I at once remounted, preferring to face the dangers of the road rather than her ridicule.

Naturally the rider with the reins in his hands will attempt to guide the mule and pick out the best places, but there are no best places, and the paths are so narrow that guiding is unnecessary. When the mule comes to a jump-up, the rider instinctively draws the

reins as if to assist in the jump. Inez, noticing this and my nervous watching of the rocky path, gave me a pointer on mule rough riding over the mountains, that was useful to me in the days following. In pantomimic gestures—like those of a circus girl on a padded riding horse—she folded her hands, and turning her face upwards, closed her eyes as if in final prayer, while the swearing Indians made her mule jump over a bad place.

The lesson she desired to teach was not to look at the road, but glance upward and pray for safety. To have more faith. This advice or example was followed literally, and thereafter the reins were dropped, but I instinctively grasped for the mule's mane, and pressing my knees so tightly against his sides that he grunted, he took the jump, while with eyes closed, I said a short prayer in somewhat of a hurry. One thus learns to place faith in the mule.

After much tribulation, we reached one of the summits where we rested for lunch and had a final view of "Paradise Lost." This might appropriately be called "Looking Backward" from the top of the Central Andes, over the beautiful Land of To-Morrow.

The point affords a view of surpassing grandeur and pastoral loveliness such as may not in its peculiarly tropical aspects be found at any other place on this continent.

One can hardly visit every place which is noted for its picturesque scenery, yet the tourist who has viewed the grandest on exhibition in our own country, and some of that of the Alps, and who has also been an enthusiastic admirer of the noted pictures in many

galleries, is free to say that he has never seen or heard of anything that will compare with the glorious scenery of the Equatorial Andes.

As a rule, it is upon such an extensive scale of grandeur, that the eye of the traveller cannot encompass, nor the intellect retain the impression of all the beautiful scenes that are everywhere spread out before him. That of the valley of Moyabamba remains in memory as the loveliest and fairest.

The town of Moyabamba, which occupies the centre of the valley, though more than two days distant, was as distinctly laid out before us in the clear air as if it were but a short ride beyond Riaja, which seemed to be at the very base of the mountains.

Inez, whose world was here before her, or whose conception of the world beyond was probably based upon her ideas of this paradise, looked sadly backward, but not realizing that she was doomed to a life of disappointment in the outside world to which she longed to go and toward which she was journeying.

She was assured again that she could return any time she might desire it. It was difficult in my poor Spanish to make her comprehend the civilized idea, that a woman could have her own way about such matters; and she could not understand why anyone should think it was possible for her to change her own mind.

Reluctantly mounting, we sorrowfully turned our backs to the east, and soon began the descent into the valley on the western side. Getting tired of her cramped seat on the mules's back, the little girl attempted to take a lesson from me in riding side saddle

style, creating considerable amusement and some consternation to the mule and Andreas. When the mule made a lurch, that would slightly unbalance Inez, she would scream just like civilized girls do, but would coquettishly and pettishly refuse assistance.

The descent led into a small valley quite shaded by the heavy foliage. A profusion of ferns of rare and fine varieties growing along the sides of the hill as fringes to numerous little falls, attracted my attention. Quite a number were plucked and arranged as a backing or setting for some pretty wild flowers. This seemed to interest not only the senorita, but the Indians to whom ferns and flowers were as leaves and grass.

Riding alongside of the little girl, with mock gravity intended to be amusing, I doffed my hat, and with a dignified bow, handed her the bouquet. Instead of being amused she took it so seriously and earnestly that my surprise afforded more entertainment than if she had accepted the flowers in a humorous spirit.

The Indians too, who had watched the performance, looked upon it as a ceremony of some significance, the guide saying that the act of giving her the flowers had meant that I also offered myself; and that in accepting them in her left hand she had placed herself under my protection.

In the descent our tactics were reversed; instead of frantically grabbing the mule's mane or reaching forward as if to crawl over his head, as he sometimes almost stood on his hind feet, we were now obliged to grasp the tail, and laying back, reach for the ears with our feet for stirrups. It was more dangerous going down than coming up.



INDIAN HUTS ON THE ANDES

After considerable parleying, Inez was prevailed upon to take a blanket saddle seat behind me on my mule. She would not get up, however, until all the others were out of sight. The Indian girls have a sensitive dread of ridicule, and to attempt familiarity or a caress in the presence of others, usually results in repellant indignation. While they are not at all modest in some matters, where it should be becoming they certainly resent anything resembling indecency in their public intercourse.

While screening herself on the other side of the mule, she had a way before mounting of deftly bringing forward the back breadths of her skirt, which she tucked up in front under her sash or belt, giving her a placidly picturesque and impromptu bloomer appearance that was stunning. When astride the mule her shapely, lightly bronzed limbs were well outlined against the red blanket, making another model for the artist.

As she thus sat astride of my mule, we descended into the valley.

Because of our caution we were getting far into the rear of the caravan and almost lost ourselves. The roughness of the road increased its terrors, and at every bad place she would scream just like other girls, and suddenly clasp her arms so tightly about me that I was unable to steer the mule safely. Any attempt on my part at looking backward to see that she was all right was resented with a not too gentle slap, and if the other cheek was turned it was treated in the same manner.

Our evening camp was in a triangular little glen, so

completely hemmed in by high mountains that only the rays of the midday sun penetrated its solitude. Before we got to the tambo Inez slid off of the mule and ran ahead to meet the cook.

It being oppressively warm and close, the Indians had already unsaddled the packs and turned the mules loose to roll and feed on the grass, while they bathed in the waters of the stream.

The guide was like a mule in more ways than one. He was treacherous, stupid and stubborn, and when he wished to rest it was his custom to roll on the grass and yell quite as a mule bellowed.

As previously stated, there was in the carga with us quite a lot of silver coin, in charge of Andreas to be taken to the next relay en route for Lima. It was in the usual rolls of ten silver dollars sewed up tightly in skins, making solid packages; but no more attention was given to this coin than to our bags of provisions or clothing. Sometimes the mule carrying the silver coin would be ahead, almost out of sight of the Indians, and on reaching a tambo the load was thrown down indifferently with the saddles.

A highway robbery has never been known on that lonely trail, where thousands upon thousands of dollars in coin and valuable goods are sent through dense solitudes in the care of Indians only, without any thought of a convoy of guards. Nothing was ever stolen from me, and no effort was deemed necessary for protection; which facts are stated by way of comparison with our advanced Christian civilization, where train robberies occur almost in the suburbs of our cities.

Until the senorita joined us in our travels, the Napo guide had appropriated to himself the honor or distinction, as it is conceded in that land, of eating with the padrone.

There had been tinned porcelain ware and silver knives and forks provided for two only. When the useful cook was prepared to serve coffee and a stew of pounded beef and onions on the top of my box or trunk, Inez was invited to dine with "Don Jose," thus giving her the seat of honor and the dishes the Napo had been accustomed to use. He, therefore, sullenly took a place at the foot of the table, as not to have made his appearance would have degraded him in the eyes of the Indians. This bit of social etiquette had the effect of pleasing the cook, who laughingly placed the bouquet of ferns and wild flowers on our impromptu table. The senorita, though quite happy over the incident, was too much of an Indian to express or show her pleasure, but seemed to take it as a matter of course.

All being tired, we slept so comfortably that the cook was late in serving us with early coffee.

In saddling and packing up, there was an animated conversation between the guide and the Indians, the little girl being apparently an indifferent listener. The Napo was in a rage, and protested that his saddle was being placed on Inez' mule. No such orders had been given, but Andreas mildly suggested, "But the senorita wants it so," intimating that as the padrone paid for the mules, it should be as he wished.

As a matter of right, the Napo was probably entitled to the saddle, but as he had lied so outrageously and deliberately added to my expense and embarrassment,

and was otherwise so treacherous, that he was not entitled to any favors. With a desire to be just, however, it was suggested that he gallantly yield this preference to the young girl.

He had become insanely jealous of her, and incautiously began to abuse her to me with a view of discrediting her. The little girl stood some distance off, not understanding one word of the heated discussion, but watching for the result. On glancing toward her, her eyes met mine with a reassuring look of confidence that seemed to say, "It makes no difference how much they talk, I'll get the mule and saddle." And she did. She had fastened my bouquet to her frowsy hair.

The Napo had the choice of returning from this point or of riding bareback the balance of the journey. He accepted the latter situation with a mental reservation, no doubt, to get even.

The next day was Domingo, or Sunday, which is a holiday in the towns of that land. This, however, does not count on the trail where it is necessary to rush through to places of safety and comfort.

CHAPTER XXII.



SEVERAL months with Indians and mules on the Andes is liable to make the critical Anglo-Saxon part with any sympathy he may have entertained for the aborigines of Equatorial America, and to increase his respect for and confidence in the much abused mule. Apparently, there is not very much difference; in one respect at least the mule has the advantage over the biped, he never gets drunk. The little Spanish mule with the big head and solemn looking countenance and very large ears for such small "pitchers," is in some respects more intelligent and certainly a more humorous animal than the stolid, common, full-blooded Indian. Both of them carry the same serious expression that means deviltry instead of innocence.

The pack mules are turned loose to be driven along the narrow camino by the Indians on foot, ahead of the riding mules. There is usually a leader or bell mule who knows the road and appreciates the importance of his position and sometimes takes liberties and gets out of sight in advance, that he may have the choice picking at some tender grass while he leisurely awaits the approach of the others with whom he refuses to associate, and continues to "move on." There are in the packs, perhaps, other ambitious mules that desire to get ahead of the leader, and this is where the fun comes in. They will go sneaking along coyly, stopping

here and there to nibble innocently, when suddenly, as if startled by a gunshot, break ahead on a run in a desperate attempt to pass the mules ahead of them. But the boss mule had also one eye on his followers, and though loaded down with a pack, he would spring into the narrow trail and gallop ahead until he would reach a point where it would be impossible to pass him.

Sometimes their sportiveness became dangerous to those who were riding in the caravan with pack mules. It is always best to give the packs the advance; if too closely in the rear they are liable to claim their position and go ahead; the mule you ride will certainly object to this, and a race ensues between a mule carrying a huge pack and the one you ride, whether you like it or not. If the pack is astride of your competitor, instead of on top, it possibly occupies the entire width of the narrow camino, which fact the mule does not seem to comprehend. If in the rush, the bulky sides come in contact with your legs, of course the tender part yields to the hard pack, to your distress. The rider soon learns to avoid these dangerous passes, or the meeting with the loaded mules, by lifting the obtruding leg to avoid the crushing contact.

In many places the camino is the narrow crevice made by ages of running waters as deep and precipitous as are railroad cuts in the yellow clay soil; there are deep gullies or V shaped cuts so narrow at the bottom that scarcely a mule can find a level footing, the sides of which are so precipitous that it would be impossible for a mule to turn around or climb out. When entering these narrow places the custom is to

send an Indian ahead who shouts signals to prevent others from entering until the passage is clear.

At one such place we encountered a caravan coming from an opposite direction who were driving wild steers or cattle, presenting the horns of several dilemmas that threatened serious consequences. Indians are as contrary as the white man. Neither advancing party was disposed to yield to the other. After much pow-wow, the difficulty was overcome by Andreas and the Napo stampeding the steers who managed to turn themselves and charge back on their drivers and cleared the way for us.

The severely practical experiences in crossing the Andes three miles above the earth on a mule, might afford the scientist as interesting opportunity for observation as could be obtained from a balloon at a similar elevation from which the ariel scientist ordinarily limits his higher studies or observations. He might go to Amazonia and avail himself of the reliable services of the mule, who will carry him as high as his ambitious aspirations desire. When he gets tired and exhausted he can stop the mule, if he can't the balloon.

The meteorological balloonist sometimes overlooks the important fact that beyond a certain altitude human or animal life does not exist, while at great elevations delicate instruments even though protected like the aeronaut by such an armor as sea divers use, must become unreliable.

The sudden ascent in a balloon is also more apt to interfere with calculations and to produce ill effects that are obviated by the gradual ascent on mules. The dizzy, sea-sickening sensation at great altitudes,

known as soroche, is scarcely felt, by the almost imperceptible ascent during many days and weeks, one becomes accustomed to it so gradually that no inconvenience is experienced except the shortness of breath or difficulty in breathing. As a preventive of nausea the Indians crush a bit of garlic or strong onion which they inhale. The several summits of the trail reach between 12,000 and 18,000 feet, but there are numerous peaks much higher.

When on the higher parts of the road any over-exertion will result in a total collapse with profuse bleeding from the nose and ears, intense pain in the spinal column of neck, and also nausea. Fortunately, one does not have to delay on these summits, the schedule for the day's travel being arranged to pass them near mid-day, as it would be dangerous to remain over night without unusual protection from the cold in that rarefied atmosphere. At all of these higher points, the immediate surrounding are barren, except perhaps, a few stunted trees of pine and a tough bunch of grass with an odd flower that resembled the white flower used for burial wreaths.

We always found a cross on the highest points, that marked the divide, or cumbre, like a guide-post, and invariably a grand view beyond.

One sometimes feels that the intelligent mule appreciated the views equally with the rider. When we would suddenly come upon a summit or a turn that afforded an extensive outlook beyond, the mule would instinctively stop, look ahead wisely and give a sigh of admiration that would almost burst the saddle girth. If spoken to he would prick up his big ears, looking



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around, as if to say, "I beg pardon," and then trot off down the mountain.

Rough riding down the Andes is scarcely less exhilarating than the exercise necessary to cling to his mane coming up. If the road is rocky, as is apt to be the case, on coming to a rather deep step, he will gather his four feet together for a spring and suddenly make the jump, landing on his two front feet on another rock some distance below. The hind feet come along after awhile, but one feels that they are in the air for a long time. If on the other hand it is rainy and the road is a slippery clay, he will slide down a declivity as gracefully as a left-footed girl on an ice slide. As previously intimated it is only necessary to place your confidence in the mules—they will get there all right if left to their own way.

Before we reached the end of our eight days' relay, in crossing the Central Andes, we encountered some of the severe rains that come up in the evenings of the October days. This downpour quickly filled the waterways and gulleys, the beds of which formed the trails or caminos up the sides of the mountains. The running water serves a double purpose of keeping down the dense growth and also of bringing to the surface a crop of loose stones that mark out the road on these rivulets.

The traveller who happens to be on the road from October to May, or the rainy season, takes the double risk of being both washed out and delayed, and the exposure to the cold rain storms. Sometimes we could not see the bottom of the trail, the mules wading knee-deep in running water. But Don Quixote-like, we kept

on blindly, sometimes charging up a rushing torrent or going down stream astride of a cascade.

We all suffered considerably from the cold rains before reaching Chachapoyas; the little Indian girl was frequently drenched, but with all the discomfort continued the most cheerful of the party. On arriving at a tambo one evening she had to be lifted from the mule. She was shivering, and her cold wet clothing was clinging to her frail form. Apprehending disastrous results, the baggage was unpacked, and she was given a good dose of brandy, while the old cook bathed her, putting over her head a fancy overshirt. She soon revived and was quite proud of her appearance in a blue negligee shirt with a broad collar and red lacings with tassels in front. A rubber blanket or poncho is not as desirable for travelling, or to wear in a rain, as an ordinary heavy woolen blanket. One becomes saturated as soon as the other, while the woolen is not so cold. The rubber is more useful as a covering for a tent or stretched over the bed at night.

On one of the afternoons we rode along one bank of a rapidly running river through a valley on the opposite side of which rose almost precipitately out of the water a towering precipice on the rocky sides and crevices of which numerous parasitic plants or orchids had attached themselves, the pendant vines creating a beautiful representation of a hanging garden. On the banks were overhanging trees from which long ringlets of moss were drooping over the water, resembling miles of weeping willows. The silence of the beautiful valley was made more impressive by the deep rumbling echoes of the rushing waters, intensified

by an occasional shrill note from some of the large birds that sang as they flew up and down in search of fish. The trail was fairly bordered with shrubbery bearing variously colored blooms, struggling to show their beauty through masses of tall green foliage of the tree tops which seem to blossom in these secluded valleys, when protected from the cold winds by the surrounding mountain tops.

In this Land of Eternal Summer even the decaying trunks of old trees put forth their efforts to add to the beauty of the scene by means of the parasite and orchids which in the greatest abundance attached themselves to dead wood, numbers of the most beautiful varieties growing to the same limbs from which the moss was so gracefully pendant.

Amazonia is the land of orchids.

“Those radiant expressions of nature’s artistic soul.”

In the forests of the upper affluents of the Amazon river are found the rarest of the species peculiar to that altitude.

In this region the collection of orchids has not become a matter of commerce, because of its remoteness, though the rarest and finest varieties may be found in these valleys. The species best adapted for transplanting to our climate are gathered in the higher altitudes.

In the journey from the Atlantic ocean, during the months, weeks and days, we have probably never been out of sight or reach of orchids. In the vicinity of Moyabamba they are to be found in the greatest abundance and variety.

The orchid is well known as an air plant or parasite,

which in some unknown way attaches itself to the dead trunks of trees, far from the ground, there being no earth roots, its origin being somewhat of a mystery as is also its existence. It is not propagated there by seed, and why or where it springs from affords room for as much difference of opinion as there are endless varieties of the beautiful plant.

The orchid is the flower of the Land of To-Morrow. It became a habit to compliment Inez in the Spanish as "La flor de los Andes" (the flower of the Andes), and in the sense of looking backward, it seems to have been a rude plucking of a beautiful, rare orchid from its native home, to carry away to transplant and hope to bloom as an exotic in a cold, inhospitable clime.

As we go westward and upward, always upward, weary from the tedious ascent of mountains day after day, reaching each summit almost exhausted, and looking beyond to other mountains resembling grey clouds in the western horizon, a rude cross was sure to be found on the most prominent points, where it was customary halt for a rest. In some sequestered nooks in the valleys we also passed numerous shrines located perhaps in natural grottoes, in apparently inaccessible places on the sides of precipitous cliffs, overhanging wildly rushing waters, where the Jesuit missionaries had in some way managed to make very fair representations of the altars of the Catholic church, the inaccessibility creating an impression of being miraculously placed.

The traveller, reared a Protestant, who has looked upon the altars of St. Peter's in Rome and the Madaline and Notre Dame of Paris, and old churches of Latin

America, has also observed that the bamboo and thatch roof Jesuitical Mission Church in the valleys of Equatorial America, with the adobe of the Andes and the grottoes of the Indian, each represent in appearance the same altar before which men and women of all lands and races and tongues become equal.

Travellers say they never get anywhere that they may not see the emblem of the cross; even on top of the lonely Andes (the rustic crosses become a sign, like the guide posts, that point the weary traveller to the right road, or if, in the darkness of a tropical night, the sailor on tropical seas is awakened from a troubled dream of distress and discouragement, he can look up into the sky and there always find the beautiful constellation of the Southern Cross, reclining to the horizon.

As we approached these numerous rude crosses on the trails on top of the Andes, the Indians always uncovered, if they wore hats; if not, they knelt and crossed themselves, but never speaking. They call these highest points "calla-calla" meaning the place to be silent or to listen to the whisper of the winds, which is the voice of God. As there were nearly always fresh flowers deposited at the base of these rude crosses, I thought they marked the burial place of those who had fallen by the wayside in their journey. On mentioning this to the Indians, they replied significantly, "The body of Christ is there."

On a beautiful Sunday morning, Inez and Don Jose rode together, but on different mules. As we approached one of these rude crosses by the wayside, she reverently lifted her Panama, crossed herself, and with-

out indicating her wish, she slipped down from her seat on the mule, advanced to the shrine, and placed the bouquet of ferns, previously given her, at the base of the rustic cross. Kneeling, while her lips moved in silent prayer, the devotional attitude of the little "heathen" before the cross, forming a beautiful study for a picture. On rising, without deigning to utter a word, she looked searchingly into the pale face of her companion, who had also dismounted to assist her to remount. With a feeling of mortification, at not knowing exactly what to do, but as had been the custom, in respect to the opinion and belief of those with whom we had been associated, he took off his hat, and silently stood uncovered before the cross on which had been deposited the withering bouquet. This little remembrance, prompted by sincerity, was noticed by the other Indians, who no doubt believed the "padrone" as they called the pale-faced traveller from a far-off land had learned this same old story of the cross, and believed as they did, the simple act serving to establish a bond of recognition between the civilizations from the different ends of the earth, which was here met at its highest point in the Equator, or centre of the earth.

One of the most beautiful orchids in coloring and form that I had ever seen in the Land of Orchids, which grow so extensively as parasites, and the mystery of whose existence as well as of life, is so typical of the birth of Christ, being nourished alone by the pure air of heaven, I found attached lovingly to a rude cross on a summit of the Andes.

In relating this incident of the orchid clinging to the cross on the Andes, the following lines were written by

Bertha Gerneaux Woods, a young High school girl of Washington, and published at the time, being translated into the pure Castilian spoken and written at Lima.

THE CROSS ON THE ANDES.

Not with folds of dusky crepe,
Do the dusky fingers drape
 This remembrance of His death,
But the airy orchids cling
To the wood where earthly thing
 Cannot soil them with its breath.

Did God's fingers place them there?
Are they spirits of the air
 Staying for a little while,
Clinging to His cross lest they,
Left so near the earth-scenes, may
 Lose remembrance of His smile?

Now and then from other lands
Men with sunburned face and hands
 Turn into this mountain-spot,
Thinking in the silence deep,
What a pleasant place to sleep,
 Though from dreams they waken not.

Heavy-hearted with life's loss,
To the orchid-covered cross
 Comes a pilgrim wan with care;
Pausing long enough to turn
On the symbol eyes that yearn
 For the God-love shadowed there.

Then his own heart breathes a prayer,
As with reverential air
 Stands he with uncovered head.
And his lips move, for the ear
Of the Crucified can hear
 Faintest words that e'er were said.

Eyes in dusky faces note
Every movement of the throat;
 "See, the Padrone prays"—they say,
And their hearts reach after him
In the daylight turning dim,
 As he follows on his way.

On the breast their hands are laid,
And a simple gesture made—
 Of the sacred cross a sign.
Then, with wistful, upturned eyes
Looking to the southern skies,
 They can see the star-cross shine.



THE CROSS ON THE ANDES

CHAPTER XXIII.



AFTER a never-to-be-forgotten experience of eight days and nights in crossing the Central Andes, we reached Chachapoyas, the half-way relay between the Upper Amazon and the Pacific. Chachapoyas is the capital of the Department of Alto or Upper Amazonas, as Moyabamba is of Bajo or Lower Amazonas. They have about the same population, being the headquarters of the Prefecto of Departments and the sub-Prefecto, with the usual quota of military and church dignitaries.

In location Chachapoyas is the antipodes of Moyabamba, being situated apparently at the top of the mountain side, while Moyabamba rests in a valley surrounded by mountains.

The altitude of Chachapoyas is estimated to be 7,500 feet above the sea, but a person accustomed to the warm valleys of the Equator is apt to register it considerably higher, especially if he arrives in a cold, drenching rain storm, as we did.

When we reached the town, we were cold and dripping wet, but with an indifference to appearances born of our really distressed condition, we paraded single file down the long, narrow street to the plaza or quarter, in which the principal house, that of the Prefect, is located.

We were halted in the archway of the large courtyard

by an armed soldier. After sending our respects to the Prefect, the ridiculous-looking cavalcade of amusingly forlorn objects dismounted in the courtyard and were soon after introduced to the Prefect.

We presented a sorry spectacle as we stood hats in hand, covered with dripping ponchos, shivering with cold, and with water streaming from our hair and faces, but we were warmly welcomed by the old Prefect, his secretary and the sub-Prefect, who somehow had been advised of our intended passing, and had considerably made preparation for our arrival.

In these countries the traveller will find that his approach has been heralded days in advance, without any desire on his part, and even though he travels with Indians, those of the tribes ahead will know of his coming.

I eagerly explained that the little Indian girl was the protege of my cook, en route to Lima with her grandmother and brother, but this only excited an assuring smile, which expressed indifference to cooks and Indian girls, but showed a great desire to be of service to me in any way whatever.

Being conducted to a warm room, I was at once relieved of my wet habiliments, and making a hasty, but careful toilet, I re-appeared in a full black suit, with a white shirt, the quick change rather astonishing the waiting officials.

The cook, Inez and the guide had been provided with quarters in a gallery room of the courtyard.

After partaking of a good dinner of roast mutton and vegetables, I excused myself, desiring to obtain rest, expecting to occupy my old camp bed and blankets

in the gallery room with the others of my party; but the old Prefect objected, and so courteously urged his invitation to take other and more comfortable quarters, that I was reluctantly compelled to accept.

Going first to the gallery room, I found that Inez and the cook had retired under the same blanket on the floor, the Napo guide having taken possession of my comfortable cot. He was immediately turned out, much to his disgust, and the shivering little girl was tucked into my bed and wrapped up in my warm blankets.

She was much impressed by the marked attention that had been shown to "Don Jose" by those great officials, and accepted with a feeling of humble gratitude, the little courtesies which she had sometimes laughingly rejected while on the trail.

The following day the old Prefect personally conducted us to spacious quarters where we were accommodated with housekeeping facilities, in the same style that had been provided for our comfort and convenience at Moyabamba.

The country about Chachapoyas is as different from Moyabamba in climate and productions as our Northwest is from the Southern States of Georgia and Florida.

The only place in Amazonia in which wheat is grown is on the lower foothills adjacent to Chachapoyas. The protected valleys would furnish grazing lands sufficient to supply all of Amazonia with beef and mutton the year around.

From this point there is another trail, known as the Cahapanas (pronounced Cow-a-panas) leading directly

to the head waters of the Marañon, just below the famous Pongo Mansieriche, which is a much shorter, but not so convenient and safe a route to navigation as that by which we had come via Moyabamba to the Huallagua or Yarrimaguas.

The Cahapanas route offers the additional inducement of the gold and silver mines that exist near the Pongo Mansieriche on the Santiago, which empties into the Marañon just below the Pongo Mansieriche; but these veritable gold washings, the existence of which is unquestioned, are located in a country occupied by a tribe of Indians which are known throughout the entire region for their inveterate hostility, and this fact has prevented the development of the Pongo and Santiago gold regions.

It is a well authenticated fact that though a number of expeditions have penetrated the Santiago country, all have ended disastrously in the murder or mysterious disappearance of some of the parties.

The experience of those who have gone before (always in too small companies) has been that as long as three or four stood together they were safe from attack, but if any of their number wandered off alone, they never returned.

This is the tribe of savages who occasionally practice cannibalism. It is well known that they adhere to the terrible custom of beheading, instead of scalping their victims. It has been an unpleasant experience of mine to have handled a number of these heads, which they carry on their belts, and specimens of which may be seen in the Museum at Washington.

The heads are specially prepared by being first sus-

pended by the hair over a pot of boiling water, the steam from which softens the skin. The bones of the skull are then carefully removed without breaking the skin. Into the cavity thus made sand and pebbles are tightly packed. These are allowed to dry, the head gradually shrinking until it becomes as small as that of a doll. It is remarkable how well preserved are the features of a shrunken image.

It is said that these people readily recognize the compressed features of their enemies or friends, and that they rather enjoy the continued association with departed friends as we do looking at the pictures in our photograph albums.

Quite good specimens of this outlandish custom may be obtained in the towns adjacent to the Maranon, at a reasonable price per head. It is said that the good prices paid per head became an inducement to the Indians to murder innocent victims in order to procure the money offered for the curios. The authorities then prohibited the traffic. Naturally one would like to see the heads of this entire tribe on exhibition in the museums of the world.

These Indians pretend to be friendly, but treacherously murder those whom they find at their mercy. There is a tradition that in this they are encouraged by some of the descendants of the early Spanish settlers, whose motive is to retain possession of the rich gold washings.

It is also intimated that some missionaries are interested in holding this section as a source of revenue for their churches. Neither of these assertions, however, were sustained by investigation. By experience,

it was clearly disproved by the good character and example of two of the best men of that region, Dr. Alhernoz, the treasurer of the Department, who has spent a life-time in his efforts to attract emigration to the Cahapanas region, and the Rev. Father John Visorlot, a faithful missionary, who has lived a life of self-sacrificing devotion amongst these people.

To my observation that I could not understand why a gentleman of his education could be content to live the terrible life among the Indians, he smilingly replied, as he lifted the cross attached to a strap from his belt, "My son, if I can but present this crucifix to the eyes of a single dying Indian, I am compensated for my life's work."

Dr. Alhernoz has through the Peruvian Consul-General at Southampton, Sr. H. Guillaume, F. R. G. S., published a carefully descriptive account of the Cahapanas region, which may be obtained upon application to the Consul-General. Those who may desire full and reliable information may address Rev. Padre Visorlot, at Chachapoyas, Peru.

It was my pleasure and privilege to have the most agreeable intercourse with both of these gentlemen while at Chachapoyas, and obtained their consent to this use of their names for reference.

Padre Visorlot showed me some tubes or vials made from transparent intestines or the tips of goat's horns that were filled with gold washings. It was the custom of the Indians to wash the sand, and from the grains thus selected they paid the missionaries for their services. They had no other use for the gold.

Mining has never been attempted, but it is safe to

assume that where gold is found so largely in the sands, there is probably a better supply in the source in the mountains from which the sand is washed.

Chachapoyas is a healthful place, if one may judge by the large number of ugly old men and women to be seen there. It differs from Moyabamba in respect to the character and appearance of its inhabitants. Here they wear shawls or ponchos instead of mantuas, and every man and woman is topped off with a turban made from a red bandana in place of a hat, giving them a brigandish appearance.

The people are sullen and reserved as compared with the Moyabambians. The cold requires that they live more indoors, and consequently they are not as clean-looking and happy as those of the milder climate.

Chachapoyas is another of the many interesting old towns of interior Peru, in which the archeological explorer may discover valuable matter buried in the walls and ruins of this almost inaccessible civilization of the Andes. There are numerous churches and convents, and other old buildings in the place, the adobe or grayish mud walls of which have withstood the pelting storms of the centuries. There are also some unexplained ruins of buildings of the earlier civilization of the Inca, probably a thousand years before the Spanish conquest.

Probably the reason for this architecture of the mud period being more enduring than that of our brick or granite may be attributed to the unchangeableness of the climate. There is little variation in temperature during the year, and consequently no ill effects from

alternating heat and cold, nor from upheavals from freezing at night and thawing in the sun.

Happening to be at Chachapoyas on a festal occasion which was being celebrated both in North and South America, it was my privilege to take part in the festivities of this comparatively old town, nestling amongst the Central Andes, almost in the heart of the continent.

According to the custom of the countries where newspapers and bulletins are unknown, the Prefect had the day previous given the official notice by means of a squad of mounted soldiers parading the streets, heralded by a noisy bugler to attract and collect the crowds.

The cavalcade halted on each corner, while an officer pompously read in a loud voice, somewhat like a town crier, the Prefecto's explanations of the events, with instructions and commands to the people to make it an occasion of joy and congratulation, as well as of prayer and thanksgiving.

Though holidays are quite common in that land, this was an extraordinary occasion, the promotion of which had probably emanated from Washington, and through the avenues of the Diplomatic channels reached this point from Lima.

As in all such affairs, the ceremonies were opened with elaborate church services, which in this instance took the form of a mass for the repose of the soul of the discoverer of America.

During the clanging of church bells, the populace began to assemble in the streets, with general interchange of odd greetings and comments, and the imbibing of rum, which had the effect of increasing

the enthusiasm, and the regard for the repose of Colombo's soul.

As I was the only American who had ever visited the town I was expressly honored by formal calls from the most distinguished people of the place for the exchange of congratulations.

The old Prefect, in the full uniform of a colonel of the Peruvian army, attended by his secretary attired in a black suit, and wearing a pair of gloves that encased his hands like boxing gloves, in making an early morning call, found me in my shirt sleeves. Quickly taking in the situation, I at once dressed properly and received from the Prefect his dignified and courteous greetings.

In attempting to respond, my lack of Spanish afforded apology for the want of proper words to "express the palpitations of the Americano's heart in adulation of the noble countrymen of Colombo, who now represented the dignity and honor of their country."

As a further means of expressing our mutual admiration and with a view of illustrating the advanced civilization of North America, an American cocktail was proposed. This was concocted from the pure rum of the country with Cascarilla bitters made from bark more bitter than quinine, flavored with a little sugar, and scented with a bit of the lime or lemon of that country. Into each glass of this cocktail I had learned to put the crushed red coffee berry, that in appearance resembled a wild cherry, but tasted like a bitter olive. These were used after swallowing the bitter dose as an antidote to relieve the choking effects of the bitters,

and was a counter-irritant like red pepper and garlic combined.

It is the custom of the Spanish when drinking together, to lift the glass and utter the words, "Salute, senior!"—the manner of intonation of voice giving the words an expressive significance.

During the numerous calls of the day, including those of the Padres and all the officials by whom Colombo was "saluted," the American cocktail became quite popular.

A banquet had been arranged for the evening at the residence of Dr. Alhernoz, to which a few from the upper "400" had been invited, including the senoras and señoritas. The Americano was also among the invited guests.

Naturally entertaining some misgivings as to my ability to represent America in such exclusive society, my regrets were tendered, but my genial host, with the assistance of the Prefecto, prevailed upon me to be present, and I accepted on condition that the Americano was to be entertained as a silent guest, who desired by his mere presence to express his appreciation and good fellowship.

The previous year, in going home from Brazil via France and England, my Consular dress suit, as being of no further use, had been packed away and shipped direct to America.

On reaching Paris and London I was surprised to find that the people attended the famous Alhambra and Empire theatres in evening dress.

To avoid a similar occurrence on this second trip, the suit was put in my trunk, expecting that it might

be useful at Lima, but without thought of appearing in evening dress en route. It came in very nicely, therefore, for this extraordinary occasion and added interest by the apparent absurdity of its appearance on top of the Andes.

Dressing with great care, even to the white tie and white kid gloves—as though the affair were to be a most ceremonial one—with rather red face, flushed of course, from exposure, and not by reason of the many cocktails imbibed during the day, the “make-up” of the Americano was equal to that of a character from some comic opera.

Of these conventionalities of civilization, Inez was a most curious and interested observer. She added a finishing touch to my toilet by pinning a small flower to the lapel of my coat. She, too, was putting on airs, for she was now wearing a pair of shoes and red stockings, and a new mantua, which was much less becoming to her than the poncho worn while travelling on the trail.

As the banquet was early, the guests awaiting me assembled in the doctor's ante-rooms looking as solemn and dignified as though attending a funeral. Though they were evidently surprised at the appearance of the Americano rigged out in a costume they had only seen in pictures, yet they politely refrained from exhibiting any greater interest than if it were an every day occurrence in the little town of Chachapoyas.

The Americano was seated at the right of the Prefect, who occupied the head of the table, with Senora Alhernoz opposite; on either side of her were her

daughter and niece of about fifteen years, who was introduced as *Senorita Natita*, a pet name, the diminutive of *Natividad*.

The Prefect whispered confidentially that this young lady represented the best and most exclusive of the Peruvian Spanish families.

(All present being about 7,500 feet above the ordinary world, it might altogether have been termed quite a "high" toned affair.)

The menu, the best the country afforded, was confined to native dishes, served with wine of Peru.

It is a custom to quietly sip a toast at table with any one of the party you may desire.

Senorita Natita, who was seated nearly opposite to me, quite bashfully avoided my efforts to catch her eye. This amused the other ladies and the Prefect, who finally prevailed upon her to drink silently with the *Americano*, and while doing so, her face became suffused with blushes as warm as the red wine she sipped.

The usual round of speech-making followed, America being frequently complimented, to which acknowledgment was made by a rising bow.

Toward the close of the banquet, the guest of honor inconsiderately "put his foot into it" by attempting to compliment that part of the country as an interesting study, thoughtlessly observing that in the sense of looking backward it was a most attractive field for the visitor, because "it would show just about how the country was when Columbus discovered it."

The laugh which followed this effort made me wish that one of their awful earthquakes might suddenly

open and swallow that whole company, including myself.

CHAPTER XXIV.



IN addition to the rains, the delay at Chachapoyas was being made unbearable by the pests that infest the vicinity known as Guarapatas. These are small ticks or grey insects that are peculiar to the reddish, sandy soil found only in a narrow belt of country surrounding Chachapoyas.

During the day they are inactive, and being nearly the color of the soil and quite small, are almost invisible, but microscopic examination will show them to be as numerous, apparently, as are the grains of sand. At night they get to the body, and for each insect reaching it, the sleeper finds in the morning two little red pin points like the marks of sharp teeth.

The only protection is to sleep in hammocks or camp beds, so arranged that the blankets will not touch the soil, thus preventing the pests from reaching the sleeper. They are more numerous in the poorer class of houses with unswept earth floors. It is the custom to sleep on top of tables or benches, while in the Guarapata district. This elevation from the floor does not, however, relieve the tourist with a sensitive cuticle from the more vicious attacks of the universally abhorred pulga, or Spanish flea, which abounds everywhere in Peru, west of Moyabamba.

Because of there being no winters in this climate the insects increase rapidly, and the tourist naturally finds

that there presence in such large numbers is quite an obstacle to his enjoyment of life in these regions. Temporary relief is obtained by starting forest or prairie fires, the preventive and remedy being to bathe in spirits, or the rum of cashasa, which is abundant and cheap. It is not advisable, however, to use camphor in the rum bath, an old woman's remedy recommended to me by the grandmother of Inez.

The delay of the brother and grandmother of Inez in coming to meet her aroused considerable concern as to the welfare of Inez. It became evident from her flushed cheeks and suppressed cough, that she was marked as a victim of consumption, the prevailing malady, due entirely to exposure and lack of proper care. Because of indifferently exposing themselves, it is a wonder that any of the girls live to reach maturity. In an ordinary climate, the fatalities would have almost annihilated the sex in imagination and reality.

I seemed to see the spiritual face of a dying girl appealing to me for protection and endeavored to prevail upon her to return to Moyabamba before she grew worse.

The cold rains and the unpleasant surroundings of Chachapoyas, as compared with the sunny valley of her home, aided in presenting the matter to her. It was further explained that the agreement was that she should go to Lima only in company with her grandmother. As she had not come, this would relieve me of the dreadful responsibility that had been thrust upon me. I could not take her to Lima, to be left there alone, without protection amongst a class worse than brutes. She might come later.

During the kindly talks we had together she would cry just like a little child, but she was sensible enough to know that this was the proper course, and became reconciled to return. She seemed also to understand that it was getting late in the season and dangerous to expose herself to the further hardships of the severe trail beyond, before we could reach the Pacific.

She had a great desire to see the Pacific, and when I talked of the huge ships, she would look into my face with the eager interest and curiosity of a child listening to a Mother Goose story.

A convoy composed of a travelling government engineer and a photographer and his wife, a stout Spanish woman, offered the desired escort and facilities for a safe journey back to Moyabamba.

Inez was provided with all she could carry in the way of fancy dress stuffs, shoes, stockings, cheap jewels, etc., the possession of which would make her the envy of all the Moyabamba girls.

In the company of a townsman of the escort, she smilingly came to my quarters to say "adios." Her appearance in the fancy poncho and hat so familiar to the early days of the trail, unnerved me, but after hesitating a moment, I observed, "Are you going, Inez?"

Looking at me as though surprised at the question, she replied, "Como no, senor?" (or, why not?) adding, "You are going, Don Jose?"

Turning to privately select a few coins for a parting gift, I heard the soft, sweet voice in tremulous tones, repeat in a sadly reproachful manner, "Don Jose" as only a senorita can say "Don Ho-say."

(Sara Bernhardt in Camille, while separating from her lover, when reluctantly speaking the name "Andre," with a pathos none other can give, recalls Inez' last words, "Don Jose.") When I turned she had gone forever.

Thus ends the true story of Inez, which has been related as representing a phase of life peculiar to the Land of To-Morrow.

My own departure was hastened by an incautious breach of the proprieties with the old Prefect.

Feeling that I might in some way be held responsible for the safe return of Inez, in case she should be taken ill on the way back or should be deserted by her escort, it occurred to me to have the Napo copy into Spanish a translation of a personal letter explaining the facts and my connection with the affair. The idea was to leave a record, which would, in the event of future complications—probably in my absence—relieve me of responsibilities and show that the grandmother, or guardian of the girl, had consented to this arrangement, but had failed to keep her part of the contract.

In addressing this letter to the Prefect, I assumed it to be simply a personal matter, as between two gentlemen.

He, as well as the other officials, had known all about it in his own quarters, but the Prefect as a Spanish official of dignity and importance, was altogether another and a superior personage to the Spanish gentleman.

The trouble arose, not at all because of Inez, who was not even considered, but entirely on account of my

failure to separate the distinguished Prefect from the gentleman.

The Napo's translation of my English in a delicate matter like this probably added to the trouble. He had mildly cautioned me against taking such action, but without a thought of any impropriety, I insisted upon the delivery of the letter.

If a deliberate insult to his excellency had been attempted, the effect could not have been greater, my innocent note creating in the palacio as much consternation as would a gunshot or a bombshell from the hands of an assassin.

The town soon heard of it, and with a view of correcting any false impression, I called upon the Prefect to explain that it was not an official, but a private note.

He was severely on his dignity. He had been offended by even the mere mention of an ordinary girl. These were creatures who were, in his estimation, not thought worthy of any consideration.

The trouble was further increased by the presence of a German tramp, who had been living in Peru for some years and who, it was understood, had lived in the United States, whence he had fled because of some criminal proceedings.

The next day, after a letter of explanation to Dr. Alhernoz, I dressed in white trousers, big boots and hat, and mounting a mule, rode proudly out of the town of Guarapatas, but the old Prefect had made an international question out of it, by writing to his government at Lima, charging me with having insulted him, no mention being made of Inez.

There are no extensive valleys in the Department of Chachapoyas. The mountains are almost continuous, quite narrow defiles that look like ribbons or meadows of a lighter green color, lining the crevices between the high hills.

My observations during several toilsome days' ride over this stretch of high rolling land, led me to the conclusion that this part of Peru could not sustain a much greater population than that now so sparsely covering it.

In descending the western slope, our view was obstructed by what appeared to be a fog in the valley beneath, but which in reality was a rain cloud. Hurrying down from the cold winds, we were enveloped in a heavy mist, and for some distance rode in the clouds almost blindly, except for the path immediately in front, and down into a warm valley, in which the grass and trees were yet dripping and looking bright and green from the refreshing shower that had recently fallen.

Without dismounting the horseman might gather numerous wild flowers from the banks and cliffs along which his path lay. It became my fancy to try to select no two alike. My pockets, my hat band, and even the saddle trimmings were decorated with these blossoms.

It is one of the characteristics of the Indian character never to oppose a person of feeble mind. This fact accounts for the protection which is accorded naturalists and bug hunters, who fly about recklessly in search of rare specimens.

The Indians noticing my craze for flowers, no doubt

considered me of weak mind and were disposed to humor me, and even collected flowers for me.

The day before we reached the balzas, or the old, old crossing or ferriage of the Marañon used by the Incas, we could catch glimpses from the immense mountain top, of the rushing river, now a mountain torrent. We were so far above, that the winding, tortuous descent of the barren mountain sides occupied the entire day.

On the fourth day after leaving Chachapoyas we slept to the music of the rushing waters, which we knew flowed on and on until they reached the ocean at the mouth of the mighty river from which we started months ago, and were not yet able to cross on foot.

Balzas is the Spanish for a raft used for carrying across the water. It is constructed of logs of the tacho, a wood as light as cork, and found in the adjacent forests. The logs are bound tightly to cross pieces of tough strips or saplings by withes of a fibre that is more flexible and quite as strong as telegraph wire, which they resemble in size.

These rafts are of peculiar formation, being oblong rather than square, timbers being selected which give the flat raft the desirable bow and stern shape. In the centre a raised dais or platform is constructed for the protection of goods and packages from the water.

In the passage of rough rivers or in descending rapids the water frequently covers the logs. The Indians with poles or paddles stand knee-deep and work vigorously and are prepared to jump in the water to swim and tow or steer the raft around dangerous places.

There are no canoes used on this upper Amazon because of the dangerous rapids. Balzas are required for ferrying even over this pool, the only restful bit of water suitable for safe crossing that has been used in hundreds of years by Incas and their descendents.

Just above, the river is lashed into an angry foam against rocky obstructions, and a mile below there is another equally dangerous cascade. The water runs so rapidly in the pool that it is necessary to start at the top on one side in order to land nearly a mile below on the other side. A single misstep would result in the stream carrying the helpless victims to the reverse of a quiet grave.

The balza is on the Marañon, about 5,000 feet above the level of the ocean, and about 3,500 miles from the mouth of the Amazon, and yet another 1,000 miles from its source.

While experiencing the usual delay in awaiting to be transported, I amused myself in shaping from a bit of cork wood, a model of a little ship, in the centre of which was inserted a mast and on the peak of this was fastened a miniature American flag. With a knife, I laboriously carved the name "Julietta," and over a bottle of wine spilt to the health of the baron's daughter, the belle of Para, she was launched and floated on her tempestuous way to Para, loaded with love and ballasted with good wishes.

At this point, a leaf is missing from my notebook, which was mailed to this lady, with a request that she should keep a lookout on the river in front of Para for this little ship, but it probably "passed in the

night" and floated down into the broad ocean of oblivion.

We succeeded in crossing safely, but enjoyed the usual morning "circus" with the recalcitrant mules, who were driven into the stream as if for the purpose of drowning them. The stoning and shouts of the savages on the shore preventing their returning, they were compelled to swim to the other side or go over the rapids.

On leaving here we got our last view of this source of the Amazon, which at this point reaches nearest to the Pacific.

We made a zig-zig ascent of the mountains on the west side, over a precipitous trail like "cat steps" or a "mule's ladder," being nearly an entire day spent in sight of the balsa below us.

The summits of these mountains are about 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. On the farther side the descent is scarcely less precipitous, to the settlement of Calendin, where we rested a day in the hospitable home of a merchant to whom we had been endorsed.

The type of native hereabouts is of a different and somewhat improved appearance. The better class are more distinctly Spanish in their bearing, with less of the Indian in their blood. This was impressed upon us while seated in the house of our host, who made his appearance at the door, tall, straight, with a Spanish beard, sombrero in hand, and in a dignified and courteous manner introduced himself in these words:

"To-mas Dias, at your service, senors." (His name

was Thomas Dias, the accent in Thomas falling upon the syllable "mas.")

The day following we rode over another dangerous mountain, the trail leading us at last on to the famous plateau or high table land extending from Quito on the north to Cuzco on the south—thousands of miles of elevated plain or pampas located between the coast range and the Central Andes, known as the "Land of the Incas."

It is probably on these great plains or pampas that the early civilization of Incas existed perhaps during a thousand years prior to the conquest, of which numerous evidences of engineering in road building remains.

CHAPTER XXV.



IN the old town of Carjamarca, nestling in a secluded, green valley, and protected by the shadows of the towering Andes from the winds of the Pacific, is the centre of the wonderful plateau which extends from Quito, in Ecuador, to Cuzco, Peru, which was the scene of Pizarro's treachery. We approach its ancient portals

with a feeling of reverence mingled with a sense of mortification lest we should meet, perhaps, some of the descendents of the Incas who were so shamefully treated by the conquerors in the name of Christianity.

From this point to the end of our journey at Lima, the traveller may take for a guide book that beautifully romantic history of our countryman, "Prescott's Conquest of Peru."

A book might be written from the story of tradition as told the writer by descendents of the last of the Incas, and though it could not be compared with the work of our Prescott it would at least have the merit of being taken from real life on the ground.

Prescott is recognized as the classical historian of the period, and his books are in all the libraries of the world, yet, without presuming to criticise, one may call attention to the admitted fact that it is largely collaborated from the annals of the early Spanish writers, but little credence being given to the interpretation by

the descendents of the last tribe of the Inca's dynasty, with whom they were at enmity.

When one remembers that neither Prescott nor his collaborators had visited this country, and painfully recalls the sad fact that the great historian was practically a blind Milton, whose wonderful work was penned by amanuenses, wonder grows to actual admiration, as we look upon scenes made so vividly familiar by the pen of the blind artist, who pictures so exactly, even the rocky background of dreadful tragedies enacted on this ground.

It is said of our country that it is too new; that it is a land without ruins, and that a land without ruins is a land without memories, and a land without memories is a land without a story.

This cannot be said of Equatorial South America, or the Land of the Incas.

On this plateau, and equi-distant from each other, are the towns of Quito, Cajamarca and Cuzco, with ruins so ancient that their origin can scarcely be traced. It is conceded that a civilization existed here more advanced than that of the conquerors.

Gold and silver were mined, and beautiful ornaments and objects of art were manufactured from the same, five hundred years before Columbus discovered America, and it may be that the possession of these treasures was the incentive for Pizarro's freebooting adventures in the name of Christianity.

The traveller may ride for many days over roads parallel with irrigating channels cut in the rocky mountain sides, by the Incas, that still carry streams of melted mountain snows to fertilize what would other-



Ruth Sutherland Clements
CAJAMARCA WATER GIRLS

wise be a desert land; and these evidences of engineering ability, compared with like construction in our days, indicate that there have been no modern works that have practically and successfully overcome greater natural difficulties.

These irrigating channels wind along for hundreds of miles, conveying large streams of water by means of gravity; from these main sources, lateral ditches are made, that conduct supplies to the numerous valleys at the base of the mountains.

Some distance beyond the town one may halt and bathe in the famous banos or baths of hot water, known as King Atahualpa's famous bathing resort.

On the east side of the valley a large volume of hot water boils from the rocky base of the mountain, the ragged tops and sides of which looks as if it might be the crater of a volcano.

The running water has, however, apparently washed the rocky bed smooth at the bottom of cascades and falls, while the steady drippings have worn pools in the immense rocks.

It was in these solid stone bath tubs that the Inca prince and his wives were accustomed to bathe, but now they are free to all the people, and many enjoy them in the promiscuous manner peculiar to these easy-going people.

The plain through which the overflow of warm water runs in volume similar to a small creek, is bordered or fringed by a dense growth of tropical plants, propagated by the warm moisture.

Along the sides of these creeks, under the shade of

this growth, is a natural steam laundry, for Cajamarca is filled with washerwomen.

The water has some remarkable curative properties, and of itself, the spring is worthy of the visits of invalids, and would justify even the three or four days' trip from the Pacific on mules.

We camped on this historic spot for an hour, while we bathed in the famous banos, that we might wash off the dust of travel before entering the sacred city.

From the banos to the gates or edge of the village, the traveller from the east will ride over a "King's Causeway" or roadbed, across the plains, some three miles in extent, every stone of which was laid by the Incas, hundreds of years before America was discovered. It is a line of stone block pavement, eight or ten feet in width, that resembles our modern Belgian block system, is as straight as if marked by an engineer's compass, and is yet in excellent order.

It will be remembered that this is the location where Prince Atahualpa was camped when Pizarro's emissaries appeared on horse, intending to inveigle him into their trap.

The Incas advanced to their unhappy fate over this road of their own building, which still remains as a monument of Pizarro's perfidy and of Inca civilization.

On either side are large plains or pampas, on which many thousands of cattle peacefully grazed in security, fenced in from the road by tall hedges of ever-blooming roses.

For the first time in many months, the traveller in crossing the continent realizes that he is again approaching civilization. The tranquil surroundings of

the town ahead, with its church spires and bells and many other indications, serve to create a feeling of relief that the journey is at an end.

The architecture of Cajamarca is quite distinct from that of any other of the Peruvian settlements. The houses being constructed of stone blocks, it might be called a stone town, as distinguished from the mud building of Chachapoyas, and the bamboo and thatch dwellings of Moyabamba.

The style of the architecture is superior to that seen elsewhere in Peru, not excepting Lima, which it antedates centuries, as an Inca city.

Around the large Plaza in the centre, are grouped the usual churches and government buildings, and a few large shops; and on the spot where it is supposed that Atahualpa was murdered, quite an artistic fountain plays constantly.

On the south side, the celebrated Church of San Francisco, a beautiful, large stone structure, presents an imposing appearance from its location in a tropical garden. It is referred to by Prescott. On the opposite side the Cathedral, like an immense pile of stone, stands with a massive front, as of a wall carved out of a rocky precipice. It has an arched roof and ceiling of solid blocks of stone, lined with gold, and is more modern, but not so graceful and impressive a structure as the old church of San Francisco.

A study of the architecture of this old town would afford some interesting developments for the artist. Not only the churches, but the residences are tastefully relieved by no end of odd bits in the way of

recessed windows, balconies and other breaks that relieve the appearance of the heavy walls.

The town is located immediately at the foot of the range of the most westerly Andes that rise almost perpendicularly behind it.

The altitude is estimated at 9,000 feet, but because of its proximity to the coast and protection by the mountains, it appears to be even warmer and equable in climate than Chachapoyas, which is 2,000 feet lower, but so situated as to get the force of the winds.

The streets are all paved with block stone, and the pavements laid with slabs. Running water from the mountains is conducted in gutters or ditches through all the streets and serves for the system of surface sewerage.

Carjamarca is a most important business location, being the centre of the rich mining district of this part of Peru.

It is also the headquarters for the church. Peruvians say that the population of Cajamarca is made up of padres and sisters, with their innumerable churches and convents. Though it is the head of a department with a Prefect or Governor, and also a sub-Prefect and a military organization, it is conceded that the bishop rules.

The populace are so fanatical, that it is said (as a hint to be cautious) that if a priest should point his finger at a stranger, intimating that he was a heretic and an enemy of the church, he would be found dead not very long afterward.

It was observed that the people walking about the streets stopped suddenly when the church bell rang,

and with uncovered heads, prayed wherever they happened to be.

An odd funeral cortege passed, in which the body was being borne to the church in a bed or crib, followed by the lone widow on a donkey, and with a mob bringing up the rear.

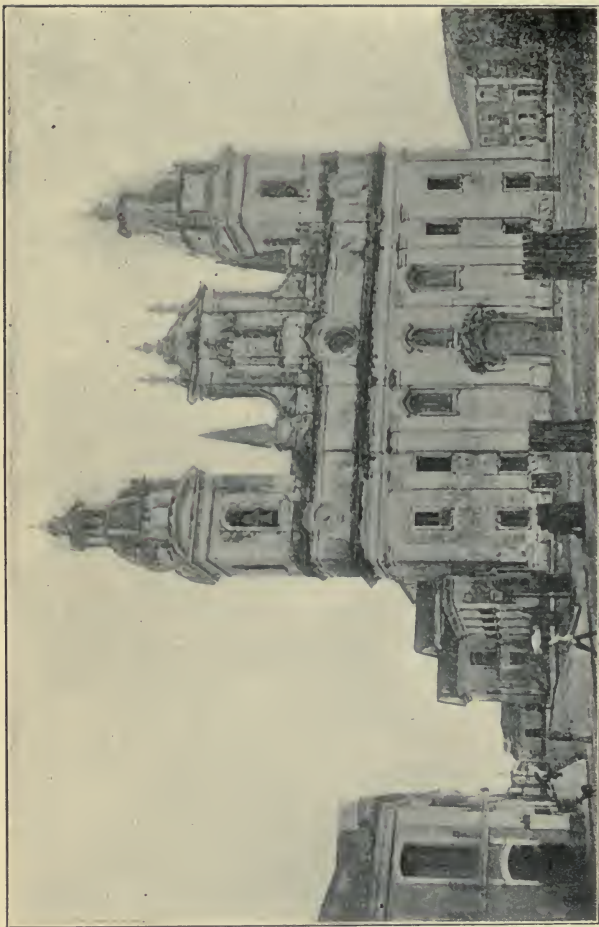
At Chachapoyas attention was attracted by the ringing of a bell, reminding one of the calling together of a crowd for an auction sale, or for the finding of a lost child.

The bell-ringer proved to be a bareheaded native, following a robed priest, who was reading an open book as he walked along the street. Preceding him were two boys with lighted candles. As the sun was shining brightly, I innocently inquired what the ceremony meant, and was informed that the priest was going to attend a dying person. He was going at what I considered a very leisurely pace.

Throughout Peru, bell-ringing seems to be as much an integral part of church worship as the firing of rockets in Brazil.

In the more remote regions they are sometimes short of bell-ringers, as related by a Spanish merchant.

The Bishop of Chachapoyas had rewarded a faithful body servant by making a priest out of him. In performing the service in a missionary capacity, not having any properly trained altar boys to ring the bell at the proper moment, this ingenious padre hit upon the expedient of attaching the bell to his own foot. As he slowly turned and presented the host, he simply violently kicked the foot to which the bell was attached,



THE OLDEST CATHEDRAL OF SOUTH AMERICA
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causing it to jingle, the people in front bowing in reverence at each kick.

Perhaps this story may not be believed in America, but I believe it to be true, although I didn't hear the bell myself.

The Napo guide, like everyone else, was a Catholic, but one who hated the priests with an intensity that could not be understood, because, he said, they ruled his country—Ecuador.

In one of the villages, one evening we attended a service where the bamboo church was beautifully illuminated with innumerable candles, composed of wax made by wild bees in the forest.

I stood in the rear of the church, while the choir, composed of a couple of violins and mandolins were rendering in a very fair style some of the dreamy music of *Il Trovatore*. Suddenly turning in the dim light to retire quietly, I stumbled over the kneeling form of the Napo, who was just behind me. In the confusion I managed to escape, followed by the laughing idiot, who observed in apology, "Senor, I was praying like hell when you jumped on me."

In using this language he had no idea of its grotesqueness or impropriety. It was his simple way of desiring to emphasize in English the sincerity of the devotion I had fallen upon.

It was my usual good fortune to have encountered many congenial people at Cajamarca, amongst whom was Mr. Oscar Kuntze, a prominent English-speaking merchant, and the German Consul for that part of Peru, an importer of goods and the largest trader of the interior, to whom I presented a letter of endorsement.

The accounts of his extensive dealings had suggested the usual large, jolly-faced German, somewhat past middle life, a business man who would probably not hesitate to fire personal questions at a traveller.

On the journey from the balza, our fellow tourist was a young Peruviana named Antonio, a handsome senor of about thirty-five years of age, who was travelling to Lima to look after his appointment as sub-Prefect for that town.

We had taken lodgings together at the house in the town designated for that purpose, expecting to get our meals at the Chinese fonda, or restaurant.

The Chinese element was much in evidence here, as cooks, servants, laborers and merchants, and, although they are not desired by the Catholic officials, they are there to stay, and it is probable that many will go on to the interior.

In company with my friend, Antonio, we called on Consul Kuntze, and found his house to be one of the finest residences in the city.

The entrance to a large court ornamented with growing plants almost shielding a playing fountain, was barred by a double gateway that extended across a passage wide enough to admit a wagon. As there was no outside entrance, we attracted the attention of a white woman, of a blonde, German type, by peering through the bars, but, instead of opening the gate, she laughingly ran into the house as if to avoid the rough-looking strangers.

In another moment, a young lady, also a blonde, but with delicate figure and refined bearing, came smilingly to the gate, saying in broken English:

"We no speak English."

"Why," I retorted quickly, "you do speak elegant English." We then introduced ourselves and expressed a desire to see Consul Kuntze.

"He is ill, and asleep just now; you come in and wait one moment."

Not desiring to interrupt the siesta, we excused ourselves, with the words, "Please tell your father that we will call this evening."

"My father!" she said laughingly, "you mean my husband."

She was the pretty wife of the old German pictured in mental photograph and who materialized in another hour as a handsome gentleman of thirty or thirty-five who graciously introduced himself as Mr. Kuntze.

We were not permitted to dine at the fonda again, the Consul urged us to take our meals with him, which invitation we gladly accepted.

The evening German dinners, served with a style and taste not excelled anywhere in that land, was one of the most enjoyable experiences of the trip.

Mrs. Kuntze was one of those charming little women who know how to make a home agreeable in distant lands. With unlimited wealth and resources, she was able to gratify the tastes of her early education, and had brought from Germany nearly all the articles of furniture that so tastefully adorned her far-away home.

She had two sweet little children, white headed, clear complexioned girls of five and seven years, who spoke German and Spanish, but could only smile in English.

In my embarrassment on entering the dining-room,

the name of the beautiful young lady to whom we were presented, was not understood. She was of medium height, quite slender in figure, with the most fascinating eyes I had ever seen. Her hair being quite light in color, it was assumed that she was the sister of our German hostess.

She talked sweetly in Spanish to my companion, Antonio, who sat on one side of her, while Mr. Kuntze was on the other. It was intimated to the hostess, in sotto voce, that she shouldn't have placed that pretty girl between two old married men. The ladies caught my meaning and the two laughed heartily, Mrs. Kuntze remarking that next time she should be seated beside a young man.

There was at dinner Mr. Felix Leon, a typical Spanish gentleman of elegant bearing, who had been liberally educated abroad, having spent seventeen years in a business house in England. He had recently returned, as the manager of Mr. Kuntze's extensive mercantile interests.

After the guests had retired, some inquiries about Mrs. Kuntze's sisters developed the fact that the lady whose name I did not know, was the sister of the Spanish gentleman, Mr. Leon. He laughingly observed that although his father and mother were decidedly of the Spanish type, as were the other brothers and sisters, Senorita Marie Leon, a native of Pana, one of the northern districts of Peru, was a most marked exception to the rule.

Mr. Kuntze had arranged a concert for the evening, in which, according to the German custom, all took part, even the little girls singing a pretty duet. There

was among the guests a young German accountant, who assisted in entertaining us.

To my utter astonishment, Miss Marie Leon rendered choice selections from the operas in a style that I have never heard excelled by non-professionals in any parlor in our land. She was indeed a phenomenal performer in execution and expression. She was also a wonderful beauty.

The remarkable feature about this entertainment was the piano, which was the only one in the town. This anomaly will be understood, when it is remembered that there were no railways nor boats, and not even an approach to a wagon or vehicle in all that country.

The towering Andes that separated the town from the farther civilization of the coast, though only from three to five days distant, formed a barrier that could only be surmounted or overcome by mules. No one mule had ever yet been trained to carry a piano over the mountains, and no two had ever been known to work together harmoniously on a narrow trail. The piano, weighing considerably over 1,500 pounds, was carried on the shoulders of Indians during the several days necessary to foot it over the Andes.

This made the performance of *Il Trovatore* and numerous popular airs all the more interesting, especially to a lonely traveller, whose soul is easily moved by sweet songs, and this evening of social delights seemed to bring me that much nearer home.

My enjoyment of the music seemed to be appreciated by the performer who was pleased to continue and often repeat favorites for the stranger who stood by her side, while the rest of the company chatted.

Mr. Ostendorf, the young German, and Miss Leon played duets in a striking manner. After this, Mrs. Kuntze, with great tact brought the lady and seated her on the sofa next to me, and charmingly managed to interpret for us, to her own great amusement.

Miss Leon insisted that she must become a Sister of Charity or Mercy, and enter a convent, to which we protested, when the Consul slyly observed in low English, "She doesn't mean anything of the sort. She wants to marry some one who will take her to see the world outside, which is the dream of her life."

It was not supposed that any of these people would have heard of the episode at Moyabamba, though Senor Antonio declared that everybody along the road had done so, and that the people did not know whether to laugh most at me for my ridiculous mistake of explaining to the old Prefect, or at him for his absurd dignity; but it was altogether too good a joke to remain a secret.

In the conversation we avoided any reference to Moyabamba and discreetly attempted to make Miss Leon believe that like herself, we were good Catholics and that if she went into a convent we would follow to a monastery.

With an incredulous smile, she asked the pointed question, "Do you go to confession?" looking significantly at Mrs. Kuntze, while everybody laughed immoderately. Pretending that it was at my answer "that I did not, because I hadn't time," Mr. Kuntze observed, "It would take too much of your time. I'm afraid you are as good a Catholic as I am a Protestant."

After the pleasant party separated, Senor Leon

walked home with us, and he told a story apropos of confessions on the Andes.

Senor Felix Leon, who as a student, was quite familiar with all the points of interest in Cajamarca, kindly volunteered to act as our guide through this historic city.

It was a privilege to stand in what is known as the room of the palace of Atahualpa, which is made forever memorable by the well authenticated story of its being half filled with gold ornaments and massive plate.

The point in the wall reached by the tip of Pizarro's sword, with its dimensions of 15 by 18 or 20 feet, would seem to the visitor of present Peru to have been improbable. Yet there is no one feature of the remarkable story of the conquest more clearly attested than this. It has been shown from numerous sources that the distribution of the booty would justify the probability of the room being so filled with gold and silver articles.

The building is almost a ruin. It has withstood the ravages of centuries of storm, but no care was taken of it, and it suffered from worse than neglect, because it stood in the way of some modern church improvements, being located in an abandoned court, or old garden near the famous Franciscan Church. A rude stone wall almost conceals it from the narrow street.

The foundation rests upon a rock, the walls being laid in quite heavy oblong blocks of dressed stone, so closely joined that a knife-blade will scarcely enter the cracks. There has been an addition to its original

height, the marks of which can clearly be discerned by the difference in the masonry.

Much of interest may be gathered by a visit to Cajamarca that may be of greater historic value to Americans than may be found by tours to the old world.

Many curious questions are pressed upon the mind of the traveller in his crude investigations hereabouts.

It will be remembered that the origin of the Inca dynasty though shrouded in mystery, is claimed to be similar to that of Adam and Eve.

Their tradition say that the first Incas were the son and daughter of the Sun God, and the Moon, his wife. In the emblems of these children of the Sun, gold represents the Father, or the sun, and the silver that of the Mother, or moon. The two original children of the sun were brother and sister, from the marrying of whom sprang the Inca dynasty, which for centuries so wisely and wonderfully ruled the hordes of savages, whom they transformed from almost inhuman animals or cannibals to become the useful agriculturalists and miners who were developing this land from Cuzco to Quito, when they were dispersed by Pizarro's marauders.

Whatever may be the theories, it is to be noted that since this conquest, but little advance has been made by the conqueror in the way of improvement of the country since it was wrested from the Incas; and notwithstanding the absurdities of the Inca views of God and a hereafter, it must be conceded that in their selection of the sun as an idol of worship, they closely approached what some scientists of our electric age are attempting to establish, that the sun is the source

of all life, that it is heat, and that heat is electricity, and that electricity is life itself. And the rubber of the forests in the insulation, represents in its elasticity the life principle more nearly than any known substance.

It is possible that the currents of the kingly Amazon rising in these mountains on the Equator, and at this highest part of the earth, may have unconsciously carried the germs of animal as well as vegetable life to the African currents, which distributed them to our side of the world by the Gulf Stream.

But speculation on these questions is not part of a narrative of actual observations.

In discussing the American missionary question with an intelligent Don who was rather getting the best of the argument, as he was able to show that their civilization was not improved by contact with ours, I fell back as a defense on the familiar quotation from the Scripture, which I thought would be such a crushing rejoinder that I uttered it with emphasis:

“Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

I was rather brought to my feet by the neat reply: “Si, senor,” (yes, sir) “that is true, but that command did not come from America.”

One is apt to realize, after a residence in these lands, that some religious and other conditions adapted to our country are not always applicable to latitude O.

After adios to kind friends and a last drink of the waters that flow into the Land of To-Morrow, we

begin the ascent of this, the coast, and last range of the Andes.

The trail does not follow the route over which Pizarro led or rode the first horses into the Land of the Incas.

One who has labored for days up the stiff grade and along the narrow and dangerous caminos on this well-beaten path, wonders how it was possible for Pizarro and his soldiers to have found even a foot-hold on the then unknown steeps and valleys, and becomes lost in admiration of the daring and persistence of these men and surprised at the indifference of the Inca chiefs in not offering the resistance afforded by the natural barriers.

While slowly riding up the long trail we were nearly the entire day in sight of the beautiful valley and city, the route following the winding course of those wonderful conduits or irrigating ditches built by the Incas (and still in use by the people) occasionally crossing suspension or hanging bridges made from fibre, or following causeways over dangerous passes, built perhaps a thousand years ago, we at last reach the top or divide, which is indicated by the absence of moisture or vegetation, while its desolate, dreary surroundings and the cold winds from the Pacific add to our sadness at this farewell to the Land of To-Morrow.

After one longing look backward, we turn our horses' heads toward the setting sun and hasten down the western slope. We followed the trails down into the valley, along the sunken or lost river bed, upon which the American engineer, Meigs, actually constructed and operated for a brief time, a railway, being entirely

unlike that of the Oroyo which ascends or winds up mountain sides.

This lost river that had not shown a drop of water over its deserted bed during the life of the oldest inhabitant, seemed to resent the laying of rails on its breast. And one or two warm days melted the snows of the Andes, causing the waters to roll along in great volumes, completely cleaning it of railroad, as did the Conemaugh at the time of the Johnstown flood.

It is amusing to discover at different points in the valley fine looking stations that were sent out in sections, which being erected on higher ground, were not washed away, but are now wholly isolated, as there is not even the appearance of a railway.

The camino leads through narrow valleys, often mere shelves cut in the sides of the peaks of the barren Andes. On the western slope there is no vegetation on the mountain sides. This is found only down in the valleys where there is moisture and protection from the high winds that blow through the narrow passes fiercely and without a moment's cessation, making it not only uncomfortable to the rider, but adding to the difficulties and dangers of both rider and mule, the winds sometimes almost lifting one from the saddle.

At the few settlements the accommodations for the traveller are provided by the Chinese "fondas" instead of by the hospitable don. The Chinese are here in great numbers.

The remains of the railway, over which trains are run three times a week, extend a few miles out from the coast, but as we were tired and in a hurry, we rode our horses all the way. After three days we were glad-

dened by a sight of the Pacific. In an exuberance of gratitude, we rode to the very edge of the breaking waves on the broad beach at the port of Pacaswayo. When we reached the Pacific or cable station, I received the first news from home in eleven months.

As stated in the introductory, this trip had been undertaken with the expectation that my friend, Mr. Blaine, would soon receive the nomination, and I hoped if he became President, to be suitably rewarded by an appointment commensurate with the experiences which I had accumulated.

The first intelligence, however, was not quite the welcome news I had expected. In the interim, while I was in the interior, Mr. Blaine had died, Mr. Cleveland was again President, and I was out of a job (my principals having consolidated with the Rubber Trust) and more than 5,000 miles from home, ragged and without money. Remembering the kindly good-bye words of my old associate, Mr. Carnegie, who had kindly said, "Draw on me if you get strapped down there," I made the draft on New York through the Consul at Callao, which was soon after returned with the endorsement that Mr. Carnegie was in Scotland.

CHAPTER XXVI.



As we sailed down the broad waters of the Pacific we had leisure for reflection and opportunity for comparison. In almost every particular the Pacific coast of Peru is the antipodes of the Atlantic coast of Brazil. On the morning, or sunrise side of Amazonia, the dark background of rich soil on the level surface is covered with a velvety green and yellow carpet, which is relieved by figures representing flowers dazzlingly beautiful in color and of untiring irregularity in pattern and kept perennially bright by the showers that refresh them daily.

On the sunset side of the Andes, the Pacific coast for thousands of miles is a barren, desolate stretch of mountains of sand, except for the occasional patches of green in some protected valleys which are watered by irrigation, the eye of the weary traveller sees nothing upon which to rest its gaze, but wastes of sand hills on one side, the lonely Pacific ocean on the other, and overhead the blue sky, unrelieved by even a floating cloud.

While it rains every day on the Atlantic coast, it has never been known to rain on this part of the Pacific coast.

The cold, harsh winds that are never weary, raise only clouds of sand, or in some seasons heavy fogs are brought from over the water. On the Atlantic side the evening winds bring the rains. This difference is

more noticeable to the wanderer who has come through the beautiful interior of the continent than to the tourist who sailed along the coast.

After crossing the great divide, which is on the summit of the Coast range of the Andes, from whence the water on one side goes to the Atlantic through thousands of miles of beautiful Amazonia, and on the other dribbles into the Pacific in two or three days, over rocky, sandy beds so thirsty that they almost swallow the entire stream.

During the last three days down the westerly slopes the trail for the greater part of the way followed the dry beds of the streams through the valley, or chiseled in the edges of rugged, perpendicular cliffs, along barren, rocky precipices.

In appearance the varied terra-cotta colorings of the bare formation that is ever before the gaze, one is reminded of the paintings of the Yosemite and Yellowstone, to be seen in the Senate lobby of the Capitol Building at Washington.

As compared with the fresh green of the Eastern and Central Andes, this range may be described as a chaos of blasted landscape—the mouth of hell instead of an Eden.

As we passed through them the midday sun from behind veils of white clouds sent its beaming rays upon our unprotected heads, while our progress was impeded by the winds of the Pacific.

The peaks and crags, covered only with the droppings of blood-colored earth, as from the mouth of a volcano, were so high, that, riding along, one could scarcely see their tops without straining the head back



ROUGH RIDING OVER THE LAST ANDES

and removing the cap or visor, while just beneath were the quebrados or terrible crevices into whose depths the distance was, apparently, as great as that to the mountaintops.

The desolate solitude of these mountain tops was invaded only by the flight and by the ugly cries of the lonely condor, the debased eagle of the Andes. These immense birds which resemble in appearance our bronze barnyard turkeys, are not to be admired except at a distance, where they gracefully soar over and above the highest peaks. While they are quite large, and it is understood they can take a sheep in their talons, to slaughter it by dropping on the rocks below, and a flock of two or more are said to attack living cattle, yet they are not so immense as many of those in Africa, which, according to some writers, are able to destroy wild animals.

It is an almost overlooked feature of our physical geographies that, excepting the Columbia, no navigable rivers enter the Pacific, and scarcely any large streams, and nothing to be compared to the Amazon, Orinoco and La Platte of the Southern Atlantic, and the Mississippi, Potomac, Delaware, Hudson and St. Lawrence of our continent.

While sailing along the Pacific coast to Callao, the landing point to Lima, one realizes that the end is reached; that there is no more beyond; and though the Pacific leads to far-away China and the Indies, it appears even easier to reach those countries by way of the Atlantic to Europe.

The efforts of these people have always been directed to the quickest route east by the railway over the

Andes, through Chili to the Platte in Argentine, or through the Straits of Magellan or via the Isthmus of Panama.

This journey has served to demonstrate that a more desirable route, leading through the richest section of the continent, would be through the completion of the shorter Oroyo railroad from Lima over the first Andes to the head of navigation on the Ucayali branch of the Amazon, a matter of less than one hundred miles, which would open the doors to the wonderful Land of To-Morrow.

Officials of Peru, or the greater portion of its more advanced population living on the Pacific, has vainly attempted to bring the trade of Amazonia westward over the Andes to enrich their own Pacific ports by a switch back railway over the Andes that can only be available for light traffic or passenger travel because of the enormous expense of operating a line of such heavy grades.

Extensive enterprise and trade will follow transportation facilities which seek the natural outlets down stream from Amazonia to the markets of the world, via the navigable Amazon to the ocean currents.

The once fabulous mines of the Pacific Andes, that have almost supplied the world with its silver, are becoming exhausted. While there undoubtedly remains great deposits in these Andes, the workings have become almost impracticable because of the difficulties caused by the increase of the water, of which there seems to be no end to the supply, which is apparently as inexhaustible as are the clouds themselves, perhaps because the source is in the eternal snows of the moun-

tain tops, which melting, find their way to the openings beneath. It would be like pumping the clouds, to expect to exhaust this source. Pumping engines are scarcely practical in keeping down the levels, because of the scarcity of fuel, most of which comes from England, and, by reason of additional inaccessibility on the mountains of the interior, transportation is expensive. Natural drainage is not practical. Therefore the future of pobre Peru is not in the wealth of her mines, but in that of her unlimited expanse of forests in Amazonia, where the gold grows on the trees in the form of rubber and valuable products for the materia medica, like the Peruvian bark that furnishes the world with its quinine, and are now blossoming with other remedies equally as wonderful, which are awaiting the hand of the harvester.

Lima, the oldest city of South America, founded by Pizarro, and at one time the capital of all Spanish America, is beautifully located in the sacred valley of the Rimac, near the base of the mountain peak of the same name, some seven miles from the coast.

Lima in some respects resembles Para, but in most particulars the difference is as widely marked as are the distances, climate and situation.

Both may be compared to suburban or outlying city districts of Paris. One is impressed with the idea that in both of these South American towns, an effort is made by the citizens to imitate or follow the example of Parisian life—which is not mentioned to their discredit—as Paris fashions and follies tend rather to elevate or give tone to their civilization.

The population of each is approximately 100,000.

The language of one is Spanish, and the other Portuguese.

In race and other conditions they are antagonistic, but fortunately the difference between the two sections is so great and insurmountable that they do not clash.

Lima being the capital city of the Republic and the seat of the oldest civilization of South America, occupies a much higher position in social and intellectual rank than Para, which is a commercial city of an outlying province belonging to another Republic, whose capital is at Rio de Janeiro, three thousand miles distant; which, is in a diplomatic or international social sense, quite an important distinction. The principal governments of the world have representatives at Lima, but only a few Consuls are at Para. In addition to the Ministers Plenipotentiary at Lima, there are numerous Consuls who live there, in preference to Callao, which is the seaport, five or six miles distant.

In appearance the architecture of Lima is superior to that of Para, as also the street plans, etc.

The Legations of Great Britain and France occupy elegant and commodious buildings on the principal streets.

The Spanish Minister, with his retinue, is located in a large, low but massive looking building surrounding a court, reminding one of a Spanish castle.

The coat of arms of the different nations is usually emblazoned in a keystone of the arch over the entrance to the court, or patio, every legation, or consulate, having a flagstaff to which its colors are kept flying, giving part of the city a rather gala appearance.

The Legation of the United States was found after considerable inquiry and-search, occupying the interior rooms in an upper gallery of a court on the Calle Bodegone.

The street front was used as one of the numerous cheap shops, while below the Legation office the noisy presses of a printing establishment rumbled constantly. It was altogether the shabbiest, cheapest looking Legation in Lima, some of the small Republics of South America making a more imposing appearance.

This may not be considered a matter of any importance at home, but in the appearance as well as in the character of the individuals representing our great nation, as a matter of diplomatic tact, aside from any display of respectability, such exhibitions of economy on the part of our representatives should be prohibited by act of Congress.

The Minister then in charge was known to the foreign colony in Lima as the "Man from Oshkosh," and at home as the editor of a nonpareil newspaper in a small pica town, at one time of service to a wealthy Western Senator, who had gained his knowledge of diplomacy and statescraft as his clerk to a Senate committee, using his salary to sustain his paper in the Senator's interest.

On a visit to pay my respects to the Minister a lady answered the door bell, and ushered me into an atmosphere of dead dinner. The Minister in his legation office, was in his shirt sleeves, vigorously punching holes in his English editorials on a typewriting machine. Like a reporter, he was curious to know my business in Lima.

The customs of those people are exacting, and if we should follow the example of doing in Rome as the Romans do, it would be well to begin at the top and send representative men who can properly represent America. If we cannot afford to do this in a becoming manner, it would be greater economy, and more to our credit, not to send Ministers out at all.

This American Minister was received by the President of Peru in a red coach drawn by four black horses in gorgeous trappings, with liveried attendants, as was the custom, sent to his quarters to convey him to and from the palace in this well-known carriage of state.

The Minister subsequently made his official appearance in the tram cars.

An official making a formal call invariably rides in a carriage. They look at these things differently in those countries.

The churches in Lima are the principal buildings. In the usual custom, the Cathedral, which is the oldest church in America, with the bishop's palace adjoining, occupies one entire side of the large plaza.

Letters of introduction to the Lima officials secured agreeable audiences with the President and other prominent officers, to whom respects were duly paid; also to General Caceres, who accorded pleasant interviews relating to Amazonia.

Another distinguished person who claimed our attention was General Francisco Pizarro. To be sure, he has been dead some hundreds of years, but he isn't buried yet.

The body of Pizarro, well preserved in a glass case, is deposited in one of the several dark chapels of the

great Cathedral. The attendant monk, who guides to the place of the hero's repose in a dim recess, abruptly strikes a noisy match to enable us to see, the sudden explosion and flash of light might well make one think that the old freebooter had come to life, and struck the monk in the face, making the sparks fly. The attendant considerably held the match on the other side of the glass case, so that the happy, restful expression of Pizarro's countenance might better be seen.

It was a weird moment, this looking into the face of the man who, when living, had actually performed those wonderful feats under the greatest difficulties. Yet, there was a sensation of thankfulness that he was dead.

The mummy is, of course, black, and represents a very tall, powerful frame. It is said that the first case in which Pizarro's remains reposed for so long under the great altar, was so short that his head had to be cut off and placed in his own arms for keeping, but they have since "put a head" on Pizarro.

On the other side of the plaza are the government buildings and the military quarters. The other two sides of the square are occupied by blocks of shops on the ground floor, the upper floors being used as the quarters and hotel of the municipal or city officers.

The walk under the large portico roof that extends to the street, called the portal, is the fashionable loafing place for the young men who ogle the shopping *senoritas*.

The bricks composing some of the pavements of these principal streets of Lima, are of fancy tile, such as we

use for interior hall flooring. As there are no rains or severe changes in the temperature, these are adapted to this out of door use.

Two, and sometimes three, of the military bands play alternately the same evenings of the week. This arrangement serves to keep up a continuous outpour of music, unrelieved by intervals for rest, as where only one band plays.

On these occasions the populace in large numbers promenades in groups over the the broad walks of the beautiful square.

Sometimes when the band happens to be playing even such charmingly wicked airs as *Juanita La Costureza*, from the *Gran Via*, when suddenly a bugle sounds in the distance and the musicians at a sign from their leader, without taking the instruments from their lips, change the tune to a most dismal howl of a *Miserere*.

As soon as the bishop with his emblems pass out of sight the lively air of *Juanita La Costureza* is resumed.

It is only the Spanish musicians who can render properly the airs peculiarly adapted to them and their country, such as the *Estudiantiana* and the *Esmeralda*, and *Sobra las Olas*.

The churches of Lima are numerous and imposing in appearance. It seemed as if there was one on every corner, and certainly one in every block. It is said that the churches and convents, with the school property, occupied more ground than the business houses. It is also explained that thirty per cent. of the entire revenues of the country go to the churches, the numerous clergy being paid their salaries by the government.

If one may judge by the patronage of the masses in attendance the churches do a thriving business. They are open at all hours, not only on Sundays, but on every other day. The bells begin ringing for early mass at daylight and keep ringing at intervals until bedtime.

The majority of the attendants seemed to be the *senoras* and *senoritas* and their servants. Foreign critics say that these go to the churches to meet their admirers and lovers, but the same might be ungallantly charged of our own ladies.

The custom of the country prohibits ladies from walking with gentlemen on the street, or elsewhere, unattended by the family. It is probable, therefore, that the only opportunity the dear girls have of seeing their admirers is in this way.

There are no seats in any of the churches, everybody kneeling on the stone floors, or on rugs, or using the praying chairs that the servants of the better class always bring to church with them. The young ladies usually carry their own bright colored kneeling rugs.

Fleas, or *pulgas*, are very numerous in Lima, and nowhere are they more active than on the floors of the churches, a circumstance that is apt to interfere with one's devotion and supplies numerous excuses for not attending.

The charming little city is famous the world over for the beauty of its women. They are not only pretty, they are all beautiful and have sweet voices. In Lima, the ugly girl is the exception.

For church, all dress alike, with black mantillas thrown over their heads. A bit of lace hangs over the

forehead like an opera cap, just shading their fascinatingly wicked black eyes.

In their dress and their elegant cultivated bearing they are, of course, vastly superior to the wild grace of the barefooted, unadorned Moyabamba señoritas. As a rule they are slender and petite.

They are not averse to a little innocent flirtation on their way to church. When the blonde Englishman or American encounters on the narrow pavement a bevy of these prettily draped señoritas, the eyes of all beaming approvingly upon him because he steps aside to let them pass (which the senors do not do), he is paralyzed or demoralized, and wonders why that pretty one smiled at him, and perhaps he may turn his steps and follow them to church with the hope of getting acquainted; but he will be disappointed. It is wonderful what an innocuous expression of innocence and purity the pretty faces of the little señoritas kneeling in church will assume. One who observes it at first is apt to think that but for the want of a halo and wings in place of the fascinating mantilla draped at the back as only a señorita can do it, and an occasional wicked glance from under her drooping eyelids, that she is a veritable angel. But the best of it is that they are not as much like angels as they appear to be.

In Para there are more men than women, to which fact may be charged its wickedness. There are but few churches, but it contains the finest theatre in South America.

In Lima there are many more señoritas than senors, and there are innumerable churches and not one respectable theatre. It has, however, the largest bull

ring in the world, where the populace gathers Sunday afternoons, while the Para crowds go to the races. In both places Sunday devotions end with the attendance at a morning mass.

It is probable that the constant church attendance in Lima is more a matter of custom than from a sense of devotion.

In discussing this subject with a pretty *senorita*, who had travelled in Europe and America, it was jestingly observed that the stranger visiting Lima would come to the conclusion from so much church-going that the people were very good or very bad, to which she aptly retorted: "In your country and in London I saw everywhere that soap was extensively advertised. Should I conclude that your people were very clean or very dirty?"

The Lima *senoritas* of the exclusive sets are as up to date as our ladies of culture and refinement. They have excellent schools and libraries, and some of the most cultured society may be reached by those who are properly presented. Our visitors as a rule do not know anything of Lima's home or family life, as it exists among the better classes. The Castilian spoken here is as perfect as that heard in Madrid. It is incontrovertible that some of the descendents of the best early Spanish families live in Lima, reduced in circumstances by the unfortunate depressed condition of the country, who are yet as proud as in the days of their prosperity.

During my stay it was my pleasure to have met many, very many friends, and enjoyed an experience

that would make several long chapters that might be of interest for private table talks with friends.

For special favors, I acknowledge my obligations to a young Englishman, Mr. Oliver O. Pike, of Grace & Co., and my genial German friend, Alfredo Reich, and my cherished Irish host, the superintendent of the Gas Company, Barney O'Hara (with the Spanish name, Don Barnado O'Hara) and his charming daughters.

Of the Americans resident in Lima are courteous Ricardo Neill, of Philadelphia, who has been Secretary of the Legation through many administrations and that he almost forgets he is an American, and the railway magnate who impresses his Americanisms on all, Don Juan L. Thorndyke, superintendent of the Ferro Carile, or the great Andes Railway, constructed by the American engineer, Henry Meigs. I record my special obligations to the popular Don Juan Thorndyke for special favors, as also to some gentlemen of the American Club for courtesies.

Through the courtesy of Don Juan, a trip was made over this celebrated Oroyo Railway, starting from the station which bears the significant name of De Semperados, which means "God have mercy upon us," so named because it was the location of the scenes of the terrible Inquisition.

In the three hours' ride up the once sacred valley of the Rimac, we zig-zagged for eighty miles on a continuous four per cent. grade, alternating up cat steps, or V's, instead of curves, ascending over three miles in altitude and reaching the top of the Andes, the highest point on the face of the earth whereon a steam piston has worked.

Through the Galleria tunnel, a mile long, we descended into the Oroyo valley, the fresh beauty of which caused a sense of homesickness as we saw the water again running towards our Amazonia.

It is but a few days' muleing or tramping from the end of this Oroyo Railroad to a settlement of Germans in the Chanchamayo valley. From this point, also, the river Patchitea and Tambo may be reached in a few days, where canoes may be obtained to the Ucayali in the proper season. There is also the Pichis route, to be reached from this railway terminal.

It is desired and hoped that the road may be completed to the river, but as there are mountains to overcome and immense valleys or gorges to span, the expense of the work in the depressed condition of the country will delay its completion.

On the return to Lima we had a remarkably thrilling descent on a wild engine at night.

It had been my original plan to return to Iquitos by this railroad passage to the headwaters of the Ucayali and thence canoe it for the thousand miles down stream, or until I might meet with Don Carlos' boat on that river, as he had kindly agreed to meet me, but circumstances prevented for a time the consummation of the plans subsequently carried out.

We had thus crossed and re-crossed the first Andes three times and the continent once. The journey home was made by steamer on the Pacific to Panama, along the Peruvian coast to our point of arrival at Pacamayo, thence to Guyaquil in Ecuador, and on to the bay and the city of Panama.

After having crossed the continent at its widest, we

were now returning via the narrowest part. A delay of several days and a railroad ride of forty-seven miles across the Isthmus of Panama does not afford much opportunity to judge of the work on the Panama canal, which parallels the railroad, but one is surprised that the work was not begun sooner and long since completed.

There does not seem to be any obstacles that engineering ability should not as readily have overcome long ago as were the difficulties that beset Pizarro and his followers on the same isthmus, and that were by their persistence surmounted without the aid of advanced scientific appliances.

The time from Lima to Panama is about ten days, and from thence to New York about eight days more, a journey of some twenty days, at a cost of about \$200.00 in gold.

I find these words in the "last paragraph" of my notes, written some time previous:

"When I return, it will be by the more circuitous route from Europe to the Platte at Buenos Ayres, thence over the railroad to Chili, and from thence to Mollienda, the seaport of Peru, from which Cuzco is reached; thence down the historic Urubamba by rough riding in canoes for 1,000 miles through canyons to the Ucayali and Iquitos. Thence to the original starting point at the Consulate of Para, from the most distant source to the mouth."

This return journey was made precisely as outlined, the story of which is told in the second volume, or "Rough Riding in the Land of the Inca."

THE END

The South American Correspondence Bureau

P. O. STATION "A," WASHINGTON, D. C.

THIS Bureau has been established for the benefit of those residents of South and Central America and Mexico and the islands who may desire specific information or contemplate buying American goods, or selling the products of their own lands in the United States, as well as to supply data to the United States merchants or others who may be interested in the development of the Land of To-morrow, especially in the exchange of products of the Amazon and Mississippi valleys, particularly rubber, coffee, cacao, and materia medica.

The Bureau maintains special correspondence with the principal newspapers of the countries interested, which in addition to personal experience and extensive private correspondence in the Spanish, Portuguese, as well as the English, furnish the facilities of a private clearing house.

BY J. ORTON KERBEY

"*The Boy Spy*," well known to all G. A. R. men and their families a few years ago, is now being issued in cheaper binding and may be had postpaid for \$1.00 in cloth.

There are over 600 pages and 60 full-page illustrations by the artists Coffin and True Williams.

IN PREPARATION

A sequel to the "Land of To-morrow," describing the return trip or from West to East or down stream by a thousand miles of canoeing on the upper Amazon from Cuzco, is in preparation, which is really a second volume of the "Land of To-morrow;" will soon be ready; also "O Consul Americano Na Amazonas."

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